PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

OCTOBER 1979 $2.50

BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE

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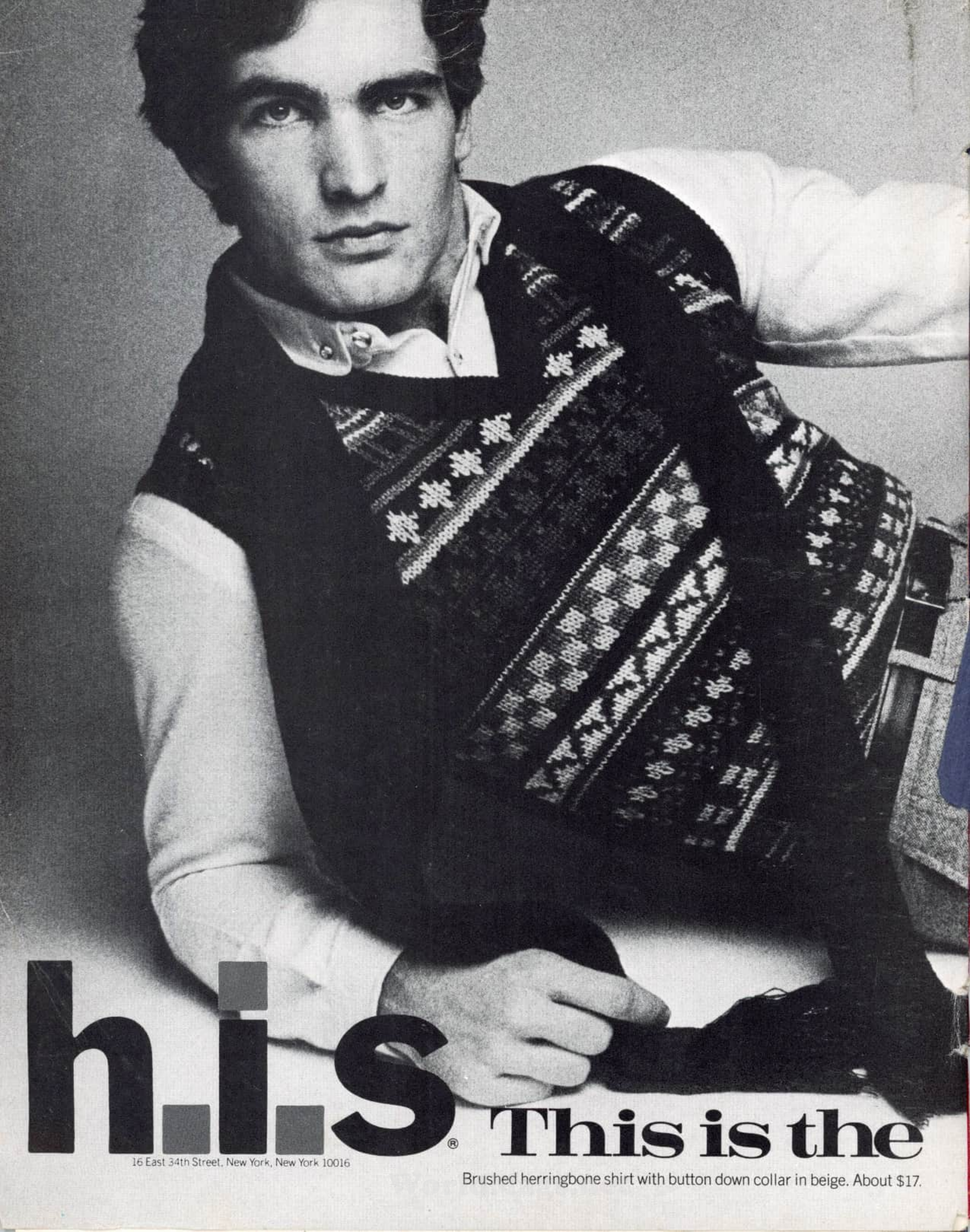

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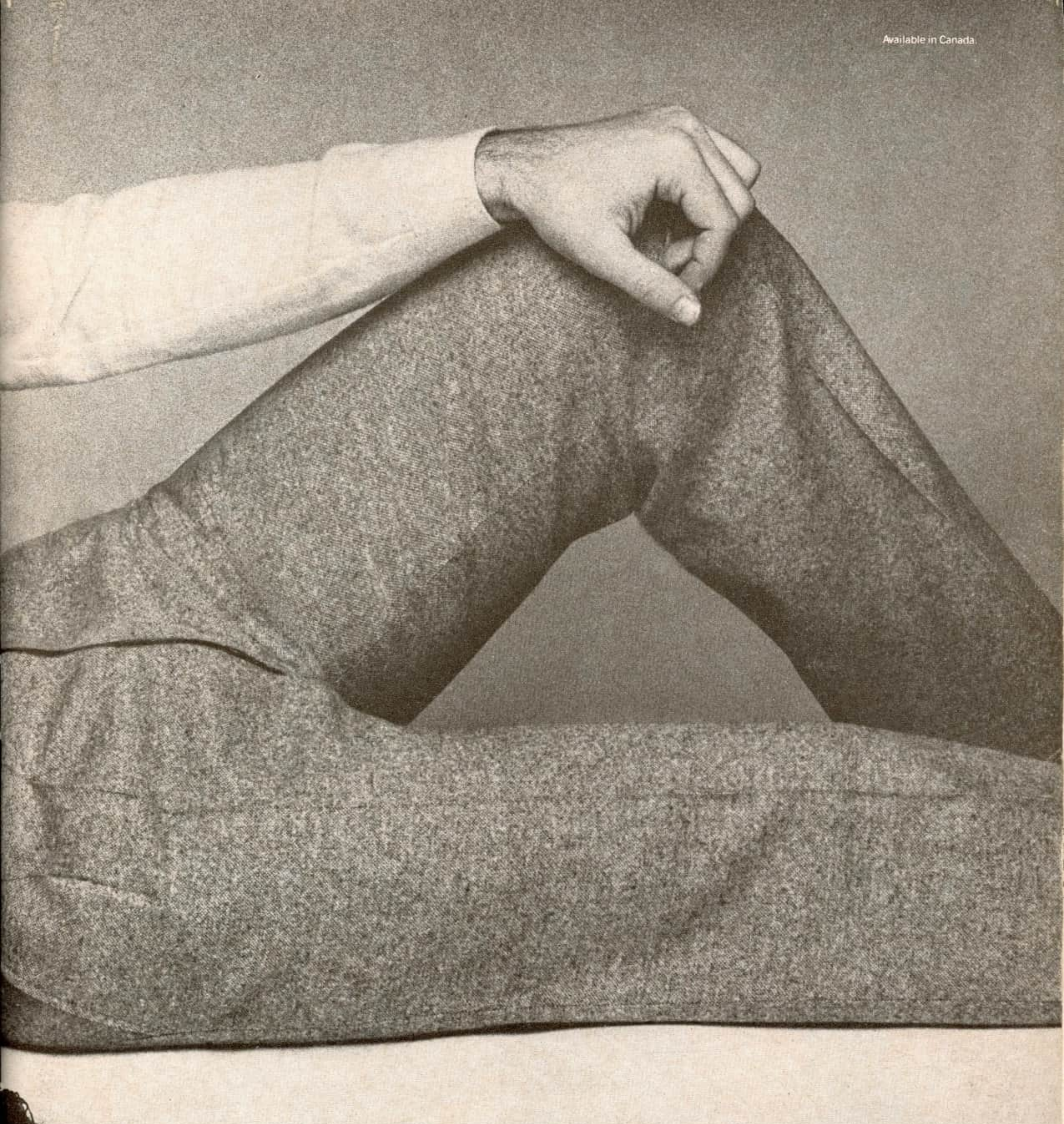
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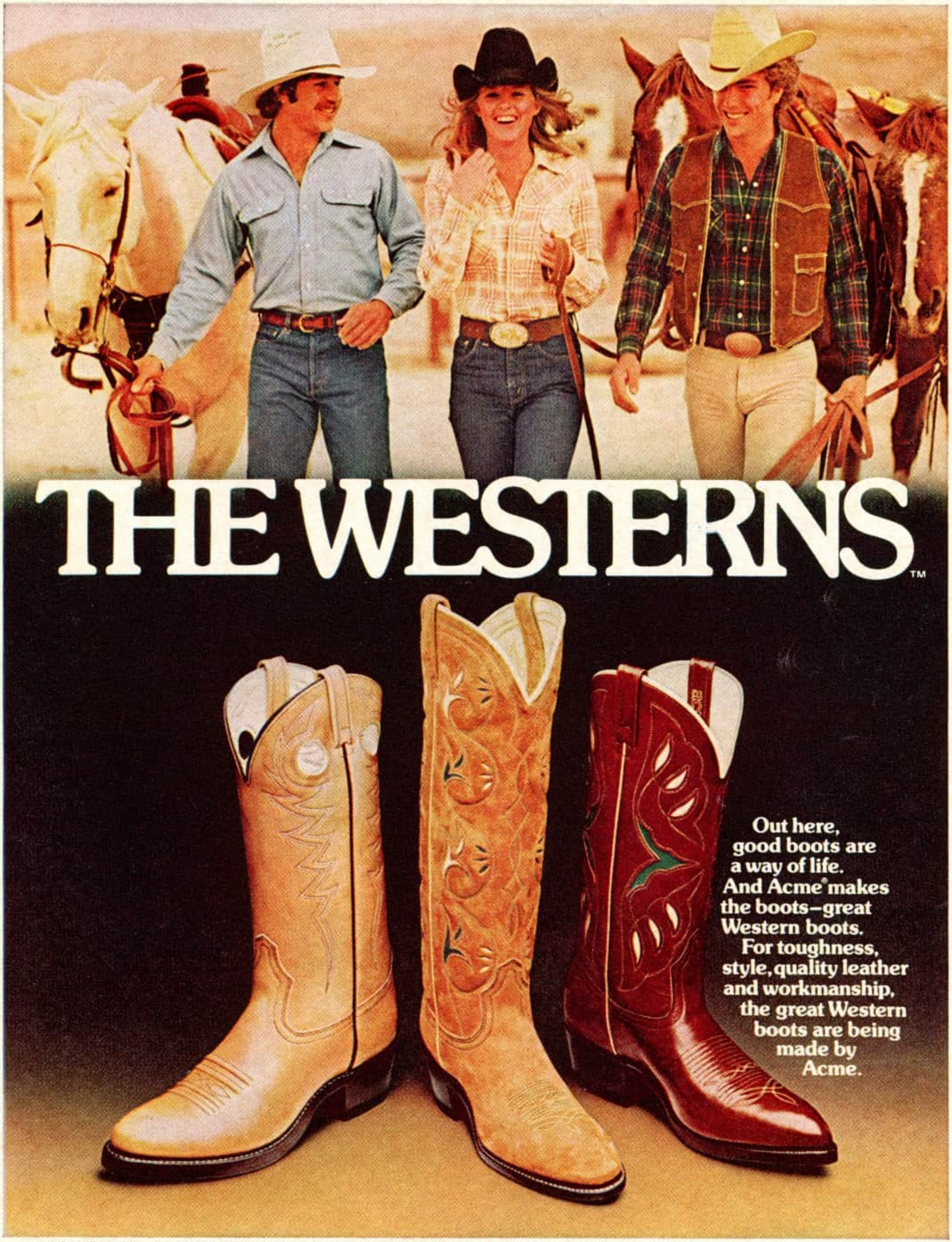
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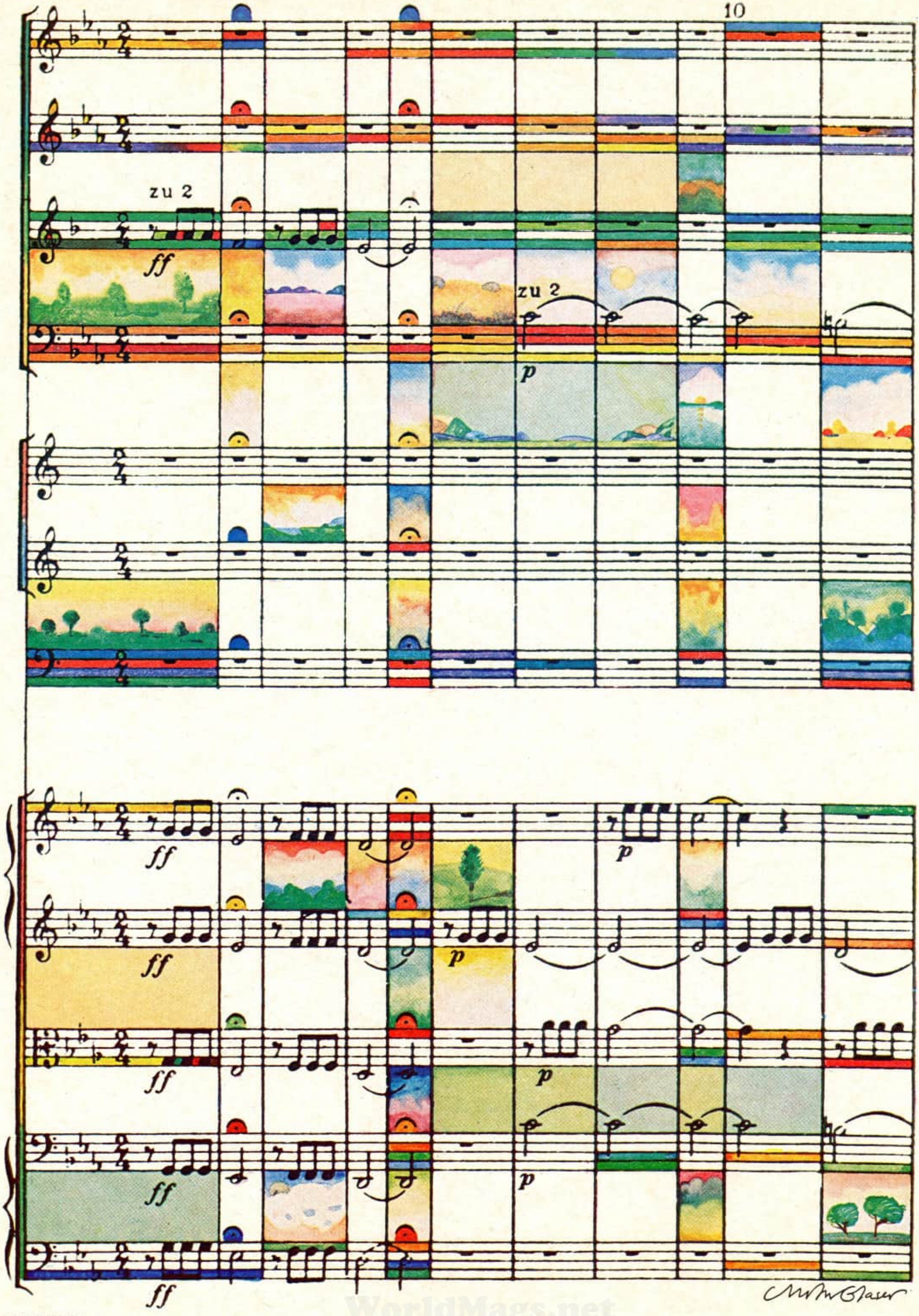
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Music is full of color. Incredibly beautiful color. Color that you can hear...and (if you close your eyes) color you can almost see. From the soft pastel tones of a Mozart to the blinding brilliant flashes of hard rock to the passionately vibrant blues of the Blues.

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There's even more to Sony tape with Full Color Sound, however. Sony has invented a new, exclusive SP mechanism for smoother running tape, plus a specially developed tape surface treatment that gives a mirror-smooth surface to greatly reduce distortion, hiss and other noise. Each type of tape also has its own exclusive binder formulation, that gives it extra durability.

Any way you look at it — or rather, listen to it, you'll find that Sony tape with Full Color Sound is nothing short of superb.

If you're not hearing the whole rainbow on your audio tape, try recording on Sony tape with Full Color Sound. Then you'll be hearing all the glorious full color that makes every kind of music, music.

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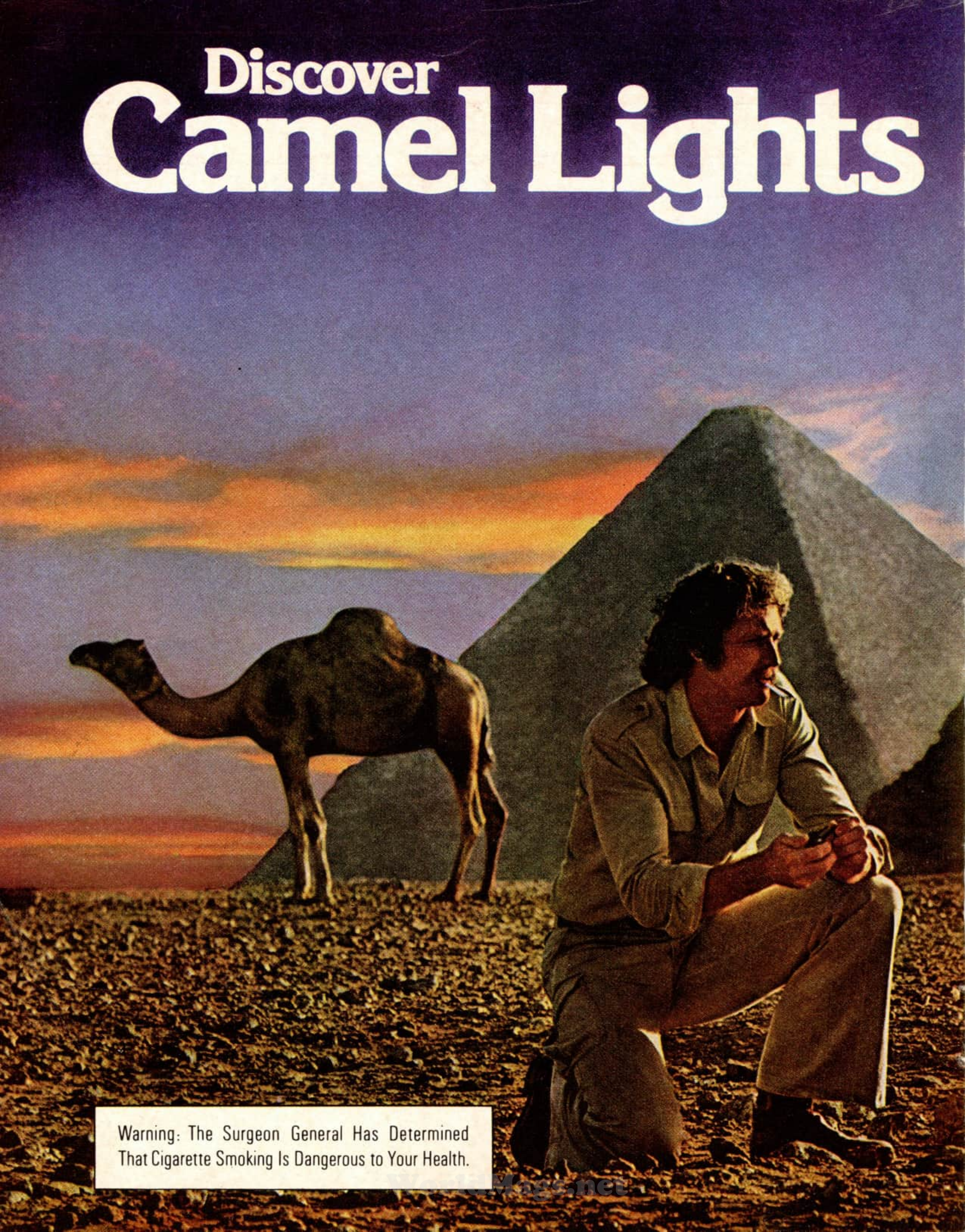
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HOUSECALL

Each autumn, around this time, eager young faces turn pale under their suntans and legions of sensitive, school-hungry students return to the hallowed halls of learning—formidable institutions capable of turning out everything from serious scholars to *Animal House* orangutans. In this special back-to-school issue, *Penthouse* explores various aspects of our educational system—sometimes humorously and sometimes seriously.

In "Spies on Campus" (page 64) regular contributor **Ernest Volkman** reports on the continuing pernicious presence of the CIA in American universities. He reveals in this stunning report that bureaucratic spies are covertly operating on more than a hundred campuses and employing over 350 teachers and administrators to do their insidious deeds. Each year thousands of gullible students are recruited and used as pawns, stooges, and future spies, infringing both on their academic and personal freedom and on ours. Calling for a halt to the CIA's parasitic abuse of the brainpower, energy, and respectable "covers" that our colleges afford, Volkman details the courageous efforts of Harvard President Derek Bok to expel these spies from his campus.

Another subject seldom dealt with in our colleges and rarely taught properly even in medical schools is the truth about the prevention and treatment of cancer. In our September issue medical journalists Gary Null and Robert Houston revealed that our often inept, sometimes mendacious medical establishment has gotten rich by withholding the truth about promising new cancer treatments. In part two of this series, "The Suppression of Cancer Cures" (page 90), **Gary Null** and special investigative reporter **Anne Pitrone** give further examples of pioneering researchers whose work and careers have been hampered by the AMA simply because their respective treatments went against accepted surgical, radiation, and chemotherapy standards.

Looking into the past can also be productive, as novelist **Richard Price** explains in "Hell Week" (page 142). Returning to his alma mater after ten years to witness the annual hazing and humiliation of his fraternity's freshman pledges, the celebrated young author of *The Wanderers*, *Bloodbrothers*, and *Ladies' Man* finds out that it is often easier to repeat mistakes than to learn from them.

Eve Babitz, author of *Slow Days, Fast Company* and *Sex and Rage*, also takes a less-than-sentimental journey in this issue. In "Children of the Valley" (page 132) she recalls her own infamous secondary-school days at ultrahip Hollywood High (a place with "the highest VD rate in the world") and learns that the honors for teenage lust, raunchiness, and degeneracy have now gone to the San Fernando Valley kids. Habitually, Babitz's children of the valley spend Wednesday night cruising down Van Nuys Boulevard, prematurely jaded by permissive parents, plentiful drugs, easy money, and a naive notion that loveless sex in a van is the only way to go, and dealing drugs is a great way to earn a living.

As exploitation-movie-king Roger Corman discovered long ago, making B movies is another great way to make lots of money. Free-lancer **Michael Goodwin** observed the shooting of such a film, as he reports in "Roger Corman's *Rock 'n' Roll High School*: the Last of the Red-Hot Cheapies" (page 120). He also found out more about the man who gave such eminent young actors and directors as Francis Ford Coppola, Jack Nicholson, and Martin Scorsese their first big breaks. Goodwin, whose special interest is films, wrote for us previously about director-scenarist Paul Schrader (*Hardcore*) in our March issue.

If your special interest is sports, you'll like this month's interview with Montreal pitcher and dedicated "spaceman" **Bill Lee** (page 128). The lighthearted former Red Sox player who once called his manager a "gerbil" and wears a windmill beanie cap to practice is interviewed by *Newsweek* staffer **Diane K. Shah.**

Football, of course, is the favorite college sport, despite the fact that some teams play so badly that they earn more put-downs than touchdowns. Two years ago, by predicting the worst teams of that season, *Penthouse* football prophet **Lawrence Linderman** made more enemies than did the Nixon White House. His forecasting was so accurate that we've asked him to gaze into his pigskin ball again. The result: "The Twenty Worst College Football Teams of 1979–80" (page 124). It gives Linderman's view of this year's semifluff losers.

If that piece makes you angry, you can cheer up with "Certified Illiteracy" (page 205). **Donald Holden**, a publisher and the author of ten books, spent two days diligently pursuing his Ph.D. at New York University before walking out in disgust. His well-aimed potshots at pompous professors' gobbledygook writing style will make any self-respecting student proud of his failing grade in freshman English.

And, finally, when it's time to study a subject that's been engrossing mankind since Adam lost a rib, turn to any of our luscious, mind-expanding October Pets and give your eyes a racy recess from the cares of the world! ⊶

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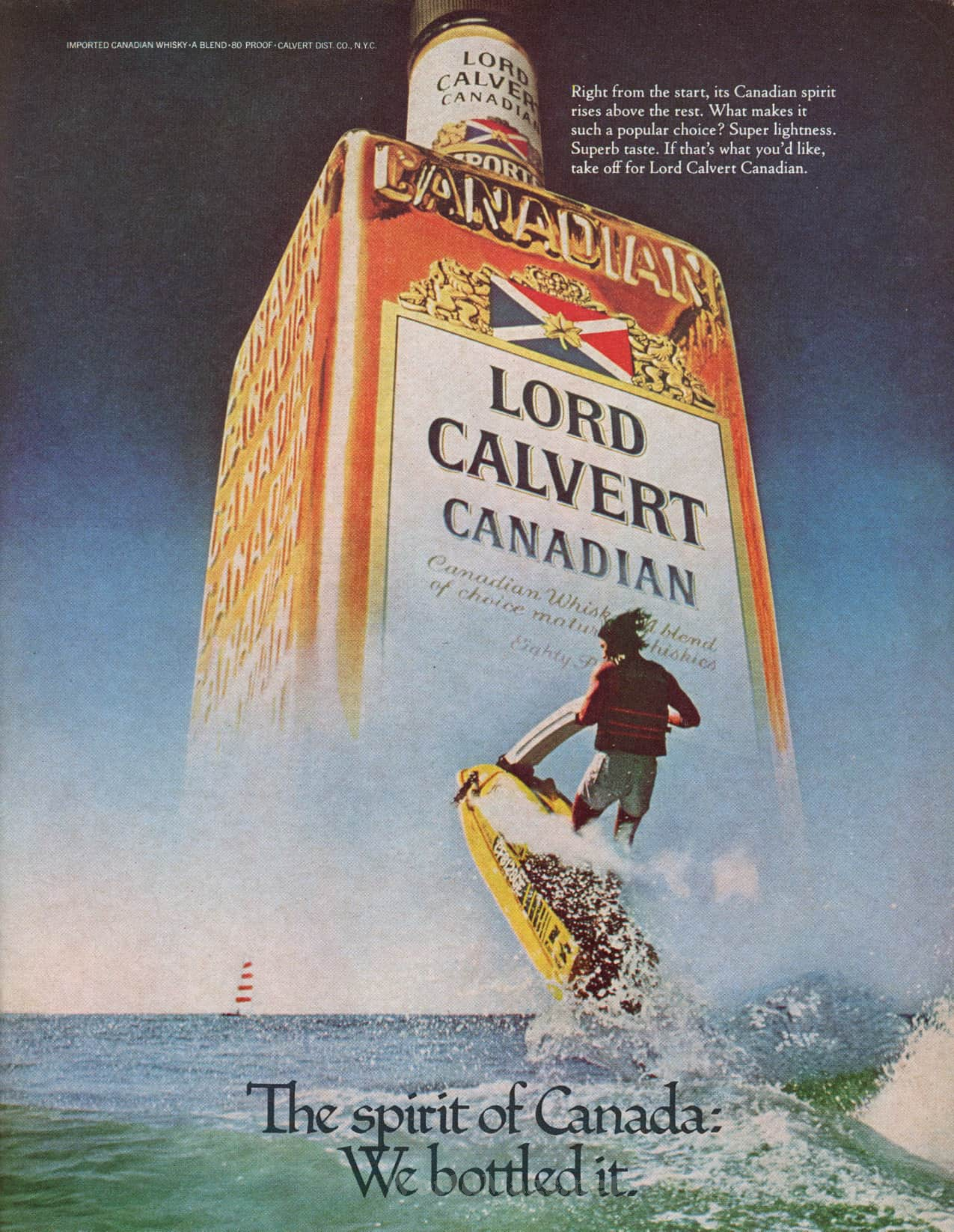
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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

"Big tipper"

I'm an 18-year-old male, and I have been delivering newspapers for a little over a year; until last week I was also a virgin.

There is one lady on my route who is the most beautiful female I've ever seen. She also has a gorgeous body. Ever since I met her last year, she has been the main cause of many wet dreams.

One Friday evening, as I was doing my collecting ritual, I walked up to her door. I rang the doorbell, but nobody answered. Since there were many lights on, I rang again. Once again nobody came. As I started to leave, Mrs. C opened the door. To my surprise and delight, she was clad in only a towel.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," she said, "but I was in the shower when the doorbell rang."

"That's all right," I said, as the bulge between my legs became noticeable, "you owe me for two weeks."

"How much is that?" she asked.

"A dollar fifty," I replied.

"Wait here while I go and get the money," she said.

While she was gone, my hard-on increased. When she returned, she immediately noticed the lump in my crotch area. "Here's the two dollars, Jack, but you have to get it." And she stuffed the two bills between the towel and her tits. I could have died; it was like a dream come true. I stood there in awe. Then she said, "What's wrong?"

Flabbergasted, I walked into her house. I felt that my jeans were going to pop open. She led me to her living-room couch. The two dollars fell from her, but I disregarded it. After reaching the couch, she discarded the towel, exposing 38C-sized breasts. Needing no more coaxing, I quickly stripped myself. I asked her about her husband, but she said that he was away on a business trip and that she wanted to have some fun.

With all my shyness gone, I started to kiss her passionately, exploring the far reaches of her mouth with my tongue. Simultaneously, I was fondling her breasts while she stroked my nine-inch tool. Slowly but surely my mouth worked its way down her voluptuous body. Each touching of my tongue sent shivers throughout her.

By the time I reached her breasts, her nipples were hard. I licked them gently. This action caused her body to squirm in delight. Working farther and farther down her body, I stopped at her navel for a few seconds and then proceeded toward her snatch. Arriving there, I noticed her blonde pubic bush was wet with anticipation. Her genitals were pure ecstasy. Sticking my tongue deep inside her cunt, I caused her to have multiple orgasms. I licked up every drop of come and swallowed every bit of it.

Then it was her turn. My member was aching with anxiety. First, she circled the head of my throbbing penis; then she engulfed my whole member. It was pure heaven. Never before in my wildest dreams had I expected this kind of feeling. I could feel myself preparing for ejaculation. Just as I was about to come, she pulled away. I could tell that this was a master at work. She did this a few more times until finally I reached a tremendous climax. I shot my whole load right into her mouth. She swallowed every drop.

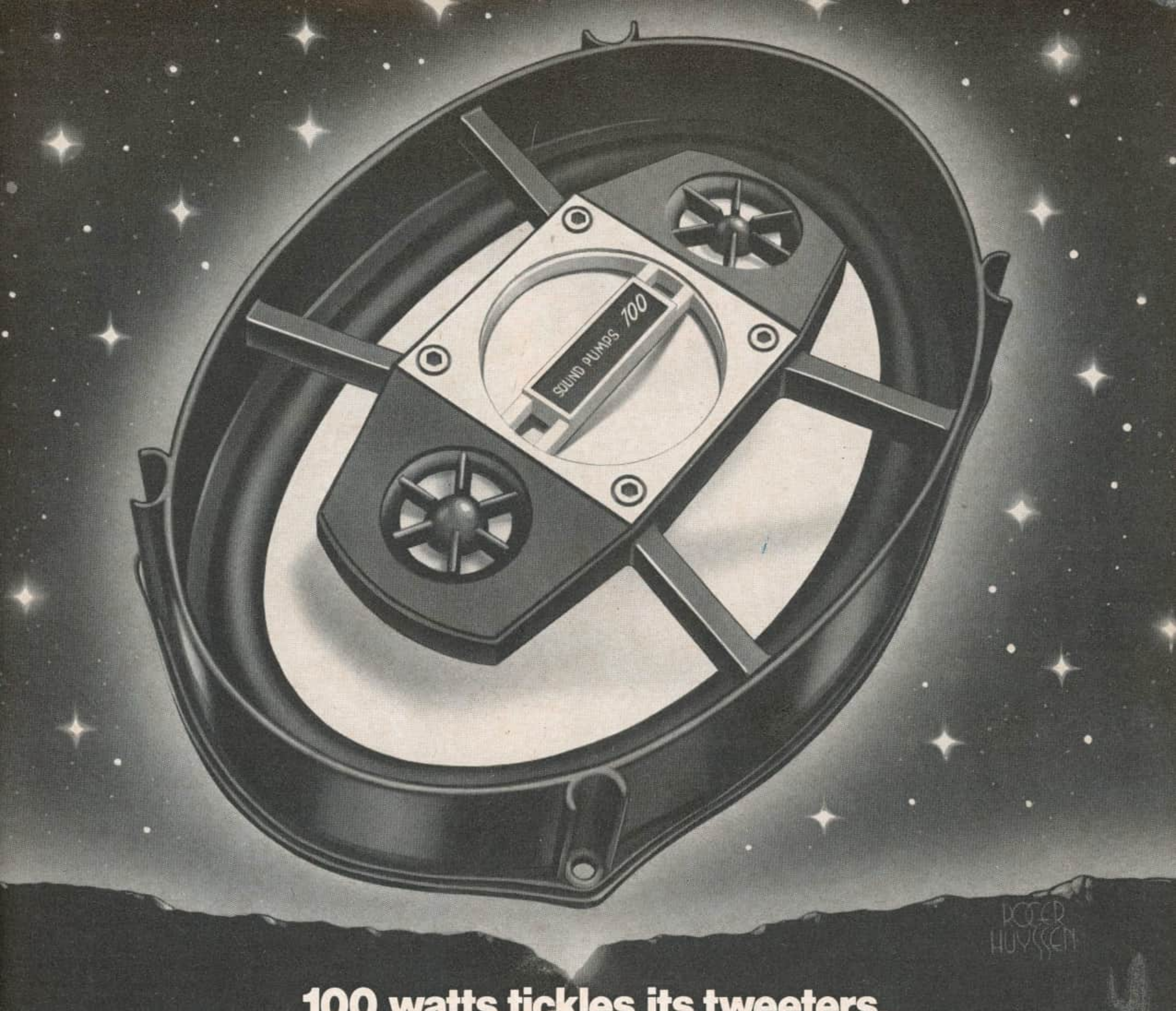
After about a ten-minute break, she was ready for more. I was surprised because with only a little coaxing my rod was back at attention. I laid Mrs. C down on the couch, faceup; I spread my legs and placed them outside her thighs. Now she was wet again in anticipation of my hungry cock. In preparation I put three fingers inside her juicy love box and spread her lips wide. Then I rammed my hot meat into her cunt. It was seventh heaven. I started pumping vigorously. Faster and faster I pumped. I could feel my aching testes preparing to shoot off. She squirmed like a fish out of water. Then together we climaxed. My shaft shot a river of hot jism deep into her vagina. Then I pulled out, thoroughly exhausted. We both lay on the couch, complimenting each other.

Fifteen minutes later we both dressed. I was a virgin no more. She led me to the front door and even gave me the two dollars. I thanked her for the "big tip" and finished my collecting.—*J.A., Parsippany, N.J.*

Maid service

I am a 21-year-old male living in a large southern border city. Since I was very involved in my work over the past few years, I never dreamed that I would have an experience such as the one I am about to describe.

About five weeks ago a very good friend of my parents left for an extended trip abroad with his family. I was asked whether I would like to stay at their rather large house and look after things while they were away. Being a little tired of apartment life, I readily accepted. It was understood that their live-in maid would be on vacation the first three weeks of my stay, then return for a week to clean, then come once a week for



100 watts tickles its tweeters.
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Sound Pumps 100 speakers can physically handle 100 watts. There are only a few car speakers that can handle that much power without collapsing into a state of distortion. But Panasonic puts all that power through a 4-way speaker system, because we realize you don't just listen to watts. You listen to music.

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Panasonic car speakers put the music in great shape. They come in 20 models, in different styles and shapes to fit almost every car. Sound Pumps 100 comes in a full-range, 6″ x 9″ size (EAB-920) and a 5″ round (EAB-910) midrange/high-range door speaker.

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the remaining four weeks. This was fine with me, as I would have the house to myself most of the time, but I viewed the maid's one-week stay with some apprehension.

The first three weeks of my stay went very well. I was able to keep up with much of the housework without much trouble and therefore started to contemplate sending the maid on her way when she made her appearance. I had no desire to put up with an old Mexican woman who couldn't speak English.

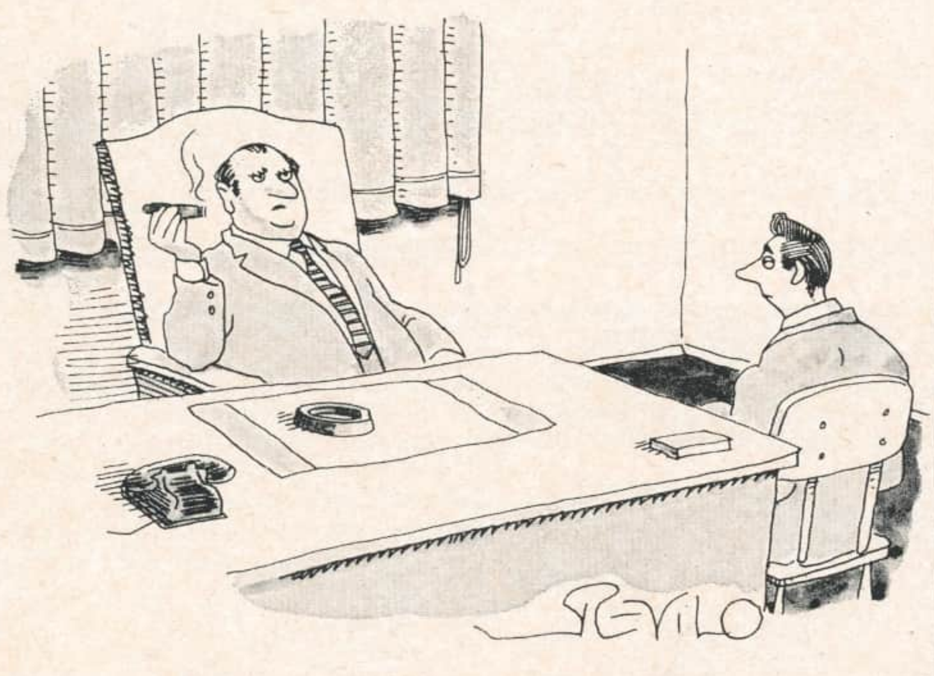
What happened next not only surprised me to death but also gave me a terrific hard-on! I returned from work one afternoon to plop down my gear, strip down to my shorts, and lie on the bed. After what may have been fifteen minutes, I opened my eyes to see a beautiful, sensuously shaped young Latino girl, who was clad in a very stylish but short skirt. She was staring at me. I was so dumbfounded by this turn of events that I couldn't move.

The next thing I knew, this brown beauty started to unbutton the front of her dress while she slowly walked toward the bed. By this time my dick had begun to regain its composure and started to grow in length and width. She noticed this and smiled the kind of smile you see only once in your life. As she reached the bed, she sat down on the edge near my knees and started stroking my legs. She then took off her sandals and stood up. The front of her dress was completely open to my view now, and I could see she wasn't wearing any undergarments at all. The dress dropped to the floor, and she stood in front of me, stark naked. I had never before seen such a voluptuous body in my whole life. I started to reach out to touch her leg, and she lay down on my outstretched arm and cuddled up close to me, her breasts pressing against my chest. She then reached down into my shorts to fondle my erection, which had reached its full 11 inches. I was afraid to say anything for fear that it would spoil the moment. Neither of us spoke a word throughout the encounter.

She pulled my shorts down to my knees and then quickly engulfed my engorged member with her satiny lips. She seemed content to savor it, holding it in her mouth, letting her saliva bathe it, then scrubbing it with her tongue, and finally applying a gentle suction. She did this first with only the top four inches and then moved to take another four inches. She gave me my first real deep-throating in grand style. The whole act of fellatio must have lasted half an hour.

By this time I had been worked up into the worst state of the hots I had ever had. I was rubbing her olive-toned body in every way I could think of, and suddenly she bit the end of my prick very lightly and started giggling. Sliding my hand up her leg, I encountered the softest and wettest cunt I had ever felt. I quickly inserted three fingers into it. She stiffened and became rigid as she started bucking back against them. Then she moved up so that her pussy was directly over my mouth. I wasted no time in burying my mouth in her moist, pink snatch. She again started bucking up and down, fucking herself against my rapidly moving tongue. She then collapsed on top of me in a giant orgasm that seemed to drain her. This left me, though, with a bad case of blue balls. Turning her over on her back next to me, I quickly rolled onto her and buried my dick in her pussy. She seemed only semiconscious, but sluggishly reacted by spreading her lovely legs and wrapping her long, slender arms around me. I began furiously humping her, and she returned the strokes, sending me into a frenzy. Moments later she arched her back in yet another orgasm, and I shot at least a gallon of molten sperm into her. Both of us were emotionally and physically worn out; we rolled over and fell asleep in each other's arms.

I got the greatest shock of all the next day, when I woke up. The girl had disappeared. I saw the old lady I'd seen during the first three weeks of my stay. She was busily vacuuming the house. The explanation, which it took quite some time to get, was that she had sent her daughter to inform me she would be a day late in returning. When she asked me whether I had understood what her daughter was trying to tell me, I could only smile and nod a very affirmative yes. —*G.D., El Paso, Tex.*



"The secret of my success? I'm an asshole!"

Love story

I'd like to share an event that happened to me two months ago. I'm a senior at a small-town college about 60 miles from my home. Sometimes, when I go home for the weekend, a friend will ride with me. Usually, we talk about some song on the radio or the courses we will be taking next quarter and so on. This particular trip back to school was no different from any other until our conversation turned to sex.

Elizabeth and I had driven about three quarters of the way back to school when, out of the blue, she asked whether I'd like to make love to her. I couldn't believe what I'd just heard until she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. I'd undressed her a hundred times in my mind and dreamed of making it with her ever since we'd been riding together but had never made any sort of suggestion to her.

I told her I would like to make it with her more than almost anything else and had thought about it secretly every time she rode with me. When we pulled into town, we drove directly to my mobile home. My roommate plays with a local band, which practices on Sunday nights. So Elizabeth and I didn't have to worry about being interrupted because he doesn't come in until the next morning.

When we got inside, I pulled her close to me, put my arms around her, and kissed her. We went to my bedroom and fell down on the bed, proceeding to kiss and thrust our bodies against each other, still fully clothed.

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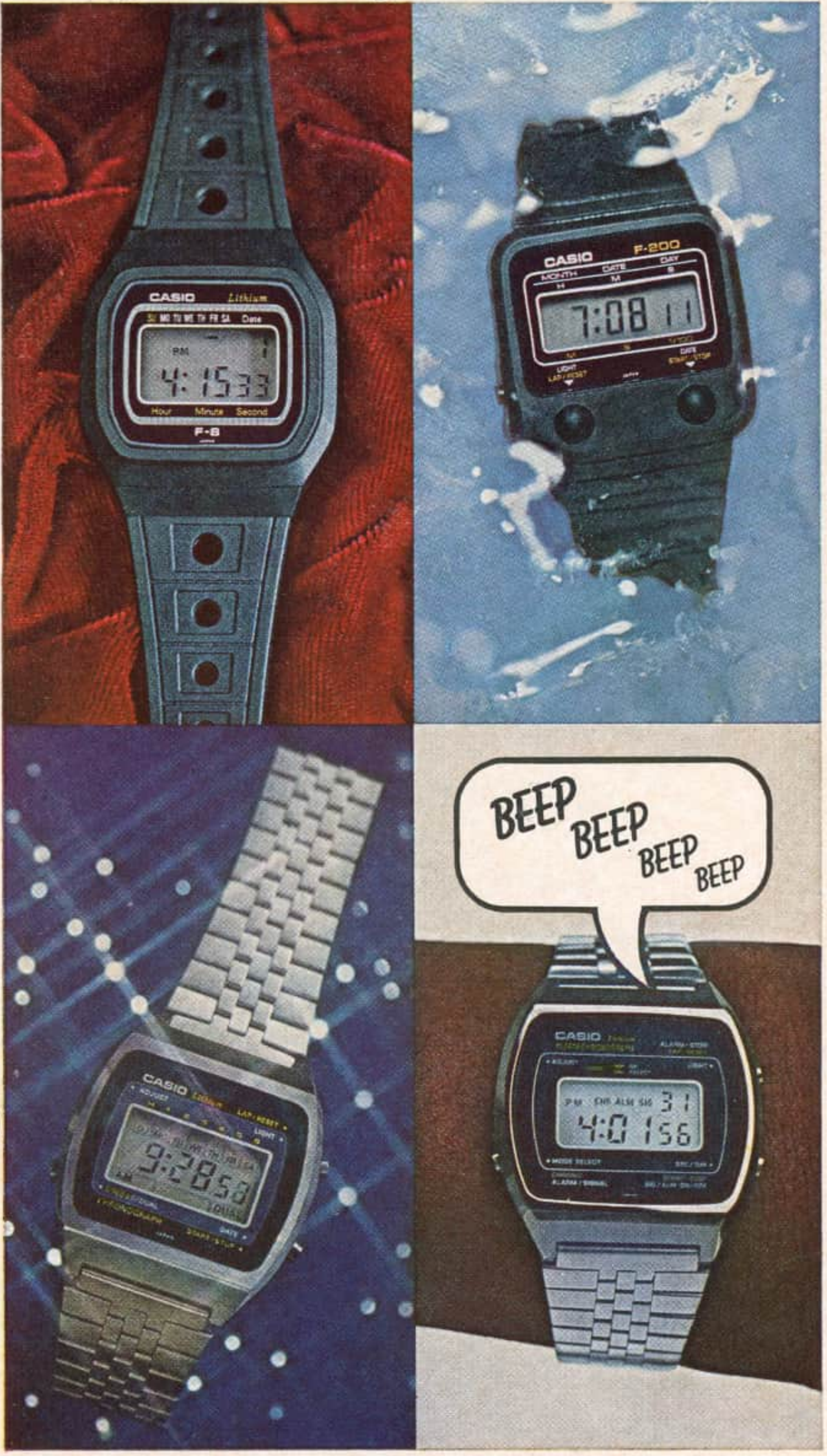

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We both were getting excited, and I reached out to undo the tie on her halter top. It fell away easily. Her breasts were smaller than I had imagined but were firm, and the nipples stood up, tempting and erect. They seemed to be saying to me, "Match our erectness with you own."

We both undressed, and I could see wetness in the crotch of her bikini panties and smell the musky odor of her juices. I took off my pants and underwear and lay down beside her. Her pubic hair was chestnut colored and cropped short so that her lips and clitoris stood out. I kissed her breasts and ran my tongue down her flat stomach to her mound and her soaking-wet cunt. Her juices were flowing when I danced my tongue over her clit and pussy lips. I spread her lips with my fingers and fucked her tight hole with my tongue, using slow, thrusting motions.

I was hornier than I'd ever been and moved up on her when she lifted her legs, signaling that she was ready. Her legs spread open wide, and together we guided my cock into her wet pussy. It was one of the most exciting sights I have ever seen—my cock slowly gliding into her tight, soaking pussy.

I raised myself up on my arms so that we both could see and hear the slurping sounds that we both were making every time I pulled my cock out almost to the tip of the head and then back deep inside her until our pubic hair met. My balls were swinging in rhythm against her tight anus.

I was ready to come after a few minutes of the best fuck I'd ever even dreamed about. I began to climax inside her while still pushing in and out. After I climaxed, we stayed coupled until I grew soft again.

We pulled apart, and she took my cock in her hands, bent down, and began to lick the sperm and juices off. With her lips and probing tongue, I began to get a second erection. This time she sat down between my legs and pushed me back on the pillows and told me to just sit back and enjoy what she was doing. She put her legs on top of my thighs with her toes pointed up toward me. Her pussy was still open, and I could see the juices slowly seeping out as she worked on me. When I began to come the second time, she pulled her mouth away and pointed my cock at her clit and let me spurt on her cunt and pussy hair. She rubbed the come on her clit and climaxed after touching herself.

After we both had climaxed twice, we were wringing wet with sweat so that we showered off and then made love once more before morning came. Elizabeth and I have made love together regularly ever since that Sunday night and plan to marry this summer.—*Name and address withheld*

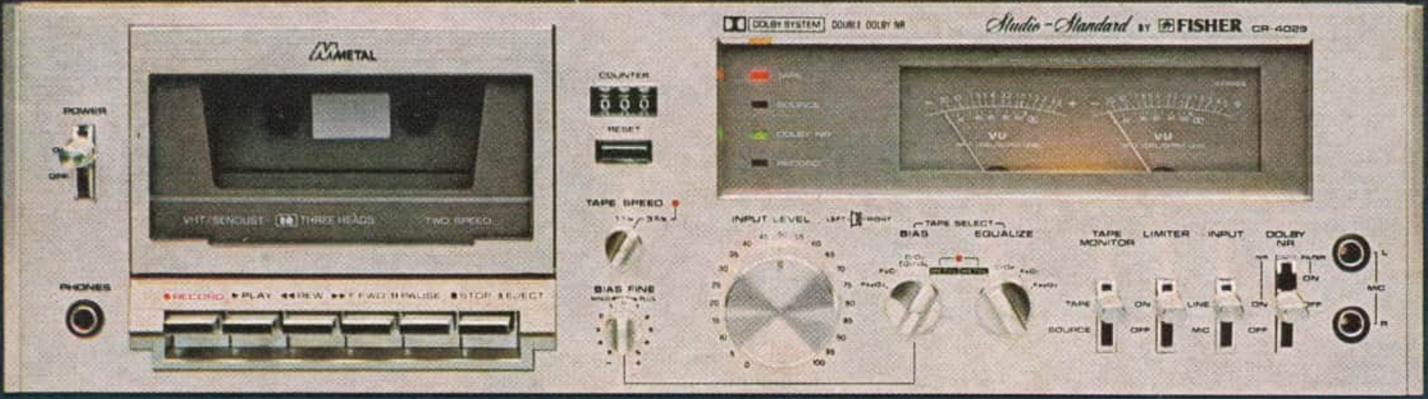
Free parking

I work in an underground parking garage in Boston. For the past few weeks a beautiful redhead named Kim has been parking here. Every day I had admired her huge, round tits and long, slender legs leading up to her voluptuously curved hips. She was always very friendly. Each day, as she left, she would stop by my small booth and we would flirt casually. I never got too serious because she often mentioned a boyfriend. My job gives me a lot of time for fantasizing, and I daydreamed many times about jamming my eight-inch schlong up her juicy twat. I always wondered whether her bush was as red as the hair on her head. I never thought I would find out until one night when I was working the four-to-midnight shift.

She had parked earlier in the day and had stayed late after work to have dinner and drinks with some of the girls from her office. Around 11:45 I was getting ready to close. Hers was the last car in the garage. As she walked toward the booth, I could tell that she was a little tipsy. She stopped to talk with me for a while. As she stood there, I eyed her black, clinging dress highlighting her large boobs, shapely legs, and firm ass. As I was talking to her, she eyed me up and down and noticed the growing sausage in my pants. She was telling me what a good time she had had at Lily's, a bar and restaurant in the Fanueil Hall Marketplace, and she said that she was sorry the girls wanted to go home so early. I told her that the night didn't have to end so soon, since my night was just beginning. I told her that I had some wine and good grass in my van and asked whether she'd like some. She quickly agreed. I closed the long steel door to the garage a few minutes early, and we walked over to the van and got in. As I rolled a joint, she lay back on the mattress and commented on how comfortable it was. I put on some soft music, lit a joint, and poured two cups of wine, and then sat close to her on the mattress.

I was getting more and more excited. After we smoked the joint, she moved closer to me and stuck her tongue in my ear. I turned my face and planted a lusty, long kiss on her mouth. She slipped me her tongue and began suggestively thrusting it back and forth in my mouth as I reached for one of her firm breasts and felt the nipple stiffen through the silky material of her dress. She then stuck her hand between my legs and began to massage my swollen globes. I reached behind her and unzipped her dress. As the dress fell from her shoulders, her luscious, round breasts came into view. The nipples beckoned for my lips, and as I sucked on them, she went wild and tore off my shirt as the buttons went flying. Then she raised up and madly shucked off her dress. I finished the job by ripping off her black lace panties, which were moistened with excitement. I couldn't get off my pants fast enough. I gazed down at her soft red bush and whispered to her that I was going to eat it. I started at her ankles and licked my way up her long, beautiful legs. As I got to her thighs, she was quivering with excitement. She groaned in pleasure as I worked my way to

The new FISHER



METAL
POWER
OFF
DOLBY SYSTEM DOUBLE DOLBY NR
Studio-Standard by FISHER CR-4029
COUNTER
RESET
TAPE SPEED
VU
VU
VHT/SENDUST THREE HEADS TWO SPEED
PHONES
RECORD PLAY REW F.FWD PAUSE STOP EJECT
BIAS FINE
INPUT LEVEL
TAPE SELECT
BIAS
EQUALIZE
TAPE MONITOR
LIMITER
INPUT
DOLBY NR
TAPE
SOURCE
ON
OFF
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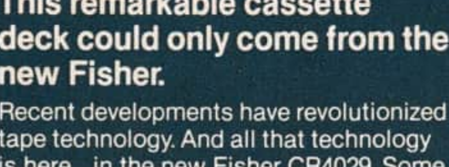
This remarkable cassette deck could only come from the new Fisher.

Recent developments have revolutionized tape technology. And all that technology is here...in the new Fisher CR4029. Some of the new cassette decks offer one or two of these technological innovations – Fisher offers them all in one integrated package.

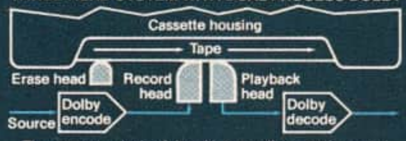
TWO SPEED OPERATION. You can use the CR4029 at the standard 1⅞ ips speed and you'll have outstanding recordings, or switch to the new high-speed 3¾ ips and get an incredible 30Hz-20kHz ± 3 dB frequency response (using normal tape). What's more, recording at high speed drastically reduces wow and flutter and tape dropout. (Since a C90 cassette will record a full album at 3¾ ips, high speed recording is still economical.) But — there's more.

CR4029 FREQUENCY RESPONSE



METAL TAPE. Another of the marvelous innovations is metal tape. Metal tape demonstrably improves frequency response. Combine it with the new high speed and you'll get a hard-to-believe 30Hz-25kHz ± 3 dB frequency response with virtual freedom from distortion.

THREE HEAD SYSTEM WITH DUAL PROCESS DOLBY

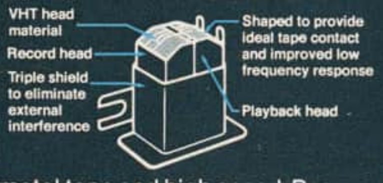


Cassette housing
Tape
Erase head
Record head
Playback head
Source
Dolby encode
Dolby decode

The separate playback head lets you listen to the actual recording already on the tape—as you record.

THREE VHT/SENDUST HEADS WITH DUAL PROCESS DOLBY. All this new technology requires new recording, playback and erase heads. So Fisher engineers came up with our new VHT heads to bring out the best potential of metal tape and high speed. Because the CR4029 is a three-head design, each head can be optimized for a specific function. There's a wide 4μm gap VHT record head for the best possible signal-to-noise ratio. A narrow 1μm gap VHT playback head improves frequency response. And a Sendust alloy erase head overcomes the problem of hard-to-erase metal tape.

VHT RECORD AND PLAYBACK HEADS



VHT head material
Record head
Triple shield to eliminate external interference
Shaped to provide ideal tape contact and improved low frequency response
Playback head

The separate record and playback heads allow you to monitor as you record — an absolute must for serious recording. And Dual Process Dolby gives you the advantage of Dolby noise reduction in both the record/playback and off-the-tape monitoring mode.

THE CR4029 HAS ALL THE OPTIONS. Why have only part of the new tape technology when you can have all of it? Use metal tape at the standard speed for high performance with long play. Or use normal tape at high speed for both economy and superior performance. Or choose the ultimate: metal tape at high speed.

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FISHER
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her warm, moist love nest and thrust my tongue into her quaking canal. I licked around the clit, and when I finally hit that little love button, she went off into a wave of orgasms. Her hands went to the back of my head, and she held it in place as she squirmed in ecstasy all over the bed. We quickly moved into the sixty-nine position, and she greedily grabbed my prick and rammed it down her throat. Thirty seconds later I blew a load of come that I thought would never stop. After she swallowed my cream, I was amazed to find that I was still hard. She licked every drop of love whip off my stiff member but was still not satisfied. She kept on sucking me until my balls had the dry heaves.

Exhausted, we both lay back and smoked another joint. The effects of the weed made us horny again, and I rolled on top of her. I licked between her pleasure mounds as I shoved all eight inches of my pillar of love into her hot, dripping cave. Her long fingernails dug into my back as I lunged in and out of her. Our sweaty bodies wrestled in love until we both had the most powerful orgasms of our lives. She followed me home as soon as we had the strength to get up. Luckily, it was Friday, and that weekend we stayed at my place and fucked and sucked in every way imaginable. Now I am on a steady diet of strawberry cunt. Needless to say, Kim is saving a good deal in parking fees. —*T.V., Medford, Mass.*

Women in love

I would like to share with all your readers an experience that began last fall.

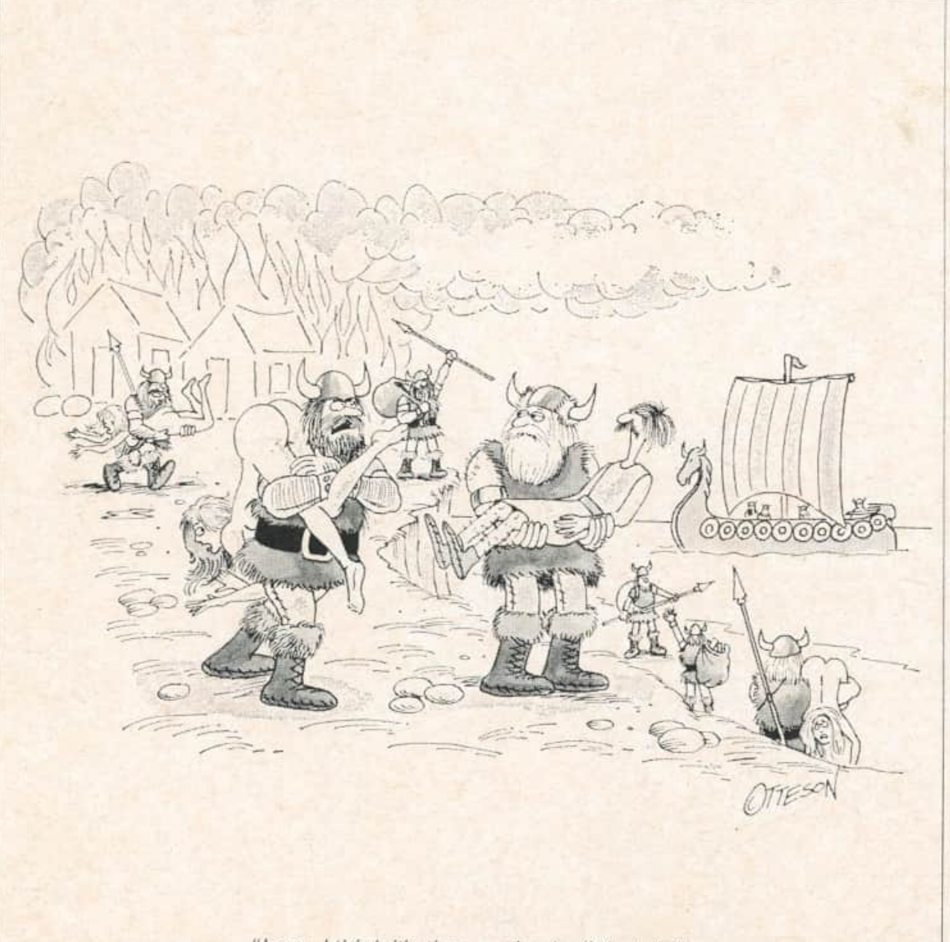
I'm an 18 year-old girl in her first year at the university. Because I was living far away from Montreal, my girl friend, Debbie, and I rented an apartment downtown. In the beginning it was pefect, but we thought that the apartment was a little big for both of us, and we decided to find someone else to share it with us.

At the university I knew a very attractive girl, Sharon, who was in my class and was looking for a place to live, too. So I said to her to come over and to stay with us. Before Sharon moved in, Debbie and I had always enjoyed looking at each other's body. In fact, we'd reacted very sexually to one another, giving one another little hugs most of the time. We bought your magazine each month, and we were sometimes stark-naked at home. With our new roommate, Sharon, the situation got even better. She also was always nude at home. She was cooking naked, she was studying naked, she was watching television naked; in fact, she was stark-naked all the time at home. For us it was a bit unusual, but it was nice to see her beautiful body all the time, and she was so friendly with both of us.

One night I was alone, and I was studying in the living room when Sharon came in. Then, tired of studying, we began to talk a bit so that we could know more about each other. Our conversation turned gradually toward sex and men. Suddenly, Sharon stopped talking and went into her bedroom. She came back a few moments later, completely nude. It was so normal for me to see her like this that I didn't take care. So we kept on with our conversation, but this time she sat down very close to me, and I noticed that her nipples were erect. While talking to her, I was staring at her nipples. Then, suddenly, she stood up, bent over me, and told me, "You know, you're very gorgeous and I want you." What a surprise as she kissed me on the lips. Our tongues met each other, and we embraced for about ten minutes. Then she took me by the hand, I lay down on the couch, and she removed my T-shirt (I wasn't wearing a bra). I was so horny that I didn't say anything. With her tongue she began to lick my breast and bite my nipples. She was stroking my hairs with her hand, and her saliva began to flow down on each of my breasts. I was more and more wet, and she was, too, because I could see her love juices running down along her thighs. Then, with her other hand, she unzipped my jeans and pushed a finger in my juicy vagina to let me lick it clean. After having licked my love juices three or four times from her finger, she put her head between my thighs and began to eat me up lovingly. Her tongue in my love tunnel gave me the impression of a snake. It was stroking my vaginal walls, and she was pulling out my juice to suck it and swallow it. She ate me wildly for more than five minutes, and those few minutes seemed like hours, because I came about twelve times. Then she removed her head from my love nest, and she gave me a long French kiss, and I could even taste my love juices from her warm mouth.

Afterwards, she stood up beside the couch, and I could admire her gorgeous body that a few minutes ago was making love to me. Then she said softly, "Now, it's your turn," and she came up. She passed her leg over my head. In that position, her pussy was a few inches from my mouth, and I could distinctly see her love juices flowing down from her vagina. Without wasting time, she sat down on my face, and I began to lick her delicious juice and eat her up wildly. Within a few seconds my face was all wet from her love juice, and she came several times while stroking my breast and my thighs with her expert hands.

Suddenly, the apartment door opened. It was Debbie, who came back from the university. When she saw us on the couch, her eyes bulged but I noticed a little smile on her lips. Sharon was a bit raised on her knees and looked at Debbie, saying to her, "If you want to play with us, you are welcome." Debbie put her books on the table, undressed, and came up. Sharon stroked her hair with her hand and kissed her on the mouth, sucking her tongue for a moment. Then she went toward her breast, which she sucked till her nipples were hard. Meanwhile, Sharon sat down again on my face, and I ate her up more and more. Then Sharon moved over and began to suck my



"Lars, I think it's time we had a little talk!"

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breasts again, to masturbate me with one hand and to masturbate Debbie with her other hand while Debbie bent over my face and licked it. Afterwards, Sharon moved her face toward Debbie's pussy and thrust her super tongue into it. Debbie pushed her whole hand into my vagina to make me come as I never had before.

After we had come about ten times each, Debbie began to lick Sharon's whole body while I was masturbating Debbie with a candle (ten inches long) that we had bought in case of a blackout. I pushed it completely into her vagina, and she moaned lovingly. That beautiful game went on for hours, with each of us licking and masturbating the other with our big dildo until climax.

Since that night, we have been very good friends, and we make love constantly, sometimes diversifying our games of lovemaking. For example, on some nights we go in the washroom, and we undress. Then Sharon will lie down in the bathtub, and we coat her whole body with some liquid honey that Debbie and I eat up hungrily. We make love to Sharon, and she comes more than 12 times while we are eating her. Another game has one of us being the slave of the other two. The slave must do whatever she is ordered to do. For example, she must make love to both of us at the same time or masturbate with a chair leg.

Since we have been living together, Sharon, Debbie, and I are always very horny, and now we want to include a male in our love sessions.—*Name and address withheld*

Late bloomers

Before relating this fantastic experience, I would like to tell you about myself. I am 48 years old and have been married to the same wonderful woman for more than 22 years. Even though we haven't engaged in any extramarital activities, our sex life has always been very good. My wife is 46, five feet two, weighs about 100 pounds, and has a fabulous body. I think!

One Saturday afternoon my wife's 36-year-old cousin, a recent divorcee, came over to our apartment for a visit. We spent the afternoon having a few drinks and talking. At six o'clock we decided to eat; we broiled some steaks and made a big salad. Of course, we enjoyed a bottle of fine wine with our meal.

After dinner, the three of us cleaned up the kitchen and went back to the living room to have coffee and brandy. By 11 o'clock, we were all pretty high, and my wife suggested that Toni, her cousin, spend the night with us rather than drive 20 miles back home. I stood up, put my arms around each of them, jokingly saying that we had a big king-size bed. I would be happy to sleep in the middle. My wife made some comment about betting that I would. Toni laughed and kissed me on the cheek and said that it sounded like fun to her; then the two of them went into the bedroom to change clothes. I had a little more brandy and watched the news on television.

In about 20 minutes they both came back in, wearing long housecoats. They told me that the bathroom was mine now. I went in and showered and shaved. When I entered the bedroom, wearing only my shorts, I noticed that the only light on was a soft blue one from one of the bedside lamps. There on the bed, completely nude, lay my wife and Toni. Needless to say, my cock sprang to attention when I saw those two lovely bodies. Toni is built like my wife. I must have stood there for a full minute without moving. Finally, my wife patted the center of the bed and told me to get in. After all, she explained, this was my idea.

Well, in a flash I removed my shorts, scampered into the center of the bed, and lay on my back. Soon four hands were caressing my body, and two sets of lips were covering me with kisses. Gradually, one set of lips wandered down to my cock and began to lick and suck. I knew that it had to be Toni, because I recognize my wife's style.

Minutes later my wife was covering my mouth with her neatly trimmed, heart-shaped pussy. I opened it with my fingers and began to tongue and suck as hard as I could. It wasn't long until she had an explosive orgasm and moved down beside me. Seconds later I was filling Toni's mouth with my come. As soon as she moved away from my cock, I went down on her, sucking her swollen clit until she climaxed. As I was doing this, my wife was sucking me hard again while she reamed my anus with a lubricated finger.

When I was erect, I rolled over on my back while my wife straddled my cock and began to ride it as hard as she could. Toni placed her still juicy pussy over my face so that I could suck her to another orgasm. My wife finally got her rocks off again, but I couldn't come and remained hard. So when she moved off to relax a while, I moved Toni away from my mouth and turned her over. Taking some K-Y jelly from the table, I lubricated her tight little anus and my cock. When I approached her, she kept saying, "No, no," but I ignored her pleas and pushed my cock in to the hilt. She let out a little muffled scream as I entered, and her ring muscle tightened around my cock.

I held still for a few seconds and then began pounding away while Toni fingered her clit. My wife then began to fondle my balls and work on my behind with a greased finger. It was sensational. Toni soon brought herself off, but I couldn't come and withdrew. My wife soon got a washcloth and washed my cock; then she started to lick and suck it while she was jacking me off. Toni was licking and sucking my nipples, while I was fingering her supermoist cunt. It took a while, but my wife was finally able to coax another load out of me, and I shivered all over.

Exhausted, we covered up and snug-

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MASSAGE
PARLOR

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gled together, and soon we were asleep. I woke up a little before four in the morning and had to go to the bathroom. When I came back, Toni was awake. We began kissing, and she fondled my cock, which soon was hard enough for action. My wife was still asleep, and we didn't want to wake her. So we got out of bed, and I started screwing Toni doggie fashion on the floor. Before long I could feel my wife's fingers caressing my balls and thumbing my behind. I shot my wad in Toni's hot little box and remained hard; then I climbed off her and took my wife in the same fashion on the floor. After she climaxed, the three of us got back into bed and went back to sleep.

We got up at eight o'clock, dressed, and had breakfast together. No one mentioned the fantastic night that we had just spent together. However, we frequently smiled at one another. After breakfast Toni left for home, and my wife has never mentioned the incident again. Neither have I, but I hope that some day we can repeat it again.—*M.J., Alameda, Calif.*

Austin city limits

I have been a faithful follower of your magazine since the ripe old age of 14. During this time I have read many letters that have caused me to doubt the credibility of your magazine. As of last night, my doubts have been laid to rest.

I am now a student at the University of Texas at Austin, a large and somewhat impersonal instititution. My experiences with women had been limited to a few clumsy backseat encounters. This semester I moved in with a high-school buddy of mine, Steve. He is as horny as I am, but his luck with the ladies had been even worse than mine. He admitted he was on the point of going to a hooker.

Last night our luck began to improve. Two ripe coeds from down the street appeared at our door, presumably because their phone was out of order. Steve's line has never been the best; so, as a substitute, he immediately suggested that we take a few long hits. The girls readily agreed. Nina, a dark-eyed brunette, had the tightest behind I have ever seen. The other girl, Ann, also a brunette, had on cutoffs that clearly outlined her cunt. Nina's jeans looked as though they had been painted on, and her halter barely concealed her perfect breasts.

Soon the pot had worked its magic, and we became increasingly bold. The talk turned to sex, as it usually does, and I noticed Ann's nipples began to harden. Steve and Nina had already begun kissing. Ann became so turned on at this time that she reached for my achingly erect root. In no time, she had engulfed my cock and was giving me the best blowjob of my entire life. Within five seconds I unloaded a flowing stream of come into her rounded lips. She swallowed at least a pint, licking her lips greedily all the while. She begged me to reciprocate; so my tongue entered her sopping love tunnel. As I nibbled her clit, she began to moan uncontrollably. The little man in the boat was rowing up a storm. She pulled my head into her honey slit, and I licked furiously. Sensing that she was about to achieve a tumultuous orgasm, I inserted my finger into her behind, which brought her off in a shudder of ecstasy. By now my seven-inch cock had reared its swelled head once again. I parted her legs and without warning plunged deeply into her pulsating poon.

Several orgasms later I, too, finally blew my wad for the second time. We lay back together for several moments while I fondly licked her still erect nipples. I looked over to see Steve and Nina in a furious 69. After a mutual climax, Steve and I agreed to fix some drinks. Five minutes later we returned, only to find Nina and Ann going down on one another. I was excited to see Nina's clean-shaven snatch, and I joined in with Ann while Steve began to enter her from the rear. Nina's love juices soaked my face as I probed onward with my tongue. All of a sudden, I felt Ann begin to lick my dick while Steve ate her pussy. Nina grabbed Steve's cock in order to complete the square. After another earth-shattering set of orgasms, we all collapsed in each other's arms. Several hours later I awoke to see that the girls had gone. However, the enticing smell of their love channels hung in the air. On the kitchen table I found a note that read, "Thanks for the use of your phone; we may need to use it again sometime." Steve and I both agree that they are welcome to use our phone anytime.—*J.G., Austin, Tex.*

Frat rat reunion

After reading many issues of your "Forum," my roommates, Alan and Jerry, and I thought we'd write in and tell about our experience.

We are all members of a fraternity at Kansas University. On a certain Friday night our house had a pool party at the local pool. We are freshmen and hardly knew any coeds. All three of us are relatively shy. Nevertheless, we thought that maybe this night would be something special. One of the most popular sororities at the university was invited to this celebration.

We started the evening off with several kegs of beer. We were standing around the pool, feeling pretty loose and watching all the girls lounging around the pool. The sight of tits and ass made us pretty horny. We noticed one girl in particular. She had the most beautiful tits, and when she got out of the pool, her nipples became erect because of the cool breeze. Alan said that he'd love to be between those beautiful legs. Jerry and I dared Alan to push her in. Alan, who was becoming aroused by now, sneaked up behind her, wrapped his arms around her, brushed his hands against her beautiful melons, and tossed her in. A

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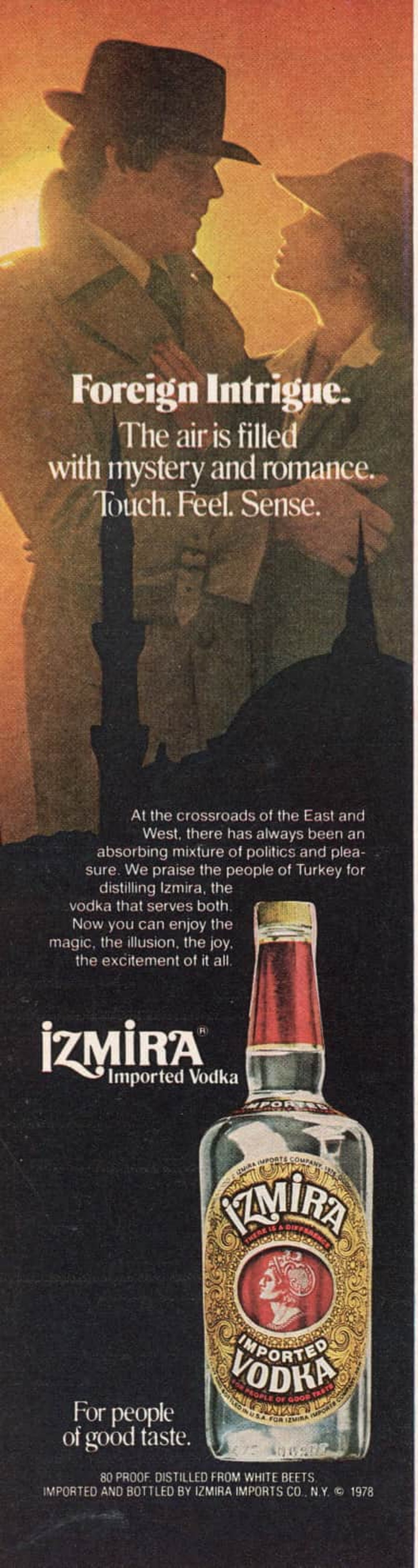

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couple of her friends joined in the fun and pushed Alan in. Jerry and I, seeing an opportunity we couldn't pass up, rushed over and pushed them in.

We then joined them and introduced ourselves. After playing around in the pool, we all got out to get a few brews. Each of us ended up with a girl. Jill asked Alan whether we would take the girls on a tour of the house. As far as we were concerned, the only place we wanted to show them was the bedroom! After a quick trip through the living room and main floor, we took them upstairs to our bedrooms. Jill jokingly asked Alan, "Did you save the best for last?" That caused the other girls to giggle and us to grin.

By this time we realized that the girls had noticed our hardening *bulges*. Jill spoke up and said, "You guys seem pretty *excited* about this tour, if you know what I mean!" She then approached Alan and undid his swimsuit, revealing his nine-inch throbbing member. She looked at the bulbous head and said, "Yum-yum, is that pretty mushroom for me?" As soon as they stripped off their clothes, they both fell onto the nearest bed. Then Jerry and I followed his steps.

Very soon the room was filled with moans and groans. Jerry and I were very curious about how Alan would handle the situation, since he was the only remaining virgin. Angela and I were moving right along, as I gently stroked her full melons. Her nipples became erect and hard as she grabbed my fully erect cock, rubbing and handling my aching balls. She and I then enjoyed a fantastic 69 position, where I playfully teased her clit with my penetrating tongue. She then begged me to fuck her as she yelled out, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

I rolled her over and prepared to stick my swollen pillar into her awaiting cunt. She moaned and groaned with each thrust. I could feel her cunt tighten around my cock as she came. I then pulled it out and shot my load into her mouth as she swallowed every bit of my hot semen. We then lay back and finished our beer, listening to the other moans and groans from the other beds. I noticed that Jerry and Julie were in a very passionate kiss. As Jerry moved his hand to Julie's breast, she sighed a heavy moan. He took her rubberlike nipples between thumb and forefinger and gently rolled and squeezed them. He then took her left nipple and began to suck and lick it while he fondled her other breast with his hand. As their breathing started getting heavier, Jerry took his free hand and searched among her furry blonde pubic mound. As his middle finger found her slit, she began to thrust her hips with every delicate touch of her vagina. This got Jerry very excited, and he sucked, squeezed, and fingered her luscious body furiously to many orgasms.

While I know Jerry and I had a good experience, Alan must have been experiencing the greatest pleasure of his life. He had fooled around with several girls, but he had never fucked with them. This night he had lost total control. Jill's fully shaped tits and ass were very enticing to Alan's desires. Judging from the moans, groans, and screams coming from their bed, Alan and Jill must have had a fantastic time. They started out slowly with passionate French kissing. Alan then moved down her body, sucking her well-shaped globes and feeling her moist cunt with his fingers. She rolled Alan over and proceeded to give him an explosive headjob. He shot his wad into her mouth as she lapped up every sweet drop of his hot juice. After resting for a while, they joined together again and enjoyed a wild fucking. And it wasn't long before both Alan and Jill were in total ecstasy. After we had all finished, we peacefully slept till the next morning when we said good-bye. Since then we have enjoyed many more nights with these three fantastic girls, but that first night was the most memorable.—*Name and address withheld*

Second honeymoon

I married at 17, right after high school, and though Al was ten years older, my conservative parents approved. After years of an uptight home life, I thought an older man could help me break loose. But two years of an unexciting sex life (five minutes in the missionary position once a week) left me pretty frustrated—I never guessed Al felt the same, that he secretly wanted my great body put to a different use.

One night, after another failure for me to get anything new going, I yelled, "I'd do anything for real men." He got excited and said, "Great. I'll find you some." I thought he was joking, but the next night he brought me an outfit he'd bought and said I should wear it the following night when three of his friends were coming over. I'd always worn baggy sweaters and loose slacks or skirt, the way I'd been raised, and thought Al wanted it to stay. I'm five feet four, and my 40-inch balloons over very slim hips and legs make me look pretty top-heavy. I also have a face that makes me look two or three years younger, and I accent it with red bows around my long, blonde hair in twin pony-tails. Al had bought white hot pants, two sizes too small, high heels, and a bright red top that fit my boobs like a second skin. I was unsure at first, but when I saw myself in a mirror, I saw a new, red-hot me and I couldn't wait for his friends to check me out.

Late Friday night the three guys whom Al had picked up the day before came by—Tom, a college student, Sam, a salesman, and Fred, a bouncer at a bar. When I came out with some beers and snacks, their faces lit up and whispered remarks brought snickers and sent tingles up my spine. I heard someone say, "That's tender meat, but it'll grow up quick tonight." I introduced myself, but all three stared right past my outstretched hand and feasted on my body. Al rose and said, "Gentlemen, help yourself. I'm going to take some photos," and took out his expensive cameras and turned up the lights.

I saw the bulges grow in their pants and their leers get bigger but didn't know what to do. Sam said, "Well, piece, dance for us. I want to see that stuff in motion." I began to stammer and back off nervously. Then Tom shook up a beer and sprayed it over my shirt, making the thin fabric seem to evaporate. The way they glared at my glistening boobs showed more desire than I'd ever seen before, and I giggled in excitement and put my hands over my head and jiggled a dance for them. They cheered, and in a minute Sam walked over behind me, pulled down the shorts, unzipped his pants, and let out a handsome erection. He dug his prick against my ass and, reaching around, scooped up my knobs, juggling them and pinching my hard nipples. He moved his cock tighter and then put the head into my unexplored hole.

I gasped and tried to jerk free, but he gripped my shoulders and bent me forward as he snaked his way in. I twisted and bucked to get away, but he went deeper still, and the others laughed and clapped at my efforts as Al took some closeups. When I tried to protest, I let out a low moan that Fred imitated by "mooing" and the others took it up and "mooed" at me. Sam clenched his hands around my belly and rammed home the last length of his prick, impaling me on his wonderful stick while I dangled forward like a doll, my head and arms waving loose and my jugs jumping as if they were being dribbled up court.

Tom, stripped already, walked over and began to maul my melons, tearing my shirt off in two swipes. I went to my hands and knees under Sam. Tom then nudged my jugs with his foot and slapped them about. He pretended to milk me, gripping and mashing them together like cellophane bags filled with hot butter and ready to burst. He finally tossed a thick cushion under me and slid onto it, wrapping my swollen, wet tits around his cock. He said, "This thing was built for tit-fucking, and you guys can fill any hole you want, but these beach balls are gonna love my dick to death or pop doing it." He rolled them up and back along his member, crushing them around it.

Sam kept rhythmically skewering my ass, and Al kept taking shots, and then Fred pulled a coffee table to my face and straddled it while Tom lay under it. To my shock I saw what looked like a billy club jammed in his pants and, guessing his intention, began to whimper, "No, I can't, I never, please." Nevertheless, he shut my mouth with one hand while the other worked his awesome weapon free. He held it loose, only partly hard, and I gaped as he displayed it proudly. He said, "Kiss your dream date," but I only stared. Then he demanded, "Come on, Bossy, beg for it. Tell me you need it." I said that, gulping, but he said, "But where do you want it?" I couldn't answer, and he traced the huge

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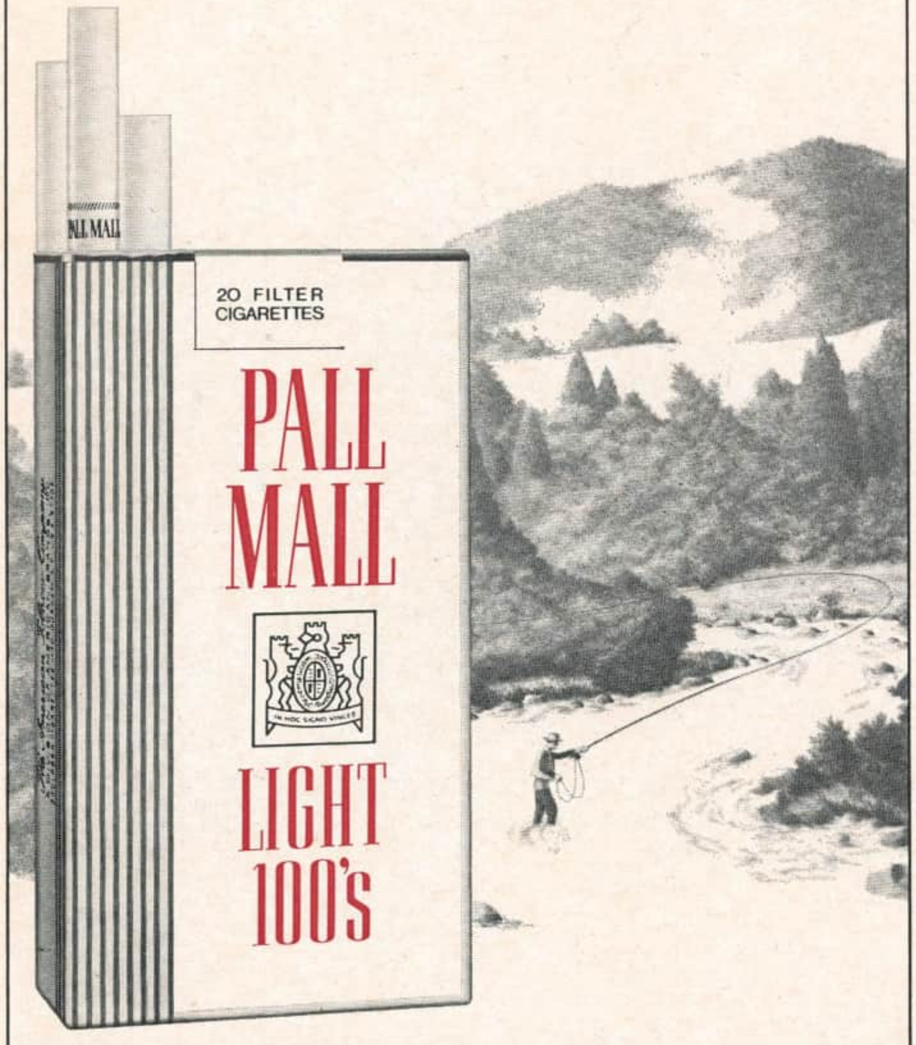

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mushroom tip around my face. I moaned, "In my mouth," because suddenly that's where I wanted that beautiful muscle. I was in heat for real at last.

"In your mouth and down your throat it goes, you starving bitch. I'm gonna pump gallons; so drink deep like a good little cocksucker." He forced my mouth open and drew out my tongue, placing the mammoth instrument there, slowly moving it in. I could feel his pulse throb as it pushed, fitting my mouth like a cork in a wine bottle, but he wriggled it deeper, and it grew even thicker as my tongue worked on it. Al came in for some tight shots of my packed mouth as Fred began to drive the last inches home. Somehow I engulfed the whole loving thing, his prize straining my throat as his balls bounced on my chin.

All three were now driving like crazy as I was totally given over to their every wish. I wanted to please them so badly, to feel like a grown woman. Fred rotated his shaft, swiveling my head like a bobbing-head toy, quickly gripping my hair and pumping furiously, timing it to match Sam's rear-end plunges, while Tom increased his boob-slamming pace, each ramming harder and harder as I grunted in delicious pain. Then Sam stopped them all, saying, "It ought to be working for us. Slide, pussy!" And he and Fred began yanking my head and ass roughly back and forth till I caught on and began to move myself up and back along their magic poles, taking my jugs in my own hands and mashing them around Tom's prick.

They shouted, "Faster, piece, work on it," while I wriggled wildly, eager to fulfill their demands, feeling as if I were strung on one long, terrific rod through my ass, between my tits and past my lips. I sucked, rubbed my boobs, and ground my ass as rapidly as I could. Soon Sam split my hole with his juice as he groaned his pleasure and dug his fingers into my cheeks to hang on, followed instantly by Tom, whose come sprayed my chest to my neck and poured over us both. Lastly, Fred erupted a lovely load until my cheeks bulged with the overflow and I tried to slurp up every drop that leaked from my mouth.

Al's camera caught it all. We all lay exhausted but proud of the job I'd done, until Al said, "Now it's your turn." Quickly, they got up, chuckling as Tom and Sam pulled my legs apart and held my arms back easily, since I was helpless after their creaming. Then Fred brought out an immense plastic pipe that was fit on the end of our vacuum cleaner's hose. I tried to use my little strength, but Sam inserted the tip of the phony cock in my dripping cunt, saying, "One more ride for the meat. This thing makes mine look small." It did, and my jaw hung open as they all got close looks to see every inch gradually enter my burning love hole. Then a switch was flicked, and the pipe began to vibrate like a stream drill. My whole body shook as they let go and backed off to watch, laughing loudly at the way I looked, literally bouncing on my ass, my hair flying, my jugs slapping into my face. All I could do with my hands was to grip the hose and hang on as my insides were being shaken apart. The guys were practically rolling on the floor in laughter when the first orgasm hit, followed by another and another. They were stirred anew when I began laughing, and as I slowed down, they masturbated at the sight of me, right there, their come covering my whole face as I grinned and licked and let it roll onto my outstretched tongue.

This was a year ago, and since then me and Al have a fine sex life. We still make it only once a week and are outwardly as straitlaced as ever. About once every other month, however, I get restless, and Al gets some new recruits to entertain me in many different ways. Al has a great photo album illustrating each session and giving examples of his wife's talents, which pleases him more than any fuck ever could. And I never know what studs he'll bring next. This very night he's promised five basketball players, who said that they will all come in me at once. I don't know how it'll be done, but I can't wait to find out. —*Name and address withheld*

Unexpected turn

I have a feeling the experience I am about to relate to you is quite unique, and I think it will be of interest to your readers. My cousin (I'll call her Patty) is 22 years old, and I have not really seen too much of her recently since she now lives away from our home at a university. Although Patty is quite good-looking, her friend, Jan, is the real knockout at age 18, and she's still in town. The problem with Jan, however, is that she has an old-fashioned desire to remain a virgin until she marries, and this causes a lot of grief among the male population around here. I've mentioned to Patty that I wouldn't mind getting into Jan's pants, but I knew I wasn't likely to make her.

But one day, when Patty had been home a couple of weeks, she said she had a surprise for me. After some hemming and hawing, she said she had been discussing things with Jan, and although Jan was still determined to remain a virgin, Patty had still talked her into trying oral sex with me as long as I kept my pants on during the entire affair. I agreed to the rules, and a couple of days later Patty brought Jan down to our apartment. Jan looked radiant in a beautiful knee-length dress, but never had I seen her so nervous. Patty then took Jan into her room and talked to her for a bit and then came out to see me. She told me that Jan was so scared she almost backed out but would go ahead as long as I agreed that Jan would keep her dress on, the lights would stay on, and Patty would stay in the room to make sure I didn't get carried away.

The arrangement was getting out of hand, but I was drooling so much by this time I would have agreed to anything. So we walked into the room and found Jan nervous as ever. Patty said, "Are you ready?" Jan said no, and she and Patty argued a little more before Patty told her to

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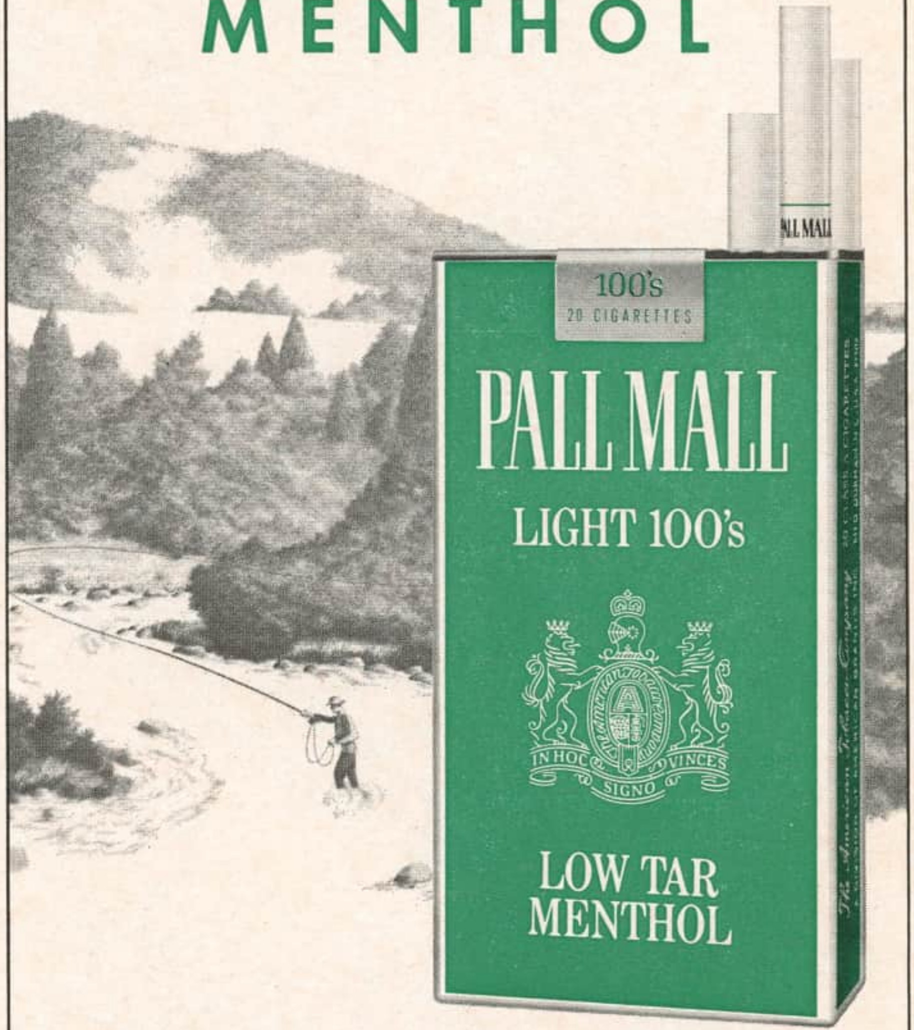

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stop acting childish and take her panties down. Jan hesitated; so Patty slipped her hands up Jan's dress and whipped the panties down.

Gradually, we got Jan onto the bed, and with a little talk and gentle rubbing of my hands down her thighs, she opened her legs. The girl was still afraid, but her cunt was leaking like a tap. I wanted Jan to enjoy this; so I was determined to do my best.

Jan's cunt was exquisite to the touch, and I felt Jan shudder slightly as I spread her cunt lips with my fingers. I blew gently on them, and Jan squirmed a little; but then I got down to it, lapping around her hole and eventually reaching her clit.

I don't claim to be an expert, but Jan seemed to be turning on to my technique, although she seemed to be having trouble reaching orgasm. Three times when I thought she would come, she slipped away again. I think she was still too afraid to really let loose, and I hoped that maybe if I rubbed her tits it would give her the extra stimulation needed to put her over the edge.

While I kept eating her, I slipped a hand up and tried to get it into Jan's blouse. But I was having some trouble in getting through it. All this time Patty had been sitting, watching, telling Jan to let loose and enjoy herself, but when she saw my predicament, she eagerly came to my rescue, opening Jan's blouse and removing her bra. My cousin really knocked me out when she showed her real motives for joining me and began to caress Jan's tits herself. Jan came once shortly after that, but Patty said she thought Jan should have at least two comes; so we did her again.

That about did it for our first session. Patty and Jan talked afterward for a while, and then Jan left. I was so horny I started jerking myself off in my room when Patty walked in. I was a bit embarrassed when Patty first took my cock in her hands, but I decided to relax when she said she thought I deserved a reward for my efforts and then jerked me off.

Jan was back a couple of days later for another session, and Patty informed me that she had made Jan promise not to wear a bra to our sessions from now on. Patty then stripped Jan of her panties, had her lie on the bed, and, as I was eating her, opened her blouse and massaged Jan's tits.

This was the routine for two or three weeks, until one day, as we came to a finish, Patty told me she thought Jan deserved more orgasms. I explained that I had such a sore jaw that I didn't think it was possible; so Patty then told me to change places with her. Jan was a bit reluctant to have Patty between her legs, but she calmed down enough to give it a try and came in a hurry. Patty and I split the cunt-licking duties after this.

Patty was now taking complete charge of the sessions. We would try one thing for two sessions before Jan moved to the next. Before long, Patty informed Jan that for future sessions she would have to be completely nude. Of course, Patty would also strip to keep Jan from feeling totally on display, but I had to keep my pants on to protect Jan's by now soiled virginity.

In one of these revised sessions, Jan lay back nude with Patty, nude also, crouching beside her. Patty then sucked Jan's tits without caressing them, while I ate her. Afterward, Patty and I switched positions. Pretty soon I noticed Patty was making Jan rub my cousin's tits while Patty sucked on Jan's. I could see where this was leading, although I was still fascinated. Patty shortly had Jan's hand furiously working on her cunt, and Patty sucked Jan's tits. All this time I was between Jan's thighs.

One day Patty said she thought it would be a good idea if Jan understood what was really going on, and with that thought in mind, Patty lowered her cunt to Jan's face, while Patty herself dove into Jan. Jan looked hesitant; so Patty ordered me to help her. I reached around my cousin's buns and gently slid her cunt lips apart, bringing Patty's cunt to Jan's mouth. Jan attacked it, and the two of them performed a frenzied 69.

After the session Patty came to my room as usual, unzipped my pants, pulled out my cock, and told me I should understand this was all a game to get Jan to come out of her shell. Patty told me she had suspected all along that Jan was gay or at least bisexual and that she had planned this because she thought Jan was too afraid to bring the news to her own attention.

Patty said my final reward should be the best of all and slipped my cock between her lips and sucked me off. Jan and Patty still get together regularly, although I'm no longer invited. Patty still sucks me off to keep me quiet but I must be the only guy that helped a girl go gay by trying to eat her out successfully. —*Name and address withheld*

Pregraduation ceremony

My college career ended just one week ago, and many of you might think that my fondest memory would be that of addressing my fellow classmates during that horrendously boring ceremony called graduation. But that assumption, were you to make it, would be wrong. What happened two nights before graduation will be my fondest memory ever.

The evening began when I went to say good-bye to two coeds I had come to know during the year. They lived in a four-person suite, which had two rooms separated by a bathroom. The suite was in the back of the newest dorm and was directly over the back entrance. During the semester the girls had given a party on the concrete canopy that protected the dorm entrance. This is where I found Jamie and Chris when I went up to their room. Kim, one of the other suitemates, was still there, but Jo had left for home.

Jamie, Chris, and I had a few beers and talked about our summer plans as we watched the sun go down. The beers finally made nature call, and I took myself into the bathroom. While I was in there, I heard

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whispers and other sounds coming from Kim's room. Naturally I was curious and opened the door to her room. On the bed were Kim and a guy I didn't recognize. As they were involved in a heavy 69, I quietly closed the door and went back out to the patio. I was pretty excited and decided the others should know about it, too.

I casually told Jamie and Chris what I had seen, and being normal young women, they were intrigued. Jamie edged her way over to Kim's window and peeked in. She carefully moved the curtain out of the way so that we all could have a better view. Kim and Mr. X were still at it. This time, however, X was fucking Kim from behind while holding on tight to her ample breasts. It was evident he was having fun.

Kim, as far as total looks go, rates a 9.5 on the Denny Doo Scale because of her fantastic figure. Her breasts are rather huge and tipped with large nipples, which are simply fantastic when they get hard. As I watched the free show, I checked out the rest of Kim's charms. Her snatch was much darker than her honey-blonde hair, and that fantastic "man in the boat" was bigger than a pencil eraser. But back to the action.

We had gotten into a good position just in time to see the grand finale. They shuddered simultaneously, and X gave one last thrust. He pulled himself out and fell back against the wall. His cock was all of ten inches and quite thick. Actually, with all the hair on his legs and chest, he rather looked like a monkey. Jamie gave a whimsical sigh as she kept her eyes glued to his crotch.

As X leaned against the wall, Kim moved between his legs and took him into her mouth. As she went up and down on him, occasionally stopping to lick the glans, I zeroed in on her ass. The way her back was arched in gave me a fantastic view. Her cunt was throbbing just a little, and X's come was dripping out and running down her thighs. The sight of that almost made my zipper break. All too soon X came, and she took it all down.

At this point I turned my attention back to the foxes I was with. Jamie was still locked in on X's cock, and her hand was rubbing her cunt through heavy jeans. Chris was staring hungrily at the two lovers, and as I looked at her, she turned her eyes toward me, first gazing into my eyes and then at my bulging cutoffs.

By now, both Jamie and Chris were as worked up as Kim and X had been. I climbed back into the room and motioned for them to follow me. They came in, and Jamie hunted up a few joints and passed them around. Chris's hands shook as the joints made their rounds, and I knew why. Earlier in the year she had confided to me that she was still a virgin, and although she wanted to do something about it, her years in the Baptist church had pretty well left their mark—or, rather, no mark—on her. She was too afraid and guilty to fuck. I suspected that Jamie, too, was a virgin just from the air of innocence she projected.

We lit up a third joint and discussed what we had watched and sex in general. As the

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fourth joint was being lit, Kim came into the room and asked whether she could join us. She was wearing a short but demure nightgown. One would never have suspected that she had just come in from a mini-orgy. Jamie, heavily under the influence of the herb, confessed to Kim that we had watched her through the window. This brought an extremely unexpected response from Kim.

She stood up, pulled the nightgown over her head, pulled down her sheer panties and stuck her still wet pussy into Jamie's face. Jamie's reaction was just as unexpected. She grabbed Kim's ass and started eating her. Kim quickly sank back onto the bed while holding Jamie's head so that she wouldn't miss a lick.

Chris and I shrugged and joined in on the impromptu orgy. We both quickly stripped and started into a 69. She was inexperienced and bit me once, but she soon discovered all the finer points of cocksucking. Her cunt was one of the sweetest smelling I had ever gone down on, and I gave her the best eating I could. She came suddenly, almost drowning me with her juices, and this triggered my own climax. She drank it down as if she had done it all her life.

Kim and Jamie, I found out, had stopped when Chris and I had started and had been watching us. We all did another joint, and as it was passed around, Kim made a suggestion that Chris and Jamie immediately seconded: I would fuck one, and when I was finished, the other two would take turns sucking my come from her pussy. I was to do this for all three of them! Before this, however, I was to eat out Kim and Jamie so that I could taste their muff pie sans-à-la-mode. (I doubted the sans-à-la-modeness of Kim's pussy, but I didn't object to eating them out before screwing them, even though the few times I had had to eat pussy which had my own come in it, I had not enjoyed it.)

The rest of the night was spent fucking them all and watching them go down on each other. I think watching them do this was what gave me the ability to come four times.

Sometime around 4:00 A.M. we all fell asleep on the floor. I woke up in the early afternoon to find Kim's cunt in my face. The smell of after-sex and cunt gave me another raging hard-on, and I was ready to go again. They all began to wake up. We took a shower together, and Kim and Chris made breakfast, which we finished in a hurry.

Kim wanted to be fucked in the ass, as did Chris and Jamie when they heard Kim ask. I knew I could never take care of all three of them, but I resolved to do my best. I was right—I couldn't do it. But I did my best.

Those two nights—yes, it lasted into the next night—were the best I have ever had. And graduation morning I addressed my fellow classmates, all the time thinking about the Fourth of July party Kim, Chris, and Jamie had promised to give me . . . So now you tell me: what are my fondest college memories?—*Name and address withheld*

Double blessing

I am a 23-year-old woman with very large breasts. I began developing early, and by the time I was 13 my breasts were the size of most girls' at 16. I must say, my tits were the cause of a lot of jealousy among some of my late-developing school friends, many of whom were still very flat-chested.

Of course, it was my big tits and my naive nature that earned me my first sexual experience. But as I look back on it now, I realize that I was so innocent that I didn't even understand what had just happened to me when it was all over. It went like this.

My parents left for a holiday of one week in England when I was still in my late teens. They left us in the care of a girl, Leslie, who was then 20.

This was the era of free love, and like any 20-year-old of the time, Leslie was a part of it. Although I didn't realize it at the time, she had taken quite an interest in me after only a few days as baby-sitter for me and my brother and younger sister.

One night, toward the end of the week, I was sitting in my room, getting ready for bed. I had taken off all my clothes, except for my panties and was sitting in front of the dresser mirror, examining my tits. The way I was doing it wasn't sexual—more like clinical—for I was still rather amazed with them and how they set me apart from my school friends. As I was examining myself, Leslie had let herself into the room and had caught me in the act. I was quite embarrassed, but she told me not to be and brought the conversation around to how well developed I was for my age. She generally reassured me and told me that if I had any question I should ask her, because she knew how confusing growing up could be.

I of course soon leapt at the opportunity, and doing so removed all doubts in Leslie's mind as to how incredibly unaware I really was. When I think of it now, I laugh at my own gullibility. I realize that I was embarrassed about how she found me, and since she told me what I thought I had to know, I was quite willing to go along with her. She said that my tits were quite big and I must be quite proud of them, and I blushingly said that I was. Then she asked me if I knew how to take care of them. I'd never heard of any such thing, but she explained that if I wanted my tits to grow properly, I must make sure the blood circulated in the correct way. She said that no one had told her this when she was my age and that that was why she was so small-breasted. (Today I realize that her small breasts were what interested her in mine!)

She took off her own top. I saw her breasts and was amazed at the difference in them, compared with my own. I had never seen another girl's tits before, and I saw that, compared to hers, my nipples were incredibly large. Then Leslie began to caress her tits, saying that that was how to improve the blood circulation. But she added, "It doesn't seem to make mine grow any larger. I guess I waited until too late to start."

She encouraged me to try massaging my tits, which I did—in a heavy-handed, clinical way. She stopped me after a minute and said I was doing it improperly. Then she stood beside me and took my tits in her hands. She lightly ran her hands over them, which sent shivers all through me. She continued this for a while, and I was getting quite heated up. When she stopped, I was sorry and asked her if she would continue, for I was enjoying the feeling.

Then she knew she had me literally in the palm of her hand. She shot me some more shit about how my nipples needed special attention, being "the center of your tits." When she leaned over and kissed one of them, I felt myself pull back, but she explained that that was what babies used them for and that that was how they could best be developed. (I was hot and confused, and she said that fast; so I accepted it.) When I felt her tongue on my nipples, though, I knew that whether her theories were right or wrong, this was what I wanted.

As she sucked my tits (and she did that for a good while), her hand slipped down my stomach and into my panties. She pulled off my panties and then slipped herself between my legs, sliding them apart. I was sorry she had left my tits and said so, but she calmly drew my attention to my cunt.

In my excitement over my breasts, I had never really given any attention to my cunt before. It felt slightly tingly now, which I couldn't remember feeling before, and she showed me how wet it was. That was all quite new to me, and for a second I wondered if I had pissed myself. But I quickly understood this to be different. Leslie slipped a finger along my slit, all the time telling me how I had to shift my attention from my tits to my cunt once it got wet, as then *that* would be the most effective way of developing my body. She fingered along my slit, and when she came to my clit, I went into heaven—and there was no way I was going to have her stop. She then quickly masturbated me for the first time. And when I came, I felt incredible tingles all over, even in my tits, and I felt sure she was telling me the truth.

Leslie masturbated me once more, with her fingers rubbing my swollen clit, and then used her mouth on me for another one. I was exhausted when it was finally over. The next night she came back and did it again, and after several more orgasms she coaxed me to try masturbating *her*, which I did once but without much enthusiasm, as I didn't enjoy the attention taken from my body. At the time, I didn't realize what lesbians were, let alone what I was doing; I only found out about lesbians some four years later, in sex ed at school.

Leslie and I continued to get together once every couple of weeks, when our parents were out. This went on for a couple of

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months until she left home, and I did gradually learn to enjoy masturbating her before she left. She had already started teaching me how to suck her cunt by then, which she had never failed to do to me since our first meeting.

I was sorry when she left and took up masturbating myself several times a day, with my finger on my clit or else a hairbrush handle inside, pressing my legs together as I moved it. It filled that gap until a year from then, when I began to get involved with boys. I have never had sex with a girl since Leslie. As a matter of fact, I hadn't even thought much of it since then. But since seeing your May issue, I've got the old lust back, as one of your centerfold girls reminds me of Leslie. I'd really like to suck a cunt with a vengeance, making up for all the opportunities I so foolishly missed with Leslie. I am now on the lookout for any interested female.—*Name and address withheld*

Perfect fitting

I thought that your readers might enjoy hearing about a shopping trip a girl friend, Pat, and I took the other day.

I wanted to buy a new pair of jeans, and so Pat and I went to a large department store in a local mall. We both picked out a few things to try on and entered the fitting room. The store and the dressing rooms were crowded, since it was a holiday. We got our tickets and both entered the same dressing room. I should tell you that we have often done this, because we were interested in each other's opinion of the fit and style. However, the events that transpired on this particular day were unique.

The cubicle had mirrors on three sides, a comfortable padded seat,and a louvered door, which we could lock to ensure privacy. Pat was the first to try on one of her choices. She removed her sweater, exposing her large, firm breasts and rosy nipples. I have always admired her figure, but this time my heart leapt to my mouth. She slipped on the sheer, printed tunic and tied the belt. Through the fabric, her red nipples were easily visible and were hard and pointed. She noticed me staring at them and asked, ambiguously, if I liked what I saw. I responded that I certainly did, referring to both the blouse and her tits.

When she removed the top, I removed my old jeans. I had on a pair of sheer-black string-bikini panties, and my heavy brown bush peeked out from both sides in front; the crotch was noticeably wet. I pulled the new jeans on. They were nice and tight, thus emphasizing my round ass and tiny waist. Pat thought that they looked great and said that she thought Evan, my husband, would love them. He likes clothes that show off my trim figure and long legs, and these certainly did. Pat ran her hand over my ass and thigh as she checked the fit, nodding her approval.

I decided to buy the jeans. As I started to remove them, they were so tight that my panties came off with them. Pat gaped at my bush and wet cunt lips, which were poking out. They are clearly visible because I trim the hair around my inner lips very short, although I leave the front of my love patch untouched. I find that it makes cunnilingus more enjoyable and renders my lips more sensitive.

By this time, my clit was swelling. As I sensed Pat's carnal interest, my cunt juices began to flow. She noticed and stroked my large, red clit and commented in a whisper that it looked as if I needed relief. She was still naked from the waist up when she backed me onto the seat and gently pushed between my legs. I spread them apart, and she placed them over her shoulders and then buried her face in my dripping pussy.

She licked and sucked on my swollen clit and then worked her way down to my love tunnel. Everything that Pat was doing was reflected in the three mirrors. The sight of her head between my open thighs more than tripled my pleasure. I went crazy seeing and feeling her tongue flickling rapidly across my love button. Then her hands grabbed my ass as she thrust her tongue as deep into my tunnel as it would go. I leaned back against the wall, moaning in delight. Then I grasped her head, stroking her curly brown hair, holding her there so that she couldn't stop. I was grinding my hips in her face. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door! She had heard my moans and was asking, "Is everything all right in there?" I came back to reality long enough to gasp yes! Pat removed her face from my cunt and responded, "Everything's just fine!" It must have satisfied the intruder, because she went away.

Now I grabbed Pat's large breasts, kneading her nipples as she dove into my juicy pussy again. She teased me for a while with her light licks, but I was already about to explode. The most exquisite and shuddering climax came when she thrust her powerful tongue into my steaming hole while she fingered my clit with one hand. My juices flowed all over her mouth and the cushion I was seated on. She continued to tongue me, and I must have come for a good two minutes. She came up for air and kissed me, giving me a taste of my own pussy juice.

After I had regained my senses, I suggested returning the favor, and Pat readily agreed. I sucked her delightful breasts while she removed her pants. I eased her onto the same cushion and proceeded to give her the best tonguing I could. (It was the first time I had done this delicious deed.) I often suck my husband and love to gobble up his come, but I had never gone down on another woman. In view of Pat's squirms and groans and the way her pussy steamed, I guess I must have been doing pretty well. She soon shuddered and squeezed my head between her thighs. Then I kissed her, but we didn't exchange a single word.

Soon we dressed and exited as calmly

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as possible, ignoring the shocked stare of the dressing-room attendant, who must have heard us. Needless to say, I am eagerly anticipating my next shopping trip with Pat.—*Name and address withheld*

Into your tent I'll creep . . .

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for quite some time now, especially "Forum." I thought that I would always just be a reader, but now I would like to share one of my greatest sexual experiences with you.

Last summer my girl friend, my boyfriend, and I decided to end the summer with something special. (It turned out to be more special than we had ever imagined!) We planned a week-long camping trip at a nearby resort. Naturally, we took two tents so that we would not all have to sleep together. The first couple of days we swam, hiked, and enjoyed each other's company as three good friends. On the third night, however, while Allan and I were fucking and sucking as usual, Lori suddenly appeared at the tent opening, announcing that she was scared of the noises in the surrounding bushes. Both Allan and I were suspicious of her motives but felt a little sorry for her. So we let her in. Much to my surprise, Lori did not bring her own sleeping bag but jumped into ours! Allan still had a tremendous hard-on; so after we thought Lori was asleep, I commenced to beat him off. In the heat of our passion we forgot about our little visitor and bumped against her rhythmically as I pumped his hot, seven-inch cock.

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Suddenly, we were aware of Lori's hot breath down Allan's neck. She began to run her hands down the length of his masculine body, finally resting at the treasure that I had already found. I was already so horny that I did not care about an extra partner and was excited at the thought of a "ménage à trois." What had been one of Allan's little jokes before now was becoming a reality. Lori milked his balls hungrily while I continued to fondle his rod. Suddenly, I felt his thick fingers probing my wet pussy and knew instinctively where his other hand was. All at once there was an explosion of orgasms from all three of us. Allan rolled over and began to nibble on Lori's stiff nipples while I licked the semen off his bag and boner, poking out like a stick.

Before I knew what had happened, Lori had rolled on top of Allan so that she was lying between us. Then she moved down under the sleeping bag until she faced my pulsating pussy. She began to lick slowly at first, flicking my moist clit with her luscious tongue. She licked faster and faster, finally burying her face in my sopping bush. I felt her tongue inside me and orgasmed over and over again. Allan, aware of what was happening, masturbated violently while placing several fingers of his free hand up Lori's anus. Lori squirmed with pleasure and finally removed her face from my twat. We all fell back exhausted and slept soundly for the remainder of the night.

The next morning we discussed our escapades of the night before and decided that Lori's boyfriend, Bruce, should drive up and join us because we were having such a good time. We phoned him that afternoon, and he agreed to join us that evening. (Of course he did not know exactly what we had in mind!) Upon his arrival we promptly told him about our experiences. While we described every happening, I noticed his huge pecker swelling beneath his tight blue jeans. He began to rub his own crotch, thinking that no one was looking. I reached under the table and groped him. Lori undid Allan's pants and explored his sweet prick. Before I knew it, her head had disappeared under the table and Allan was moaning excitedly. Not being a "party pooper," I followed suit and took the whole nine inches of Bruce's circumcised cock down my eager throat.

After Bruce blew his load, Lori and I switched partners and continued in the same fashion. The idea of fucking was becoming more and more exciting! Allan and Bruce proposed that they should go into the tent to get some blankets so that we could lie beside the fire. While they were gone, Lori and I stripped totally to prepare for the fun we were about to encounter. They were gone for several minutes, and we began to get suspicious. We approached the tent and threw open the flaps in time to see Bruce thrusting his cock into Allan's tight anus. Both were moaning and almost yelling from the excitement of us watching them in their doggy-style position. It was the biggest turn-on that we had ever experienced; so Lori and I fingered each other's clit violently. The night ended in an orgy of sex and a continuous explosion of orgasms.

We spent the rest of the week in experimenting and repeating what we had already learned. It was the most memorable week of our lives; and as soon as the weather turns warm, we will be "camping" again! Please print this so that others may discover how to end the summer with a bang. We believe that our erotic adventure has made the four of us closer friends.—*Name and address withheld*

Cookie monster

Since I'm an avid reader of your "Forum" section, I hope that my letter will give other readers as much pleasure as their letters have given me.

One of the main problems a first-year law student encounters is losing all track of time because of the amount of research that must be done. Returning home from the law library late one night, I opened the door just as the phone was ringing. It turned out to be Valerie, a girl whom I had dated a couple of times. She wondered whether or not I would like to come over to celebrate Valentine's Day with her. I suddenly realized that I had forgotten what day it was, and I explained that I hadn't anything to give her. That was quite all right, she told me, but she did have a dozen cookies for me. Although I was tired, I told her I would be there in a few minutes. I was a little surprised that she had called me, because we did not see each other very often; and when we did go out together, I always had to wait until I had taken her home before I could lope my mule.

On the way to Val's apartment, I grabbed a box of candy and a card at one of those all-night groceries. I was a little embarrassed when I gave it to her, but she grabbed the box from my hands. "I've wanted something to eat all night," she said, "and I couldn't wait until you got here." With that statement, my suspicions (and something else) began to grow.

Val took my coat and told me to have a seat in the living room. About two minutes later she came in with a box for me. I unwrapped it, and there were those cookies she had promised me, but only nine, not twelve, as she had said over the phone. "Hey, there are three cookies missing," I told her. "Well, you'll just have to look for them," she said, laughing, and pulled my hand to her breasts. I could feel something hard under her sweater and found one cookie in each cup of her bra. Needless to say, her sweater was off in no time, and the cookies fell to the floor as I unhooked her bra. I quickly made for her erect nipples. "Not yet," she teased, "eat your cookies." I readily complied, and then she nearly suffocated me with her ample breasts as she pressed me against the back of the couch. As I licked and bit her budding nipples, she was already moaning audibly and I was about to shoot my wad. I knew I was quite near the pinnacle of no return.

Suddenly, she pulled away, and I almost went crazy as she began to remove her pants. "You still have to find one more cookie, but this time, no hands," Val instructed. There, outlined in her bikini panties, was the last cookie. I quickly caught the elastic of her panties between my teeth and began to jerk them down. Once they were off, Val lay down on her back and placed the cookie on top of her fluffy muff. "You have to eat the cookie before you get to me," she said. The cookie was gone in five seconds. "Make sure you clean up all the crumbs," Val told me. My tongue eagerly darted in and out of her love box while she wriggled about in delight. Before I knew it, her juices were overflowing and she wrapped her legs around my head as she orgasmed in a climax that sent her body into spasms of ecstasy.

After cleaning her out, I stood up and removed all of my clothes. "I also brought you a magic peppermint stick," I said. "The longer you suck on it, the bigger it gets!" Val giggled and threw herself upon my wazoo. I fell back to the couch and watched her blonde hair bouncing up and down on my seven-inch tallywacker. Not knowing whether or not she would want me to come in her mouth, I said, "Whoa, 'bout to blow!" This announcement just seemed to make her even hotter, however, and she drank every drop of the jism that erupted from my cock in a mind-blowing orgasm—lapping it up as if it were delicious honey.

I was ready to rest, but Val was just starting. She sat down on my face, and we were soon in the sixty-nine position. I gladly ran my tongue up and down her cloven spot while she licked my head and shaft. Before I knew it, I was hard again. She rolled over on her back and spread her legs wide. "Please," she moaned, "please!" That was all she needed to say as my throbbing member entered her dripping mound. She squeezed her legs so hard that she nearly broke my back, but I just pumped harder and faster. Finally, Val let out a scream of ecstasy, and we came at the same time, as Cupid guided my arrow right into the bull's-eye of the best Valentine present I have ever received. —*D. G., Lexington, Ky.*

Man of the house

I am an avid reader of both *Penthouse* and *Forum* magazines, and I would like to relate to your readers an experience I had a few years ago, the memory of which is among my fondest.

I was living in an unusual, but often enjoyable, situation somewhat like the one shown in the television program "Three's Company." My girl friend, Marlene, has a three-bedroom condominium, which she was sharing with two other girls, Betty and Pam. Marlene and I share her room, and I help her with expenses. The situation worked quite well, and the girls didn't mind my living there rent-free, because I did many of the household chores. Besides, Betty had a steady who stayed there on a regular basis; and although Pam had no steady, she never lacked for company when she wanted it. Also, it's nice to have a man around to answer the door late at night.

Anyway, Marlene and I have a very strong relationship; and even though I enjoyed the

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occasional skimpy attire the girls would wear in the early morning hours and Betty's occasional nude meanderings through the house when she had too much to drink, I never made any move to bed down either of them, nor did I suspect that either of them had an interest in me.

As time passed and I got to know the two girls better, I made some discoveries about them. Betty turned out to be a very domineering, defensive, and insecure ball of frustrations, constantly demanding attention from everyone and yet scorning the attention she received from her steady. You never knew what she would say or do next. If you complimented her on her looks, she would reject your praise with the inference that it was laced with sexual innuendo.

Once I was sitting in the living room when Betty came out of her bedroom in her robe, which was what she wore most of the time. When she got to the center of the living room, she lay down on the floor, with her feet pointing straight at me, and started doing leg exercises. First, she would raise one leg and then the other into a vertical position; naturally, when she raised them both together, her robe rose up with her legs until everything from her panties down was exposed to the whole room, with her crotch pointing straight at me. Well, I appreciate the sight of a female body, and I feasted my eyes on the exhibition. Anyway, when she noticed me staring, she jumped up and started ranting about my watching her and stormed off to her room, which, by the way, was spacious enough for her to do exercises in. Well, that day I wrote her off as someone to avoid and decided to ignore her if at all possible.

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Pam, however, was a different story. She was a vision of beauty, both physically and mentally. Don't misunderstand; she was not your centerfold type, but she was a beautiful woman. She was about five feet eight inches tall, with soft brown hair that cradled an exquisite face perfectly. She had eyes that were filled with joy and a devilish innocence and a smile that revealed her warm, compassionate heart. Her beautiful skin had a natural light tan, which invited your touch. Her breasts were very small, and her hips and thighs were out of proportion, but these imperfections paled against the radiance of her beauty and the teasing innocence of her mind. She was by no means naive, just refreshingly coy. I thoroughly enjoyed her company.

As I said before, both girls wore very skimpy attire sometimes in the morning, but Pam did so more often. From the way she acted, I soon decided that she was a very coy exhibitionist. Every morning, before I left for work, I would sit in the kitchen with the paper and a cup of coffee while Marlene finished dressing. Many times Pam would come into the kitchen to get orange juice, dressed only in panties and a T-shirt, which usually was just long enough to cover her crotch. Every time she would reach into the cabinet over the sink to get a glass, the T-shirt would rise so high that I could see whether or not she was wearing bikini or regular panties. Just before she would pull the glass down, she would turn to catch me staring, wink at me, and laugh. Then she would bend over in front of me, both getting the O.J. out of the refrigerator and putting it back, and she would always give me a wink and a smile when she left the kitchen.

This wasn't really cock-teasing, because we both knew that it was a game she enjoyed and one that didn't threaten her. It in no way frustrated me because it was open and amusing and gave both of us a boost each day. Nor were these the only occasions of this type. One morning, on my way to the kitchen, I passed by Pam's bathroom, which is a matter of necessity, as it is en route. As I approached, I realized that the door was open and the light was on. I could hear water running in the tub. The bathroom is arranged so that the tub is the first thing one sees when approaching the room. Pam was on her knees, with her back to the door, scrubbing out the tub. She had a towel wrapped around her hair, and was clad in her usual T-shirt, which was hiked up to the middle of her back, and a pair of red, see-through bikini panties, which left nothing to my imagination.

I slowed my pace so that I could get as long a look as possible without being obvious. Just as I reached the door, without turning around, she said, "Morning, Duane," in a low, sultry tone. I returned her greeting, pausing for only a second as I passed, and then she said, "Have you looked outside this morning?" I stepped back to the doorway. She was still facing the tub. "Yes, I have," I answered. She shook out her washrag, bent over the side of the tub again, parted her knees, and started scrubbing again. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" she said. In a very matter of fact tone I replied, "Pam, it's so absolutely gorgeous." She looked around at me, smiled, then winked, and closed the door with her foot. "Have a nice day," I heard her say from inside.

Not too long after that she showed another tendency she has, voyeurism. Marlene and I were watching television one evening when Pam came into the living room and said that she had wanted to show us something that she had found in Betty's room while she was searching for a scarf Betty had borrowed from her. It was a pack of photographs showing Betty and her steady in nude poses. We sat and looked at the pictures, and Pam said that she had always wondered how well-hung Betty's steady was. Marlene said that she had been curious, too. Pam turned to me and said, "How do you compare?" Marlene quickly replied, "As the saying goes, you ain't seen nothing." She left out the word *yet*.

Twice since then Pam has walked into our room without knocking while Marlene and I were making love. Both times she did a good job of feigning fluster and embarrassment for as much as twenty seconds before she retreated and made abundant apologies later. And twice she walked in on me while I was dressing after an afternoon shower. Both times, however, she was just a bit too late. I decided that the third time would be a charm. From then on, after a shower, when I knew that it was just the two of us in the house, I would stand in front of the dresser next to the door with my shirt on (but unbuttoned) and masturbate myself to an erection. I would stand there and maintain it for at least ten minutes, waiting to give her a look.

Finally, it happened. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Marlene had just left to do her grocery shopping. I was just getting out of the shower when she left; and after I was sure that she was gone, I assumed my usual stature by the door. After ten minutes had passed, I decided that today was not going to be the lucky day and had started to button my shirt when the door burst open. Pam's eyes went straight to my hard-on; they were wide open, and her mouth formed an oval of astonishment. She looked up at me for a second and then back down to my dick, making no move to retreat. "Well, Pam, how do I compare?" I asked. Still staring at my dick, she said, "Marlene was right, but I've got to get a better look to be sure." Stepping into the room and closing the door behind her, she reached out and gently took my dick in her hand. "Wow," she said as it grew; "sit down on the bed so I can get a closer look." While saying this, she pushed me back toward the bed. When I was seated on the edge, she dropped to her knees and very slowly engulfed my dick in her mouth and throat. Soon we were both in a frenzy as she rubbed my thighs and lower belly with her hands and sucked my dick into her mouth. Three or four times she brought me to the brink of orgasm only to retreat just at the last second and then start all over again, until, finally, I gushed my load down her throat. After she had licked me clean, she got up and headed out of the door. "Sure beats a photograph all to hell, doesn't it?" she said, closing the door.

That very evening everything returned to normal, as if nothing had happened. I prepared for the adventure again every chance I had, but to no avail. However, once, after I had finished dressing and had come out of the bedroom, we passed in the hallway and she asked me what she had smelled. I didn't understand at first; but when she explained, I realized two things. First, she was referring to the cream that I use on my upper arms for dry, itchy skin; and, second, she already knew what the smell was because she had inquired about it before and I had already told her what it was on many occasions. But I told her again, and she said, "Oh yeah, I've been meaning to ask you about that. Is it safe to use anywhere?" "Well, I'm not sure," I told her, "but I wouldn't use it on my mouth or anything like that. Why do you ask?" "Well," she said, going into her blushing routine, "I have this itching between my legs, and I was wondering if you could put it down there."

I couldn't pass up an opening like that and said, "Oh, I'd be happy to." She

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grinned and said, "Would you really?" which sounded more like "I'll bet you would." "Sure I will," I answered; "let me get the cream, and I'll be right back." She took my hand and started tugging me toward her bedroom and said, "Maybe you better take a look at it first." Once inside, she closed the door and locked it. Still maintaining the charade, she said, "Now you turn around while I get ready." When I looked back, she had removed her jeans and panties and was lying across the bed, which was flooded with sunlight from the window; her legs were just slightly parted. I knelt at the edge of the bed, with her pussy right in front of my face.

"I don't see anything wrong here, Pam," I said. "Everything looks just beautiful." Still playing the game, she said, "The itch is deep inside; you'll have to get a closer look." I leaned forward and spread her thighs wider apart. With my thumbs, I spread the lips of her pussy as far as I could. The inside was just as beautiful as the outside and soaking wet. "It's beautiful, Pam," I told her. Her body began to quiver, and she said, "But it itches, Duane." "I'm sure I can help, Pam," I said and then slid my tongue deep into her pussy and up over her clit. I'm no novice at this, and neither was she, but I doubt that any other two people have enjoyed cunnilingus as much as we did. I like to progress very, very slowly, and to my delight she never did reach a point of frenzied hurry. Each time she reached the brink of orgasm, she would gently push my head away and hold it until the waves of feeling had subsided and she was ready to start again.

When she eventually reached her orgasm, she gently pushed me away and I watched her expression change from that of anticipation to one of contented joy. Her eyes were wide open; but as the expression changed, she slowly closed them and seemed to be in a trance, as her body quivered and stretched. After a few minutes I began kissing her thighs and stomach and was working my way up when I heard Betty in the hallway. Luckily, she went straight to her room and closed the door. I got up off my knees, leaned across the bed, and was kissing Pam's neck and cheek when she wrapped her arms around me and gave me a soft, slow, probing kiss. She said, "You better go." That very evening everything returned to normal, as if nothing had happened. Pam never did show any emotional interest in me and vice versa; we simply enjoyed using each other. It was a very refreshing experience. Unfortunately, Pam has since moved. I wish I knew where, because I would love to see her again.—*Name and address withheld*

Class reunion

I'm an avid reader of your magazine, and I thought that some of your readers would enjoy sharing one of my most recent experiences.

While on a business trip in Syracuse, N.Y., two of my coworkers and I stopped at a local pub to grab a bite to eat. My associates and I were having a good time; after a few drinks, we all started feeling fine.

Suddenly, a girl from across the room started waving frantically at me, trying to get my attention. To my surprise, it was Joanie, a girl I had been intimately involved with when we attended college several years ago. She was sitting with five of her girl friends, who looked every bit as good as she did. Joanie was a young (24-year-old) blonde, five feet two inches tall, well-endowed with a perfect 36-24-36 shape.

I walked over to reminisce with her for a few minutes and found that she was now renting an apartment in Syracuse with two of the other girls who were sitting at her table. One question led to another. Before we knew it, Joanie had invited me and my friends to a party she was having that night. Don't get me wrong; I'm a happily married man now, and I'd never cheated on my wife. But as I started to remember some of the things Joanie and I had done together under the sheets, my ten-inch penis started to throb with anticipation of what I knew might happen. Joanie was one of those footloose and fancy-free girls who are always out for a good time. I knew my friends and I would be well taken care of because the girl is a nymphomaniac.

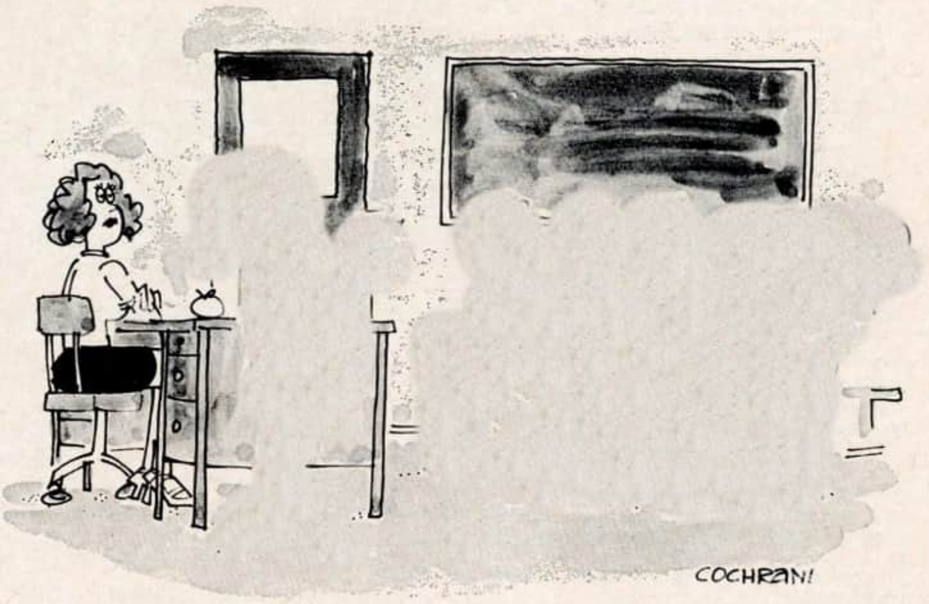
After more small talk, I went back to my table and asked my friends, Matt and Dick, whether they were interested. With little hesitation, they agreed. We arrived at the apartment late after several business meetings and found that things were well under way. As soon as we walked in the door, Joanie's two friends, Faye and Jane, took things well in hand. One grabbed Matt; the other grabbed Dick.

The girls had been drinking heavily and were all half dressed. I couldn't stand it anymore. I immediately took off my clothes, grabbed Joanie, and told her how much I had missed her hot, wet pussy. Matt and Dick wasted no time. Matt was grabbing Faye by her firm, jutting nipples and, at the same time, was reaching down underneath her slim silk panties to massage her clit slowly. Faye reached down and forced Matt's zipper open, unleashing Matt's pulsating eight-inch spear.

I looked over and saw that Dick had Jane sitting in a chair with his face buried in her wet bouquet. Jane was out of breath and was moaning uncontrollably. Dick has an extremely long tongue, which he uses with great skill. He is an old school chum who was always called "big Dick." I always thought that the nickname was just a joke; but as he undressed, I could see that it fit. His penis looked twice as big as mine. His blood-engorged cock must have measured 13 inches in length. Jane moved her ass almost uncontrollably as Dick lapped up her sweet cunt juice. Then Dick got up and put his huge prick inside Jane.

At this point, I couldn't stand it any longer and dragged Joanie into a nearby bedroom and took off her silk panties and or-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Iran in retrospect

As a textile engineer who has lived and worked in Iran, I would like to congratulate you and Paul Erdman for his fine interview in the June 1979 issue. Through my experiences in training and managing several hundred Iranians near Qom and working with the system there, I have some insights into his conclusions. The statements he makes in his interview and his book *The Crash of '79* are very pertinent to what is bringing on the economic problems in our society. He traces a clear picture of the bleak future we face unless our national attitude toward energy, government spending, and wasted consumption at home changes.

While I agree wholeheartedly with Paul Erdman on international matters, I sincerely disagree with his views on Iran and Shah Reza Pahlavi. The shah did not do himself in because of his megalomania. My ideas are a result of a working knowledge of living and working conditions and of the Iranian people, whom I have great respect for.

Although the government under the shah did make several basic policy mistakes, the major reason for its downfall was that the people were given too much freedom too fast. Largely through the assistance of our Jimmy Carter (the Ayatollah Khomeini should kiss him in gratitude), the shah relaxed his powerful rule over a largely uneducated, racially and ethnically mixed population. At least during 1976 and 1977, while I was there, the people possessed virtually the same freedoms we have, except that the form of government was a monarchy. They were being educated (many unwillingly), free to move about, select their employment, choose their own religion, etc. As long as they respected the monarchy, they were free to criticize the government.

People may say, "If you can't say what you want about your ruler, then freedom doesn't exist." But the Iranian people have been ruled with one iron hand or another for centuries. They have learned to respect and obey power, but at the same time to disrespect and destroy weakness. Even at my level, to be effective and get the job done, leaders have to be very strong and autocratic to get Persians, Turks, and Kurds to work together toward a common goal. The shah was successful in furthering his country and his people until he became weak with them. It is now apparent that in their greed for more freedom, the Iranian people have sacrificed the freedom they had.

I am surprised that Paul Erdman underestimated the degree to which the mullahs could organize the Iranian people. Policies implemented by the shah's government to westernize the country and make it the world's "fifth power" required a lessening of the stranglehold the clergy had on the lives of the people, particularly the Iranian women. Perhaps, had the shah moved slower in making drastic social changes and maintained closer involvement of the church, the clergy would have supported, rather than destroyed, him.

Iran is a vast country, covered with largely inaccessible mountains and deserts. The majority of the people are farmers and herders who live in small villages out of touch with the larger cities and towns. I believe that had the shah been able to improve the plight of these people and to increase productivity in agriculture, the grip and influence of the clergy would have been lessened. Since industrial and military growth was the main policy, all concentrated in the cities, most of the populace never benefited from the modernization programs.

Lastly, Paul Erdman's statements about the distribution of Iran's oil income are very narrow and do not demonstrate the knowledge he should have about the country. The fact that there was an oil income of from $20 to $25 billion in Iran can be attributed almost entirely to the shah himself. Until the oil-producing countries began organizing and listening to his insistence that their oil was priced way below its true worth, these countries received little or no benefits from this resource.

In my opinion there very suddenly were more funds available for the country to invest than was healthy. The people's labor, management, and technical skills were too low, and as a result new plants operated very inefficiently, if at all. With few exceptions plants operated on borrowed capital and produced inferior quality merchandise, which sent Iranians to Europe to purchase things of good quality. Had the increase in oil profits been more gradual, there would have been less "stealing" and waste as mentioned by Erdman. The modernization program would have had less impact on traditional Iranian and Moslem values and in the long run would have been more permanent and effective.

Now I often wonder if many of the people there now wish that the shah had remained strong and stern, and that they had not turned away from him toward Ayatollah Khomeini. Also, I wonder if people on the "outside" like Jimmy Carter and Paul Erdman had taken time to understand Iran

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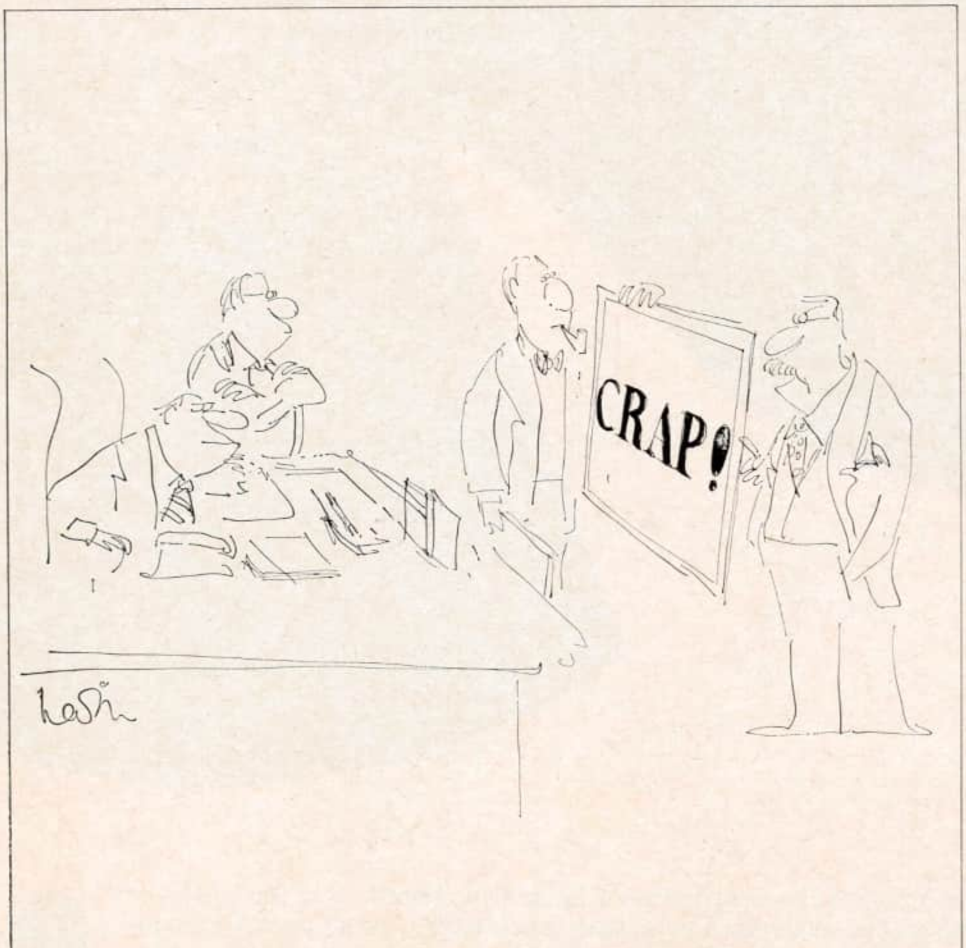
Save the children

Rather than finding your article "Children in Jail" by Nat Hentoff (June 1979) appalling, I find that it only confirmed my fears and rather pessimistic expectations for the future of our children. This conclusion I base not only on feeling but also, more important, on statistics and personal experience. Statistics show that childbirth is on a decline because of the lack of *need* for children in respect to labor, tradition, and an added emotional dimension to a marriage (or in the self-actualization of a single adult). The children who are conceived are presently more likely to be the victims of child abuse, which is increasing every year.

Three years ago I worked as a teacher's assistant at a high school in Los Angeles. My job was to teach English and reading skills to primarily black and borderline emotionally handicapped children. The facts stated in Hentoff's article were part of a rather initially horrifying yet ultimately fulfilling daily relationship for me. What I did indeed become aware of was the basic lack of interest on the part of the faculty along with a lack of creativity and spontaneity in presenting material. Many students who rightfully rejected this bland mode of education were labeled as "dumb." The students who were thus labeled turned to outside crime or activities that in many cases were more extreme than their initial defiance of society. This is my definition of juvenile crime—a defiance of society, a society that presents an education that is not relevant to the emotionally and physically underprivileged child and that abuses him with sadistic punishments and misunderstanding, a society that economically and socially produces this type of child in the first place. The disillusioning result is always "Children in Jail."

What are the alternatives? In my opinion, we should have no juvenile institutions in the nature of detention halls. However, more foster homes are needed and more houses for children who need an immediate refuge. Certainly, we need an educational system that will take into consideration the fact that many underprivileged children have a moral code that is quite different from our standards. The way to help change this is by a method of teaching that reflects respect, love, and relevance to their lives. Obviously, we need proper legal defense of our children, should they be accused of a crime they have not committed. In the case where the child is guilty, we must find a method of rehabilitation that will probe and cure certain deviant psychological and social tendencies. I plead for a form of rehabilitation that will not humiliate or manipulate or show a child that his worst crime is punishable only by a more severe, legally financed and organized crime.



"It works, because it's tastefully done . . ."

I hope that my comments reflect how "Children in Jail" really touched me. Thank you for an extremely well written though disturbing article.—*Mrs. B.W. Jansonius, Enschede, Holland*

Tom T.

With talent and quiet stubbornness, Tom T. Hall (June 1979) has caught the golden trout. Most of us can't find the stream.—*Gregg Trost, Porterville, Calif.*

Bad girl

As I walked by the newsstand, I was blown away by your July 1979 cover. Could that be *Donna Summer*? It is! That was an excellent interview with a real woman who has a lot to say. But I was disappointed that there were not more pictures of her inside. I would rather look at her in a deep-sea diving outfit than at any other woman in the natural.—*Ray McClung, Deer Park, N.Y.*

Rock 'n' roll

Please convey my warmest regards to Robert Palmer for his much-appreciated article on the Allman brothers band "Platinum Reunion" (July 1979).

As an old fan of the group, it was very refreshing to read such a favorable piece on an old-time, well-established band, especially in view of what many critics choose to say about such performers these days.

Palmer really knows where to direct his attentions in making his analysis.—*Mike Harrington, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Correction

In the August 1979 Pet of the Month pictorial, "Heaven on Wheels," we inadvertently omitted the following credits: antiques and location, courtesy of Cavalier Antiques, Washington Boulevard, Marina del Rey, Calif.; leather clothing, courtesy of Mark Stein Leather, Hollywood, Calif. Also, the Ferrari is courtesy of The Toy Store, West Los Angeles; the jewelry is by Judi Anna, Los Angeles. The pictorial was coordinated by Gigi.

MOANS & GROANS

I've been meaning to write *Penthouse* for some time now to commend you for your great number of excellent articles of late, particularly those relating to politics and the state of the nation. What finally motivated me to write is a letter in the April 1979 Moans and Groans segment of "Feedback."

"Name and address withheld" on page 182 doesn't like your treatment of President Carter. I would like to commend *Penthouse* for telling it like it is, for honestly reporting the incredible bullshit Carter and the rest of the government is sticking the American people with. All I can say is to keep it up!

In particular, I like your articles by Karl Hess, one of your many excellent libertarian spokesmen. Your magazine is fast becoming a voice of reason in an increasingly unreasonable society.—*Rik Beeson, Santa Cruz, Calif.*

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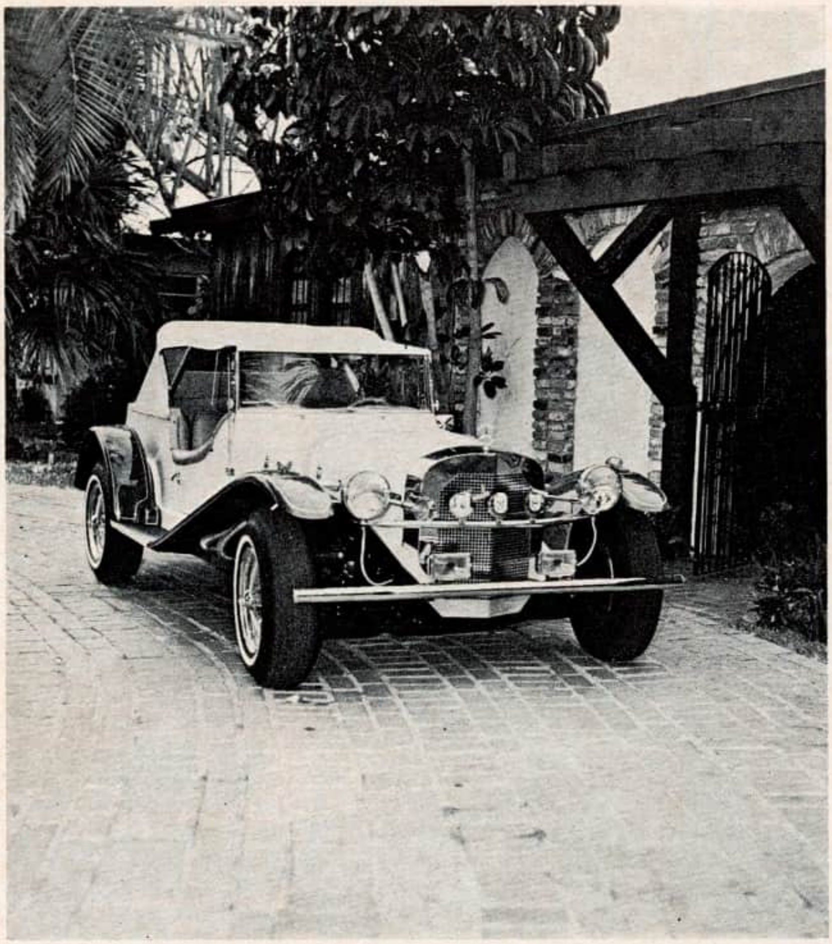

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“Gum jobs are one of
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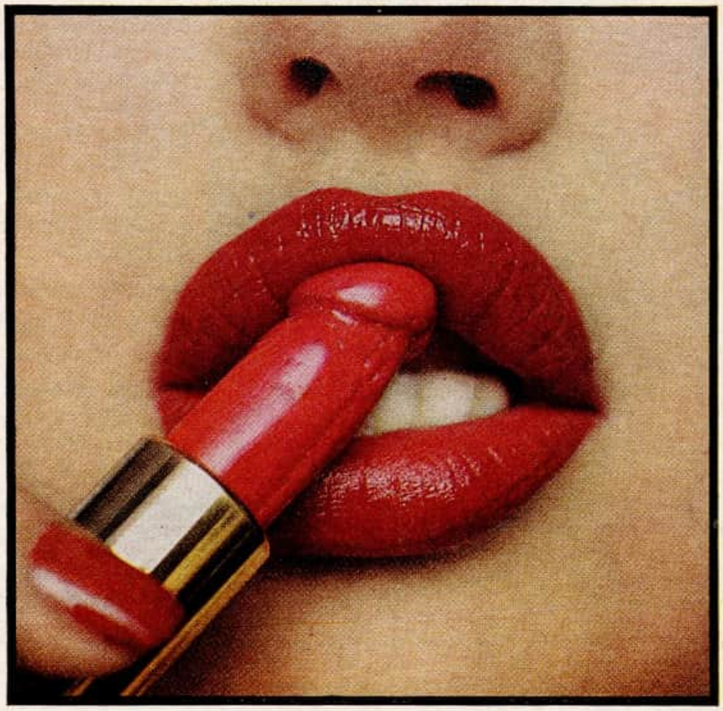
I keep hearing about . . . Men
do say that a blowjob
from someone with no teeth is a
special experience.”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

Reading through my husband's copy of Penthouse, *I noticed in your column that you expressed an interest in hearing from wives who watched their husbands make love to other women. My husband, Frank, is not aware that I know of his extramarital activities, and I thought you might be interested in my viewpoint.*

I'm 28 years old and have long, sandy-blonde hair, blue eyes, and a 37-23-36 figure. I consider myself quite sensuous and have been told by both men and women that I am very attractive. Frank stands six feet tall and is in perfect shape. He is also very attractive, and with little more than a glance at me can make me horny.

I'm employed by a large discount chain store in town, and the other women who work with me are constantly telling me how lucky I am to be going home to a man who looks like Frank. I knew I was lucky until one day last year.

Frank always seemed to have eyes for no one other than me, and I trusted him completely. That day I left for work on time, even though I felt certain that I was coming down with the flu. At work I began to feel really sick, and my supervisor suggested that I return home and get some rest. When I reached our block, I saw the black Buick owned by one of my coworkers, Grace, near our house. All sorts of things raced through my mind as I remembered each and every comment Grace had ever made about Frank. I parked my car and quietly let myself into the house. I went toward our bedroom, where I could hear muffled voiced and soft music intermingled with laughter. I stopped just out of sight of the bedroom and sat down to think about my next move. Then I heard Frank say, "Grace, your body is almost as perfect as Melissa's. I could lick and suck your nipples all day without tiring." I can't describe the feeling that swept over me as I heard my husband telling Grace that her body was "almost" as good as mine. I decided to listen some more before rushing into the bedroom and confronting them. Frank has always been rather vocal during lovemaking, and today was no exception. I could hear him as he kissed, licked, and sucked on Grace's tits, causing her to react much the same way I do when Frank turns on his oral charms. I flushed as I recalled very vividly how Frank always teased my breasts before directing his kisses and tongue to other areas.

Grace said, "Oh yes, Frank, darling, lick me there . . ." Her next sounds told me that Frank was heeding her request. I eased my head around the corner while remaining seated on the carpet and saw them on our bed. Frank was licking between her thighs and kissing her pussy very lightly without placing his tongue inside her. I felt jealous for a moment, but then I couldn't control myself any more and felt myself becoming wet and hot and started fingering myself. I watched Grace as she raised her ass from the bed to meet the sudden thrust of Frank's tongue as it flicked in and out of her. As she grasped Frank's head and moaned with her orgasm, I felt my own flood over me. Frank was not attempting to get away from her grasp. Quite the contrary—his sucking on her pussy became more intense for what seemed like an awfully long time. I was about to stop everything when Frank said to Grace, "You tasted almost as great as Melissa, but don't you ever dare tell her I said so. If she ever found out that I'd been unfaithful, I'd have to file for divorce, and I love her too much for that."

Grace said, "Frank, why don't you just sort of suggest to Melissa that she could really make you happy if she would go down on you?" Then I heard Frank mumble something about "not my

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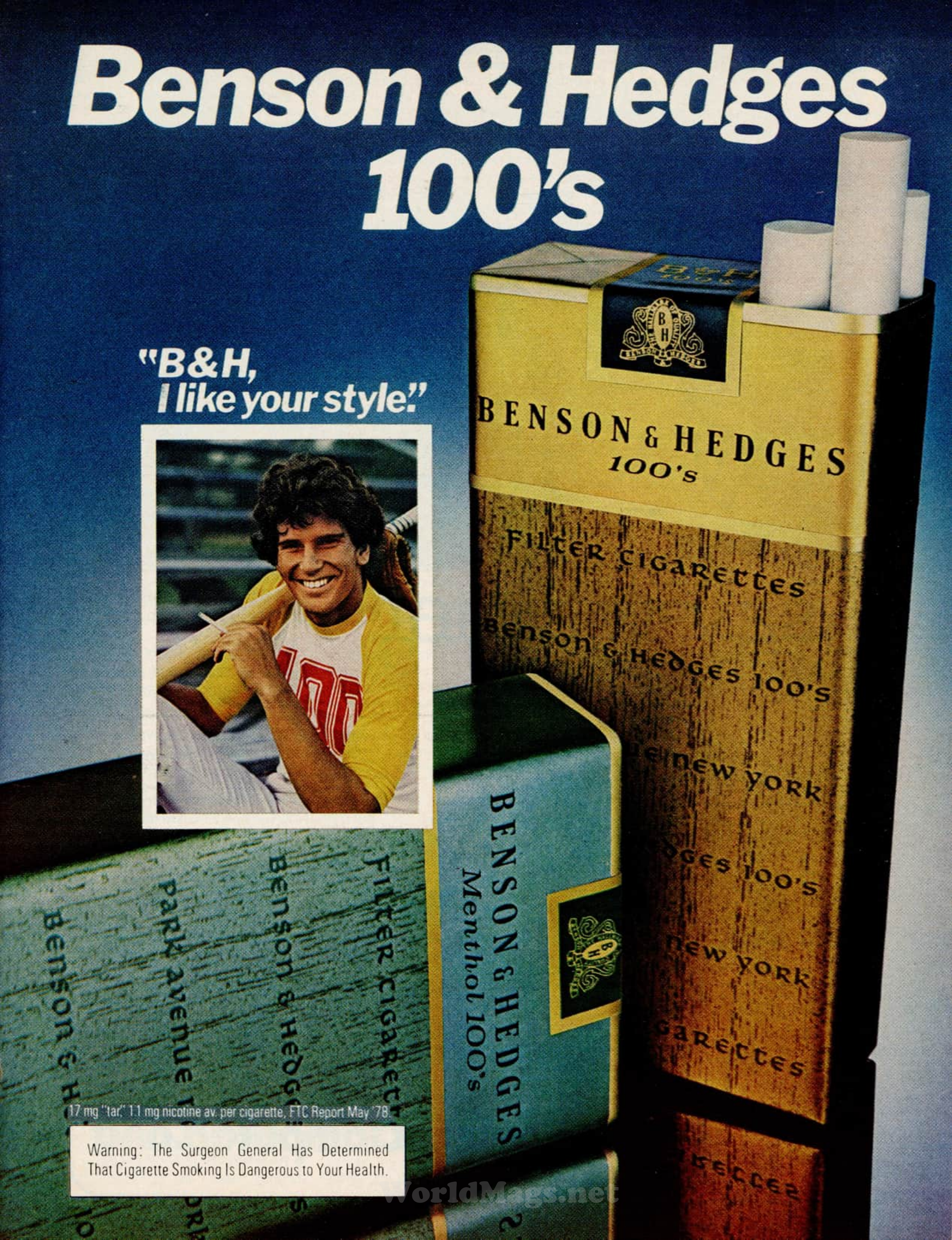
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Melissa."

I had pulled my head back to avoid detection after Frank's words about divorce, but when he told Grace, "Get on your hands and knees now, and let's see if we can't feel a little bit of what we felt last time we fucked," I peeked back in. The movement and noise was almost deafening as Grace positioned herself to receive my husband's prick. I took a chance and stood right in the doorway. They were facing the opposite direction as I saw Frank literally jackhammer his wonderful cock in and out of Grace. She was moaning and babbling how much she was enjoying it. I was weak and approaching still another orgasm. When Frank began slowing down his thrusts, Grace began to plead with him to fuck her harder and fill her with his hot come. As I watched his prick push into her, Grace suddenly began to move as though she were possessed by the devil. Then Frank withdrew, and after they had kissed for a short while, he said, "How about another one of those fantastic head jobs, sweets?" I was sure I would be seen by Grace as she started to suck his cock, but I was entirely too weak to move. Fate was on my side, however, for she began at his stomach and with eyes closed kissed her way to his prick, where she began to suck. She took him into her mouth with deep strokes, and I didn't have long to wonder what she would do when Frank released his come. She just swallowed it all. I managed to stand up and ease out of the house without being heard as they returned to fondling each other.

I went straight to a bar on the other side of town, where I sat in a booth, trying to figure out how I really felt. Then this young man asked if I felt like some company. My pussy ached, and for the first time since watching the action at my house, I realized I was sore from using my fingers.

His name was Joe, and we had spoken for about ten minutes before I realized that I wasn't angry about Frank and Grace. I decided to forgive and forget. Joe and I then went to another club, where they have dancing, and we ate dinner there. It was while we danced to a slow number that Joe whispered, "Melissa, I know you're married. However, it doesn't change the fact that I want you very badly." I suggested we leave and go to a motel.

Joe was not as long as Frank penis-wise, but I believe he was just a tiny bit thicker. He undressed me slowly, although he knew our time was short, and kissed each bit of flesh

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For our free catalogs on Car High Fidelity write: "For The Travelin' Woman", Dept. PH, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337 *he exposed until finally he was licking and sucking my pussy, much like Frank does. I experienced two orgasms, and then Joe prepared to enter me while I was in the missionary position. I stopped him, and when I got on my hands and knees, he understood without being asked. Finally, he was all the way into me and fucking me better than I'd ever been fucked, before or since. Then I decided to try my hand—or mouth—at oral sex. Right from the first touch of my tongue on his prick, I knew I was going to love sucking him. It tasted a bit salty, and the more I liked it, the more I wanted. When I opened my mouth and eased my head down all the way to his balls, he told me to scratch lightly as I sucked him, and then I was hooked on this act. As his semen spurted forth into my throat, I came again—without even being touched. I continued sucking, and he became hard again. So I turned around to let him bring his mouth to my pussy.*

Our time together was much too short, and as we arrived at my car I asked Joe when I could see him again. He was very sad as he explained that it would be some time, since he was leaving for an air force base in Texas in the morning. So I kissed him good-bye and thanked him for the best time I had ever had.

When I got home, Frank was very loving, but I knew I'd always miss Joe. I still do and think about him at least once a week.

Lately, I've changed shifts with other women at work on days that Grace is not scheduled and have managed to observe her and Frank as they suck and fuck each other—I've rearranged the bedroom so that there's less of a chance I'll be seen. I now look forward to watching Frank fuck other women besides Grace. (Grace is interesting enough, but I seem to sense exactly what she is going to do and say before she does it.) It's a tremendous turn-on for me, and if Frank were only willing to try and speak to me about it, I'd have more pussy for him to fuck than he could handle. Since he is the way he is, however, I feel it best to leave things as they stand. I always sneak out of the house before they finish, and there are many young men here in town that I'd say are happy about that—I get so worked up at these times that I just have to have a prick to suck.

Frank also doesn't know that his sweet Grace also likes sex with other women. Someone else at work told me that piece of dirt, relating how Grace had "hit" on her several weeks before. The next time I'm off work and Grace is, too, I plan to invite her over for coffee—without Frank there, of course. I'd enjoy knowing that the woman Frank has sucking his cock has also had her mouth on my breasts and pussy.

I'm almost happy that Frank and Grace were caught in the act. It's helped me to open up my own life and get rid of some pretty antiquated inhibitions. I hope all wives will get the same opportunity.—L.B.

So now that you've gotten rid of all *those* antiquated inhibitions, what's preventing you and Frank from really getting down to some hot threeways? I doubt that Grace would mind, since she's bisexual. In fact, if you really want to live on the wild side, maybe you can make Grace in your bedroom at about the same time you expect Frank home from work. (There's no reason you can't add a little "grace" to your sex life, too.) It would be a nice surprise for both of them. And if Frank complains, well . . . you already have that base covered.

From your letter, it seems you and Frank have not yet become involved with threeways. No doubt the time is at hand. Whether you plan it or not, one day you will be caught watching Frank and Grace or some other woman. If this happens, take advantage of the situation. Join them! They'll probably feel so guilty that your willing company will be a blessing to them.

Once you've conquered your inhibition about threeways, invite one of your young men over to meet Frank. What's good for three can be even better for four.

GOODY GOODY GUM-JOB

I'm a 30-year-old married man with a rather unusual problem: I'm absolutely turned on by toothless women. I don't mean old ladies. I mean young, attractive girls who, for one reason or another, have had to have all their teeth pulled at an early age and now must wear dentures. The thought of

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having my organ gently massaged by toothless gums in a young healthy woman just drives me crazy. I'm turned on by the helplessness of the women who must wear dentures.

Unfortunately, I have found it very difficult to meet any denture-wearing women. Most are older and are very embarrassed about their mouths. Gina, my wife, is 28 and very attractive, with waist-length blonde hair and a model's figure. She also has a full set of natural, healthy teeth. We have talked a great deal about my fantasy, and to my surprise she, too, is turned on by the idea of giving me gum-jobs and being able to use her mouth as a second vagina. As a wedding anniversary present to me she would like to have her mouth done, or undone—complete extraction and dentures. It would cost over a thousand dollars to have it done, but we are willing to spend the money.

She discussed it with a dentist who is willing to do the work, but he warned her that once done, it could never be undone. He was surprised that Gina would actually want to wear dentures and even more surprised that her husband would be in favor of it. He warned us that she is making a lifetime commitment, that having all her teeth extracted at once would be painful, that denture wearing would be a nuisance, and that she might have to remove them at night. Despite this, Gina and I still want to get her detoothed. I'm thrilled that she wants to do this for me, and we have even planned a trip to Europe, after it's completed, to celebrate her new mouth.

Do you think other men are turned on by toothless ladies? Have you heard of other women having their teeth extracted in order to use their mouths as a superslippery sexual organ?—W.M.

Yes, gum-jobs are one of those rare sexual delicacies that I keep hearing about. Of course, to me a toothless man or woman is just toothless. But men do say that a blowjob from someone with no teeth is a special experience.

I can't, however, recommend that your wife have all her teeth extracted. The dentist is right: dentures are no fun, and I can't believe that that little extra fun in bed will compensate for your wife's loss. If your wife's blowjobs aren't any good, get a sex manual and teach her how to suck properly.

Of course, if you must, you must. But first try your local sex shop and ask for a gum-job device. They go under a number of different names, but it is basically a rubber guard that fits over the teeth. It approximates the effect of a gum-job and is a lot more painless for the woman than having all one's teeth extracted.

Otherwise, I don't know what to say. Your wife is making quite a commitment here, and I sure hope she has a good bite on the situation. If it's just a whim of yours, she just might knock all your teeth out.

THE HUSBAND AS PANDER

Last summer my wife, Mindy, and I managed to take a week's vacation at our favorite New Jersey seashore resort for some much needed time off. While our vacations at the shore include a lot of late sleeping, sunbathing, and clubbing, sex is the main order of the day.

One afternoon at the beach, I noticed a good-looking man eyeing my wife's 38-25-36 body with obvious appreciation. My cock started rising to attention as soon as I started imagining this stud in bed with Mindy. Although we had discussed this possibility many times, she was always afraid to give it a try, and I thought this time would be no different. However, when we were in the water, my wife bumped into this same guy while body-surfing and I noticed a gleam of excitement in her eye. When she remarked what a hunk this guy was, I told her how he had been admiring her luscious body. Noticing her obvious interest, I suggested she body-surf with him.

As I stood at a distance, she worked her way over to where he was swimming and began talking to him. Before long they were laughing and swimming together. And when I swam over and was introduced to Rob by my wife, he seemed totally at ease with the situation. After some casual conversation, I suggested that we go back to the house for a few afternoon drinks, and Rob and Mindy agreed. Back at the house we all took showers, and I lent Rob an old

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pair of gym shorts that showed off his well-built body, not to mention his large crotch bulge. Mindy appeared wearing a sheer halter top and thigh-high cutoffs and sat next to Rob while I fixed a round of drinks. After a few drinks, Rob admitted to Mindy how he had been admiring her body at the beach earlier that day. As Mindy blushingly stammered a thank-you, I blurted out how Mindy was digging his body in the water.

At this point, I guided them into the master bedroom and suggested we all take our clothes off. I explained to Rob that I wanted very much for him to fuck Mindy to his heart's content. Rob untied Mindy's halter, and she stepped back to let it drop to the floor. As his eyes, hands, and finally his mouth enjoyed her full tits, she moaned her obvious pleasure. Within minutes Rob had her cutoffs sliding down her golden thighs and his tongue swirling through her creamy pussy.

After her third climax, Mindy knelt in front of Rob and worked the gym shorts over his straining cock. As it sprang into view, Mindy gasped at its size, wrapped both hands around it, and kissed and sucked the shiny, circumcised head. Mindy urged him to come in her mouth. She led him to the bed, and they lay there, stroking and rubbing each other. Soon she was breathing hard and his cock stiffening again. As he started to get on top of her, I stopped him. I told Rob that Mindy had never fucked anyone except me, and I wanted to help introduce her to her first out-of-house cock.

I stabbed my tongue into Mindy's pussy and then led Rob, by his cock, between my wife's thighs, inserting his shaft between her pussy lips. I asked Mindy to treasure this fuck. From close up, I watched inch after inch of Rob's cock slide into Mindy's hungry pussy. We continued to have sex off and on for the rest of the day.

Xaviera, please let reluctant couples know how good this experience can be. The pleasure of watching my wife enjoy this stud was tremendous.—S.G.

Your letter speaks for itself and maybe will show some husbands that threeways aren't limited to two women and one man. I don't know exactly what you mean by, "We continued to have sex off and on for the rest of the day." Please, when you've got me going, explain! What *exactly* did you do? Screw your wife anally while Rob took her up front? Screw Rob while Mindy blew him? Daisy-chain, with you eating out Mindy while she blew Rob, or you blowing Rob while he ate out Mindy? Or did you titty-fuck Mindy while Rob sucked her pussy?

Do you see my problem? It's so rare that I read about a threeway with two men and a woman. They turn me on, and I want every last, juicy detail. So be precise in the future.

ON TOP, DOWN UNDER

I suppose you don't very often get letters from Australia, but we do read Penthouse *out here in never-never land, and your column is probably the most popular section in the magazine. Sex is what makes backwoods Australia tick, and I would like to tell you about my own experience. I'm 35 years old, married with two children, and, I'm told, very attractive. I look much younger than my age and have nice, large breasts and long legs. Anyway, four years ago, before a cyclone hit this area, I was quite straight. I mean, sex was something I had three or four times a week with my husband, Carl, and I was basically very faithful. All that changed after the cyclone. My town's population was suddenly down to 10,000, with 30,000 women and children evacuated to other places around Australia. It was inevitable that the few women who stayed were suddenly in a position to play the field and get away with it. I'm telling you, I know at least half a dozen happily married women who turned into regular whores overnight—in most cases without their husbands ever finding out.*

In my own case, it started at a pool party at one of the few relatively undamaged houses left at the time. There were about sixty men there, including my husband, and maybe twenty women, and with us ladies wandering about in bikinis, the atmosphere became rapidly charged.

At one stage, I was standing against the side of the pool in the water, idly chatting with Alan, a guy I had known for some time as a business acquaintance of my husband's. I was astonished when he suddenly slipped his hand into my bikini pants and started to feel me up, grabbing his own crotch with his other hand. The funny thing, however, was that I did not for a moment object. It had never happened to me before and I had certainly not been looking for it, but when Alan caressed my cunt I simply reciprocated by plunging my hand into his togs and grabbing his penis. I was delighted to find he had an enormous erection, standing rock hard against his belly. The pool was crowded with people, and we didn't dare be too obvious about what we were doing. We climbed out and quietly went into the house to an upstairs bedroom. Alan was already stepping out of his togs when I had reached the bed. I was very impressed with the size of his cock and knelt down in front of him, taking his penis in my mouth and sucking it for all I was worth. He was quite randy and came very quickly, shooting his semen straight down my throat. I loved it. I regularly suck my husband, but I seldom allow him to come in my mouth. This time, though, I felt so hot that I would have swallowed the sperm of a dozen men if they had been available to me. Alan then turned me around and started fucking me from behind, fondling my breasts, back, and thighs. We had quite a session and concluded it with a long kiss. I felt so sexy when I went back to the party, knowing that my cunt was full of sperm from a guy I had known only superficially an hour ago. All I could think was that I wouldn't mind doing it again, with someone else. I was so flushed with the excitement of it all

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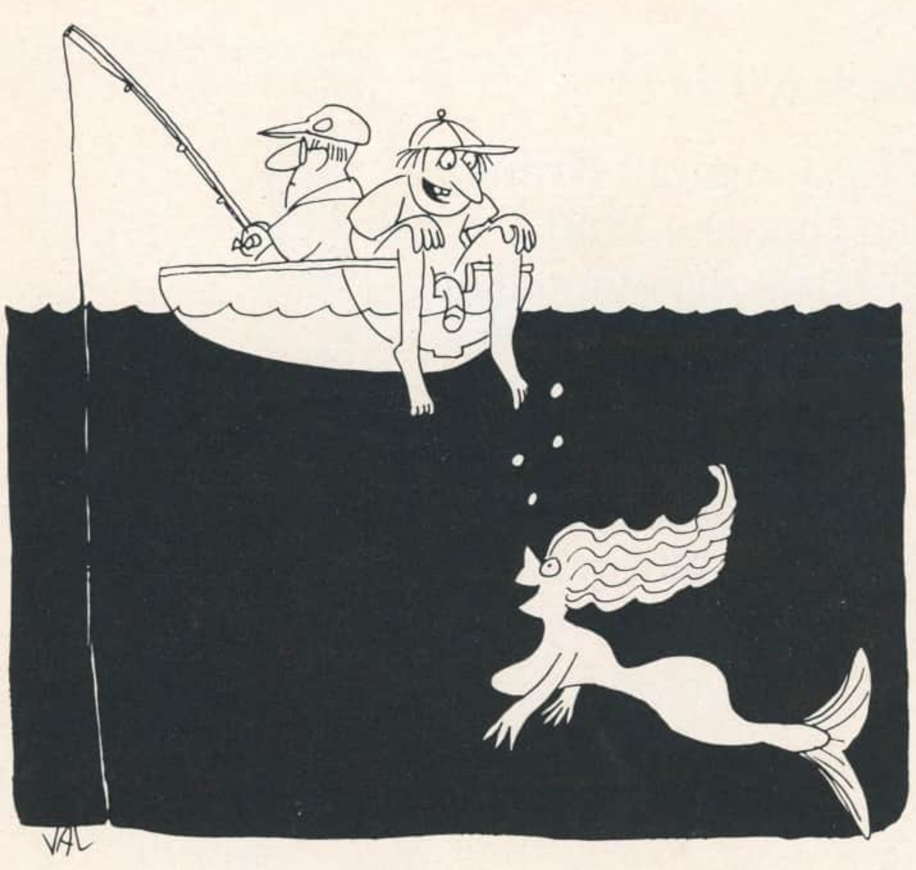

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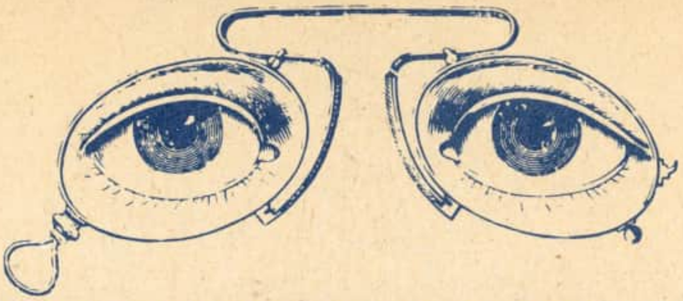


VIEW FROM THE TOP

CREATIVE UNEMPLOYMENT

BY NICK TOSCHES

John Milton, the most brilliant and boring poet in the history of the English language, received his M.A. from Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1632. Later, in his pamphlet *Of Education*, Milton complained that professors taught their students little more than "ragged notions and babblements." These students, he said, went on to become either ignorant clergymen, greedy lawyers, crooked politicians, or indolent noblemen.

Mr. Milton's statement concerning the quality of college education is very likely truer now than it was in his day, but the career opportunities he mentions have lessened dramatically. Indeed, it seems that the time is fast approaching when college students will have to choose one of two fields: computer technology or unemployment.

I am sure that there are many among us who are quite eager to immerse themselves in COBOL and algorithms, in buffering and lexical analysis. I met such a man. He liked the Firesign Theatre and Samsonite. His girl friend, in a moment of drunken indelicacy, revealed to me that he often reprimanded her for "making those awful animal sounds" during the deed of copulation; but in a more sober moment she greatly disowned this revelation. They have two children now, both of whom eat chalk and have been pronounced gifted.

Those of us who are either unable or unwilling to become computer technologists must learn to accept the consequences. Traditional jobs are rare and getting rarer, and a college degree is no longer, as it was in John Milton's time, a guarantee of finding work. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, almost 40 percent of unemployed Americans went to college for at least four years. The remaining 60 percent, it might be implied, spent those four years more wisely.

If you must go to college, do not allow yourself to be suckered into any of those boring courses which promise to help you earn a living in later life. It is true that fluid mechanics and Boltzmann's constant apply to many phenomena. But waiting in line to have your card stamped at the unemployment office simply isn't one of them.

The student best prepared for his jobless future is he who is well versed in the liberal arts. There was a time, not too long ago, when a liberal-arts student could actually proceed to make a living—as a liberal-arts teacher, if nothing else. Now teaching jobs are hard to come by.

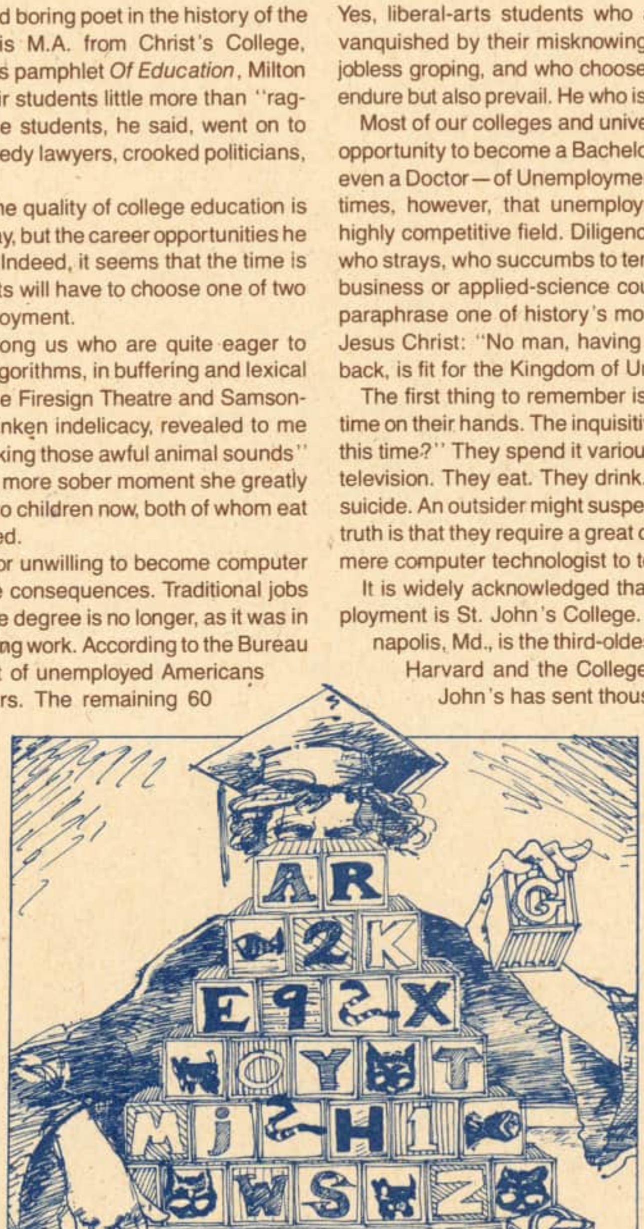
Those students of philosophy who have gone on to become philosophers are indeed few. Fewer still are the students of English who have gone on to become Englishmen. Yes, liberal-arts students who aspire to a future in the arts will be vanquished by their misknowing. But those who anticipate a future of jobless groping, and who choose their courses accordingly, will not only endure but also prevail. He who is lettered in Ars Inertiae is lettered in life.

Most of our colleges and universities offer the perceptive student the opportunity to become a Bachelor—indeed, if funds permit, a Master, or even a Doctor—of Unemployment. The student must keep in mind at all times, however, that unemployment, like computer technology, is a highly competitive field. Diligence is of the utmost import. The student who strays, who succumbs to temptation and registers for even a single business or applied-science course, endangers his future mightily. To paraphrase one of history's most distinguished unemployed persons, Jesus Christ: "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of Unemployment."

The first thing to remember is that people without jobs have a lot of time on their hands. The inquisitive student asks, "What do they do with this time?" They spend it variously. They walk. They read. They watch television. They eat. They drink. They try to get laid. They think about suicide. An outsider might suspect that these are quite simple feats. The truth is that they require a great deal of ingenuity—and do not allow any mere computer technologist to tell you differently.

It is widely acknowledged that our most venerable school of unemployment is St. John's College. This ultra-liberal-arts institution in Annapolis, Md., is the third-oldest college in America, preceded only by Harvard and the College of William and Mary. Since 1696 St. John's has sent thousands of extremely literate and equally unemployable young men and women into the world. The courses offered at St. John's are awesome in their extreme lack of relevance to the working world. It is, for example, the only existing nonsectarian college where students are required to take two full years of classical Greek—and it is a well-known fact that the skill least likely to impress a potential employer is the skill to conjugate φιλέω.

Those students whose academic records or financial situations stand in the way of a St. John's education need not despair, for, with a little effort, suitable courses can be found at most other colleges. Examining the current course catalogue of the College of Arts and Sciences at New York University, a representative institute of higher learning, one will encounter no difficulty in planning a satisfactory curriculum in the major of Unemployment.



Yvonne Buchanan

But be warned: these courses for creative unemployment are not necessarily gut courses, which occasionally can land you a job, particularly if they have the word *typing* in their course description. (A survey of where gut courses can be found is given in the following article.) No, courses for creative unemployment will never find you work and will sometimes involve, unlike gut courses, actual homework.

The future unemployed person can choose from several courses that teach the art of ambling about. *Arts in Everyday Life*, for example, "deals with houses, theaters, and hotels . . . the theory and design of parks, recreational facilities . . . public beaches. . . ." For those aspiring jobless who dwell close to nature, *Summer Flora* holds great promise. For gawking at people in the street, both *Human Variation* and *Man in the Biological World* ("the living world from a human point of view") offer much. After satisfactorily completing these courses, one will be able to perform his sidewalk act with grace and erudition. The unemployed business-school graduate will not.

Movie Star News

A creative graduate: after college it's a life of leisure . . .

The tasks of reading and trying to get laid require much the same training. *Literary Interpretation*, *The Jewish-American Novel*, and *American Fiction since World War II* will not only help formulate creative reading habits but will also assist one in the matter of talking pretentious bullshit, to the end of picking up impressionable members of the opposite sex.

Film as Literature, Classics of French Cinema, and *Aesthetic Principles of the Film* will help transform the candidate into a refined daytime moviegoer. It should also be noted that these courses can be used to complement one's trying-to-get-laid education.

Although it isn't a pleasant subject, it is true that every jobless person will, at one time or another, contemplate suicide. Thus, *The Meaning of Death* is a necessity. Similarly unpleasant is the possibility that after many years of dire unemployment, one might go mad. If this happens, unfortunate is he who has nothing to babble about. New York University offers a course in *Salvation and Revolution*, the contents of which would greatly enhance the repertoire of the future bag lady or publicly demented gentleman.

When the unemployed person is not spending his time in artful inertia, he is dealing with bureaucracies—trying to get a job, trying to collect unemployment insurance, or the like. In warring with bureaucracies, one must be able to fight double-talk with double-talk. A fine introductory course is to be found in *Pragmatism*, after which the student will be ready for *Paradoxes in Politics: an Introduction to the Nonobvious*, which, judging by its title, is conducted entirely in double-talk.

The self-respecting unemployed person will never totally forsake the pursuit of honest work. To acquaint himself with this elusive substance, the student should not ignore the *Working Class Experience*, during the course of which he will be able to see and speak with actual employed persons, as the catalogue description promises "interviews with workers."

It is imperative that the unemployed person never admit that he is without profession, as this results in a severe social demotion (not to mention undermining one's success in trying to get laid). Many unemployed persons have found it expedient to proclaim themselves writers. This is a somewhat impressive vocation, and its tools—mere pen and pad will convince most citizens—are cheap and easy to carry about. *Advanced Expository Writing* will teach one the rudiments of bad writing. If one fancies the title of poet, *Experimental Writing* should under no circumstances be ignored.

When you leave your alma mater for the jobless world, walk with surety and the confidence of the just. Cherish always the example of John Milton, Master of Arts, who ambled jobless through the streets of Hammersmith and of Horton for year upon year. Perhaps they'll someday teach courses about you, too, you brilliant, boring, unemployed bastard, you.

Movie Star News

. . . with time for getting laid.

SCENES

THE GUT COURSE

If you're a senior in high school who can't read, if you spend most of your class hours blotto in the rest rooms of your local recreational area, if your idea of the honor system is assaulting or battering the elderly but not both, *and* you're about to enter college this fall, then this article is for you! Yes, cresting the perineum to 1980, it's "The Gut Course Guide to Getting through College." From thorough research of hundreds of colleges and universities across America comes an array of courses so mindless and stupid, you'll never again ask why they call it a sheepskin. Yes, now you can make your college experience more than just a free ride to bankruptcy court for Mom and Dad. You can make it what, years from now, you'll look back on and realize it was—the best wasted years of your life!

INTRODUCTION: *What Is a Gut Course, and How Do I Find One in My Catalogue?*

A gut course, like a padded bra, is a device that gives you the highest grade-point showing for the least amount of input. For this reason, colleges tend to hide them in their catalogues. It is a good rule of thumb that any course that is clearly named and sounds simple will not be so and—particularly if it's preceded by the word *introductory*—should be avoided at all costs. No, the key here is to look for the complex titles that on second glance make no sense at all. Often they begin with "Man" and contain

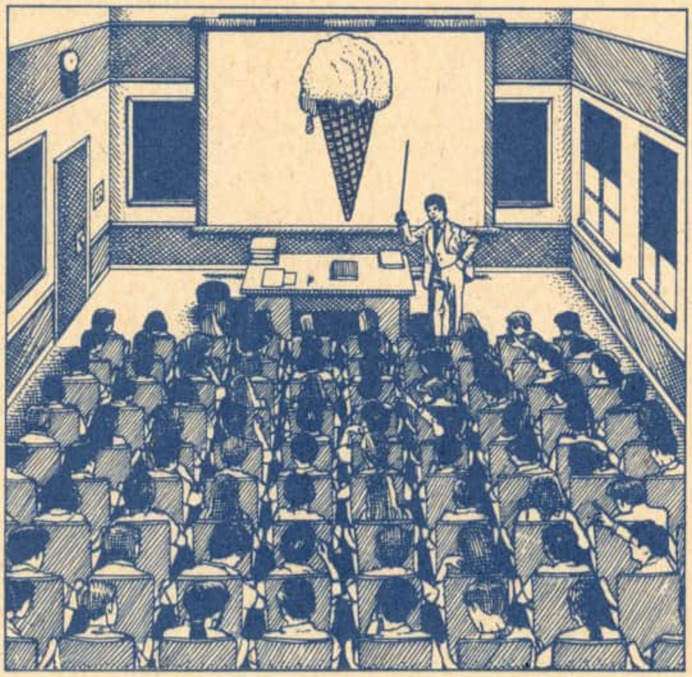
"Myth," as in "Man, Myth, and Microwave Ovens," or "Myth, Mork, and Mindy." There are no gut courses in history; you're expected to use your memory. If you can't remember what that is, then chances are glue-sniffing ruined it all long ago. Stick to English.

A GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY: *How Can I Tell Whether a College Offers Lots of Gut Courses?*

Every college in America boasts its gut courses. If they didn't, who could graduate? But which college to choose? And where? The following random sample of schools—by geographical area—should give even the most dull-witted youngster an idea of what's available to him /her according to his /her interests.

THE WEST. **Trinity University** in San Antonio, Tex., offers perhaps the only gut in physics in America, 118A *Extraterrestrial Intelligence*. Given at night in a field near the dorms, this course is not held in sunspot years. A special favorite among the women at Trinity is listed under speech and drama. It's called *Advanced Persuasive Speaking*, or, as the men on campus call it, "Pussy-whipping 334." For the nature lover, the **University of Idaho** features two simpleton specials: *Fish Behavior* (upstream, downstream, and on their backs is as far as it goes) and *Tree Identification*. There's a take-home exam for the latter, but since the emphasis is on local flora, you can take it outside while getting fresh air and having sex. Should you afterward, in a passion, carve your initials on a tree, do not expect to pass.

At the **University of Arizona**, Weight Watchers dropouts find new confidence in the nutrition and food science department's course 212 *The Sensory Evaluation of Food*. For A students, there's a follow-up in Phys Ed, #35 *Weight Control*—"available," as it states in the catalogue, "only to students who are a minimum of 20 percent overweight." At the **University of Montana**, Missoula, Mont., with an IQ of 80 you're just another freshman as you take Botany 265 *Local Flora*. An ability to walk seemingly earns you a B. If that's too heavy, we suggest Interpersonal Communication 355; *Message Composition*, with emphasis on mash notes, photo touch-ups, and kidnap threats; or 475 *Nonverbal Human Communication*, which spans a broad spectrum from the simple sneer to the come-hither look.



Ron Chironna

THE MIDWEST. **Creighton University** in Omaha, Nebr., offers so many gut courses that students often find it difficult to fit them all in. The English department is Shangri-la for the apathetic. There's 135 *Man as Mythmaker*, an in-depth study of the bullshit artist through history; 281 *Writers, Artists, and the Human Response to Land*, with emphasis on dandelion blowing; and 405 *The Dirty Thirties*, covering Zelda, Scott, and pet names for Roosevelt.

But, really, Creighton is mecca for philosophy groupies, and how not with 352 *Philosophy and Practice of a Simple Life*? The catalogue describes the purpose of this course: "To reflect upon and experience a different life-style—a different rhythm of life. A living-learning experience conducted off-campus in rural Iowa at La Esperanza, near Honey Creek. Questions will be raised around: What is the 'good life'? What is man's place in nature? Are there obligations to future generations? When is enough, enough? Course will entail doing without some of our so-called needs and doing simple tasks in relation to sustaining one's life (gardening, cooking, baking, building, etc.)." At the end of term, you may be forced to drink Kool-Aid. Be warned.

The University of Notre Dame at Notre Dame, Ind., is known primarily for its football team. But it follows as the night does the day that where there's a good football team, there is a whole course load available of superior guts. And none more appropriate than Anthropology 312 *Growing Up Human*, or Anthro 223 *Social Psychology of Everyday Life*, or Anthro 244 *Dating and Marriage*, or American Studies 457 *Mythology of Television*. Football players need all the help they can get. But perhaps no college deserves more credit for relevancy in curriculum planning than **Case Western Reserve**, Cleveland, Ohio, for its American Studies 250 *The Car in American Culture*, which "investigates the role of the automobile in American culture." Grades will be posted at the drive-in.

THE SOUTH. From **Tulane University** in New Orleans, La., comes one of the nation's few guts in biology: *Plants and Human Affairs*. Plants like it with the lights on, and an orgy is no setting for a Venus's-flytrap. But if you're into chemistry, it's the **University of Southern Mississippi**'s Chem 401 *Glass Blowing*. A favorite school of Japanese terrorists, Southern Miss also offers 221 *Floral Design* and, under its forensic science department, 442-L *Arson and Explosives Laboratory*: 21 hours. Pass/Dead only.

If you equated your popularity in high school with that of a nuclear power plant, then **Jacksonville**

Movie Star News

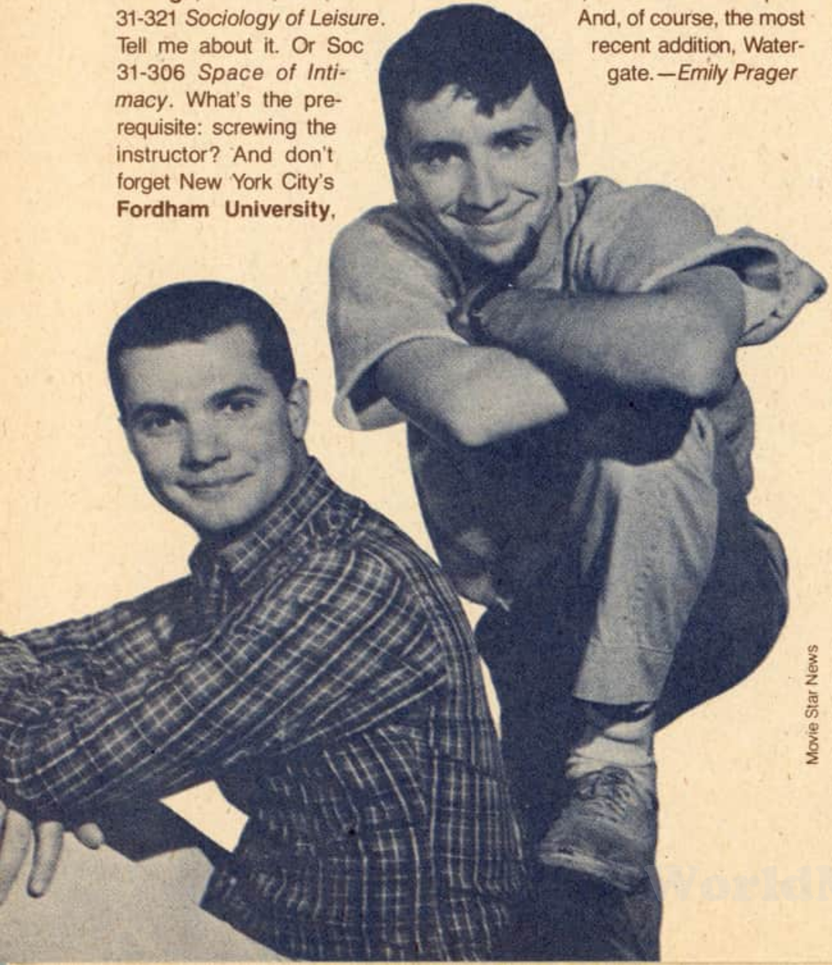
A hockey-player student: where there's jocks, there's guts.

State University, Jacksonville, Ala., has just what the school psychologist ordered. It's Journalism 304 *Yearbook Editing: Layout and Management*. It requires the production of a yearbook or annual, any yearbook or annual. Why not redo your high-school yearbook, paying special attention to hidden motives and skeletons in the Bio closet? When you're done, offer it at auction at your next high-school reunion. Sell only to the highest bidder, and place all profits in a Swiss bank.

THE EAST. For English majors who hate to read and/or love to drink blood, the **City College at the City University of New York** is *de rigueur*. There's Eng 190.14 *The Poetry of Rock*, "a study of the relationships between lyric poetry and the lyrics of rock music." Completely mindless. Or Eng 191.4 *The Vampire*. Really bites it. Or how about **Amherst College**, Amherst, Mass., which brings us Sociology 584 *Sociology of Common Sense Knowledge*? Who's kidding who? While we're on the subject, **Ithaca College**, Ithaca, N.Y., offers Soc 31-321 *Sociology of Leisure*. Tell me about it. Or Soc 31-306 *Space of Intimacy*. What's the prerequisite: screwing the instructor? And don't forget New York City's **Fordham University**, where you can take Soc 26630 *Key Concepts: Propaganda, Truth, Reason, and Foolishness*. At **Springfield College**, Springfield, Mass., a cerebral cortex is not required for admission. What need, when you can take Ecology 121 *Geography of Youth*: "An ecological approach to life of young people at home, street, school, park, camp, and nature center. Nature interpretation in autumn"? Or Psychology 299 *Psychology of the College-Age Adult*. Who says going to college is just another way of beating off?

HISTORICAL NOTE:

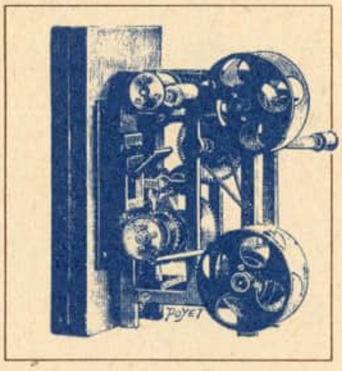
At **Whittier College**, Whittier, Calif., there still exists today a course that Richard M. Nixon took when he matriculated there so long ago. It is English 382M, *The Sophisticated Saboteurs*: "The disreputable forms in English literature used by the don't-give-a-damn writers to make irreverent attacks on man's protective myths, shibboleths, and sacred ceremonials: the Who-Done-It, the Fairy Tale, and the Mock Epic." And, of course, the most recent addition, Watergate. —*Emily Prager*



Movie Star News

Dobie and Maynard at school: best wasted years of one's life.

FILMS



TIME TRAVELS

It's now 16 years since the first James Bond movie, and in all that time, through changes in stars and filmmakers, through thick and (more often) thin, the series has hung together with a consistency that used to look quaint and now looks heroic, and that very nearly constitutes a subgenre of its own.

From the beginning the Bond movies have always been about nothing so much as themselves—about their attitudes, their style—and though they started out as a classy parody of the Ian Fleming spy novels on which they're based, they've become increasingly involved in self-parody over the years. I'd guess that it's hard to sustain an interest in such a limited subject matter. Hard, but not futile. In ***Moonraker***, when "Q" trots out his latest collection of deadly toys for 007—starting with a secret pistol that fires either cyanide-tipped darts or little armor-piercing shells at no more than a twitch in the nerves of the wrist—the audience reaction has less to do with awe or ridicule than with the pleasure of welcoming back an entertaining old friend whose pretensions aren't that unbearable after all.

Actually, time has been kind to 007. Just by sticking around long enough, he may have come back into fashion. Somebody involved with the series has been bright enough to keep the technology current while leaving the sociology back in the Dark Ages, where it belongs. So, because the world turns while James Bond remains stationary, the traditional elements don't seem so stupid now as they did a few years back: not the male chauvinism, not the high-school-level double entendres, not even the inevitable vodka martini—never stirred; shaken.

Except for the same producer, Albert Broccoli, the dozen Bond movies are the work of a variety of talents, and they can go up or down. My own favorite (though probably nobody else's), *Live and Let Die*, is rather subdued Bond material. Lewis Gilbert's *Moonraker* goes the other way, toward an outrageous exuberance, but it's among the best of the series and, in its own way, among the best entertainments so far of the year. It mostly avoids the real danger in these films: a cute contempt for their own bright ideas—though Roger Moore, the current Bond, has been guilty enough of that sort of thing in the past.

As for what goes on in *Moonraker*, it is, with nominal changes in the principal villain (Michael Lonsdale as the aerospace magnate Drax) and leading lady (Lois Chiles as CIA agent Holly Goodhead) and some real changes in locales, exactly what

Roger Moore as agent 007:

goes on in every other James Bond film. They couldn't change the plot; you might think you'd wandered into the wrong movie. The worst thing about that plot is its tendency to build to an overwhelming technological menace—the current one located in outer space—which 007 then manages to destroy by means of a mechanical ingenuity so simple it would probably fail in taking apart an Erector set. You have to face the fact that every James Bond movie tends to get a little duller as it goes along.

But the production values are always fabulous, and in *Moonraker* they seem the best ever. So do the locations: the grounds and interior of a magnificent French château; Rio, in the midst of the carnival; the Central American jungle; and, above all, Venice—where James Bond has to pilot a superpowered gondola in a chase through the canals and, finally, around St. Mark's Square in one of those amphibious adventures that have become an in-joke feature of the 007 series. But Venice was never lovelier. And the satire on Venice, covering everything from gondolas and gondoliers to St. Mark's Square concerts to Venetian glass, reaches just the level of slick sophistication the motion picture can handle.

self-parody and cute contempt.

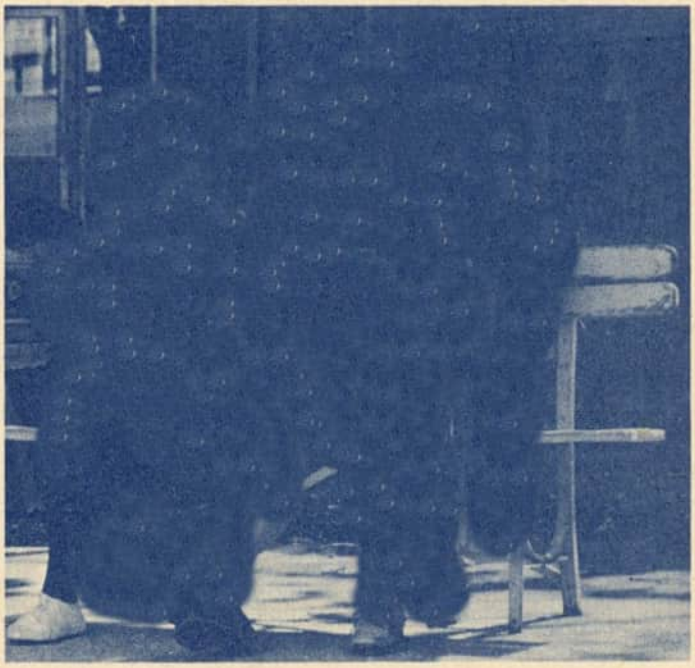
Jaws with a girl of his own.

My cast sheet for the movie lists a dozen beautiful women, not counting Lois Chiles (who is also beautiful and who probably can't act) and Lois Maxwell, who goes all the way back to *Dr. No* as the original, and continuing, Moneypenny. Of course, that also doesn't include all the gorgeous girls who merely decorate the background. So in those terms *Moonraker* satisfies the James Bond environmental requirements, though it seems to me that the voyeuristic sexual titillation is fairly subdued, the way it is in commercial movies everywhere these days.

The ultimate response to *Moonraker*, after a few hundred people have been eliminated in deaths too hideous to mention, should reflect the good spirits the film really does try to generate—to such an extent that even the indestructibly evil Jaws (Richard Kiel) turns out to be indestructibly good and gets a gorgeous, though myopic, girl of his own. In their moment of greatest peril, he sits down and opens a bottle of vintage champagne (with his steel teeth, naturally). She meanwhile produces the proper flute-shape champagne glasses. And the two of them celebrate their salvation by demonstrating perfect James Bondian aplomb while hurtling out of control somewhere through outer space.

Michael Lonsdale as Drax.

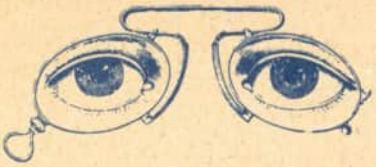
If *Moonraker* typifies an enterprise that, luckily, never broke away from its origins back in 1963, then Diane Kurys's lovely new ***Peppermint Soda*** typifies an attitude toward 1963 (the year in which it happens to be set) so reticent that it comes as a real shock when somebody rushes in to announce that John Kennedy has been shot; and almost half an hour into the movie, you may realize for the first time that the action doesn't take place in the present day. Something on the same order but even more revealing happens later, when Frederique, the older of the two teenage Parisian sisters the film is about, brings up the possibility of anti-Semitism at her school, and you suddenly learn (now almost an hour and a half into the movie) that the girls are Jewish, and that it may matter.



The adolescent girls of Peppermint Soda*: grace and awkwardness.*

I greatly like this off handedness toward information, which in anybody else's movie might well control the entire act. But *Peppermint Soda* is openly autobiographical for the 29-year-old Diane Kurys, and she seems to know just what, for her own story, she really wants to count.

Peppermint Soda was an enormous commercial and critical hit in France last year. In gesture, habits, and attitudes it feels just about as idiomatically French as any French movie I've ever seen. I don't know how it will translate for Americans, for example, who have nothing quite like the *lycée*, the girls' secondary school, where Frederique Weber, who is played here by Odile Michel, and her bratty kid sister, Anne (Eleonore Klarwein), spend most of their waking hours. The teachers, the discipline, the canny nature of the schoolgirls' cruelty toward an instructor they find weak—we can match all that, but we can't quite match the articu-

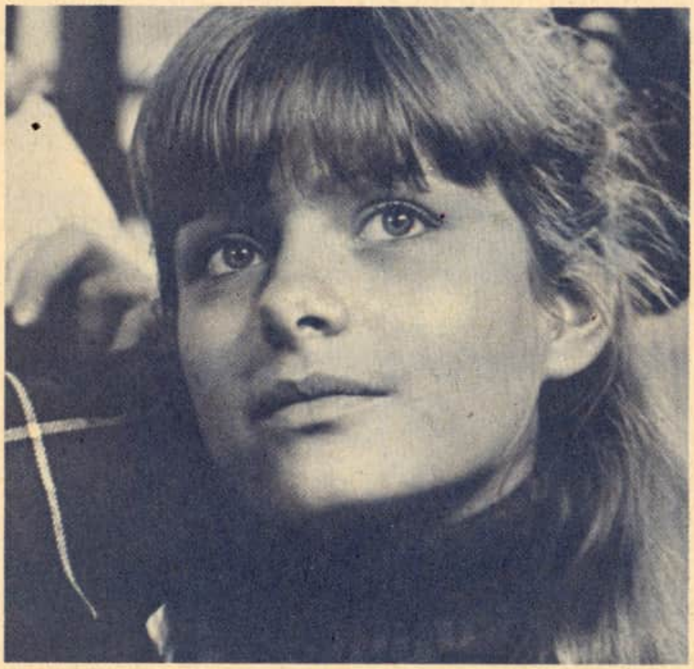


late self-awareness that surrounds these subjects or the lovely, liltingly persuasive speech patterns of the girls who do all the talking.

There are a few men in *Peppermint Soda*, but essentially this is a movie about women, whose major groupings, at school and in their family, are among themselves. Men aren't actively excluded, and certainly not hated, but they figure only tangentially for the girls, who are making their own way toward the first stages of maturity. Perhaps what marks this most strongly as a woman's picture isn't a lack of sexual interest but the lack of the sexual aura with which almost any man would color his vision of adolescent girls. Diane Kurys's vision isn't necessarily deeper, but it is more simply lucid, rather less feverish than a man observing young women could easily allow.

To recite the events in *Peppermint Soda* would seem merely to recall the ordinary: a silly gym class, an oppressive art class, physical science, English, a runaway classmate, love letters, the first menstruation, the school play. The movie doesn't try to transform this material. But every so often it will draw back and see it as beautiful. Kurys's typical camera movement, a not especially slow tracking shot, will encompass the schoolyard, its facade, a class of girls, mother and growing daughter eating together in bed—vignettes of a very modest, delicate, clear-sighted poignancy. The one time the film goes wrong, it is trying for something more. One girl (Corinne Dacla, a great beauty), a political leftist, gives her classmates an account of a protest demonstration broken up by the police. Her narration is so fine, so poetic, that it all but violates the conditions of the movie and stands out as a contrivance imposed by the director.

But everywhere else that will has been sublimated to a quality of understanding that is amused and sympathetic but that is really unsentimental, completely free from the kind of bargain-basement nostalgia that so often takes the place of real remembrance. Individual moments in *Peppermint Soda* are frequently funny, but the film isn't by any means altogether funny, and comedy surely isn't what it's all about. It is about a state of awareness, or a particularly valuable set of images—something that would capture simultaneously the tentative grace and the awkwardness of its marvelous young girls.—*Roger Greenspun*



Odile Michel in Diane Kurys's new film about Parisian schoolgirls.

WORDS

MAKING IT

So your postdoctoral work in pre-Columbian art at Harvard only got you as far as the unemployment line, where you learned that one must work—not study—before collecting. Then there was your business-college degree that was totally worthless after the school went bankrupt, and of course trade school failed to place you scrubbing scalps at the corner coiffeur's, even though Pierre's your uncle. (Remember the teacher shortage? Now haircutters can't find work.) Which brings us back to *studying*.

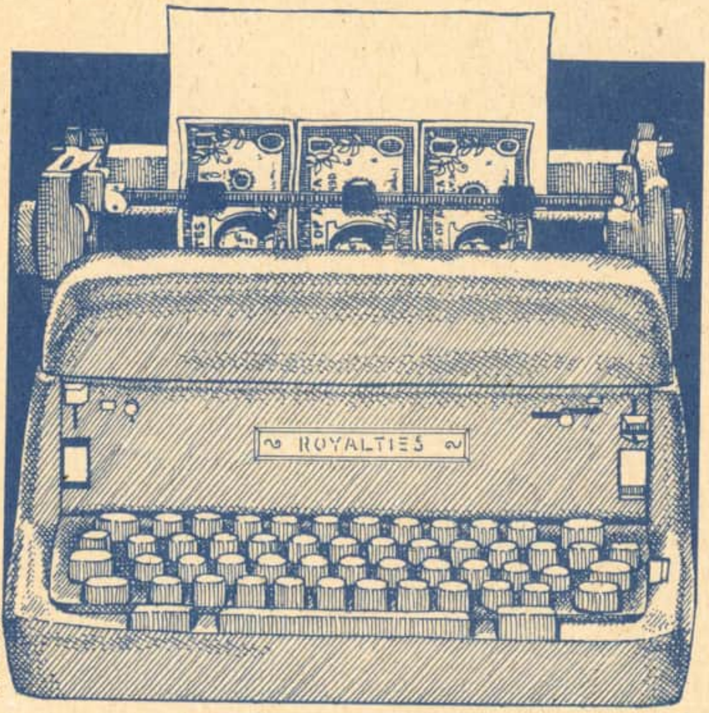
The following titles are the ultimate how-to books—that is, how to make an extra buck. You won't find them on any college required-reading list. As they advise philosophy majors, college teaches you how to live, not to work. In case you never were required to read *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and are now left holding a Ph.D., the books reviewed here will offer some answer to your question: Is there money after Adv Greek Lit 347?

You might begin with Ed Rosenthal and Ron Lichty's ***132 Ways to Earn a Living without Working (for Someone Else)*** (St. Martin's, $10.95; $5.95, paper). Well, they stretch it a bit. Pollution finking, speed reading, and newspaper clipping are novel jobs, and the advice and real-life examples cited here are helpful. But do we really need to be advised that, yes, the profession of our dreams, prostitution (job suggestion no. 6), can earn us fifty grand a year despite the fact that many wanton Sybarites "develop psychological problems"? To ease into the life, the authors recommend that novices "specialize in a sex practice you enjoy, such as leather, whips, and chains; sado-masochism; or dominance-submission." The tips are better, and as they used to tell business majors back in the sixties, money heals all wounds.

You can't judge a book by its cover unless you're looking at ***The Penny Capitalist*** (Arlington House, $10), by one "Algernon Horatio" (the quotes are theirs, not mine). This "full professor and research scientist at a large midwestern state university" believes in anonymity to work the lucrative garage sale circuit, his true *métier*, for fun and profit. Okay, but who wants to trust some guy's advice on mortgages and tax shelters when he's out fleecing old ladies' heirlooms? For this profs need tenure.

Everyone's Money Book (Delacorte, $14.95), by *Newsweek* financial columnist Jane Bryant Quinn, is a much better bet. (At least Quinn isn't wearing dark sunglasses in her jacket cover photo.) Duller than Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline*, Quinn's tome ignores the world of high finance and risk, but if you're planning to rent an apartment or buy a mobile home, it's just the thing for avoiding the eleventh chapter.

Moneypower: How to Profit from Inflation (Harper & Row, $8.95), by Ben Stein with Herbert Stein, is much more aggressive in its financial advice. During this period of hyper-inflation, Stein believes in borrowing to the tits to pay for just about any goods that rise in value faster than inflation. But what goods? For the adventurous, Stein suggests gold futures, as opposed to gold itself; and for the more conservative investor, he strongly recommends the single family home, something Stein believes will skyrocket in value as the baby boom approaches middle age. His concept of money, obviously, is not for anyone who has to go easy on the Big Macs to pay for his book. Still, as investments go, you could do much worse—say, your Chemi-


Ron Chironna

cal Bank Golden Savings Account Passbook.

Not for women only are two money books delightfully and respectively titled ***How to Find a Man ... & Make Him Keep You*** (A&W, $9.95), by Tracy Tanner, and ***Think like a Man, Act like a Lady, Work like a Dog*** (Doubleday, $6.95), by Derek A. Newton. *How to Find a Man* offers some ingenious tips of which no man should be ignorant. "Advertise to sublet your apartment," Ms. Tanner advises prospective recipients of palimony. "You're not really leaving town, but look at what you can accomplish."

> SUBLET AT A STEAL—Model
> must travel and is forced
> to leave her gorgeous apt.
> WANTED—Someone who
> will love and care for her
> personally decorated haven.
> Call for appointment. Tel. _____

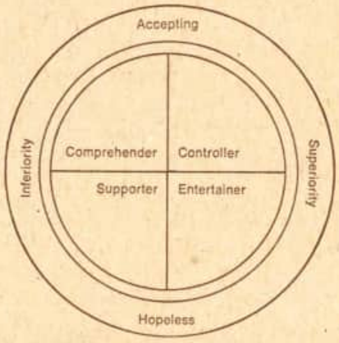
It's an update of the old restroom-walls trick. More expensive, but the clientele doesn't ask you for your panties over the phone.

Derek A. Newton's advice to women is the opposite side of the coin (but still the same coin). To his clever title of *Think like a Man, Act like a Lady, Work like a Dog*, you may want to add *And Scratch like a Bitch*. But maybe that's too real for Mr. Newton's career-minded audience. His advice ranges from the indecipherable ("Unless you are working in Japan, your neckline should flatter your neck, not your bosom") to the downright unforgivable ("Try to stay in the very best [hotel] your expense account allows. The best ones . . . do more for your professional image"). Follow this logic, and you can turn in your typewriter ribbons for a pink slip.

Of all the make-an-extra-buck books, the soft-core psych titles are the most insidious, as they disguise their baser money interests behind the altruism of self-help. The following ones might have made decent articles in *Junior Achiever* or *Boy Scouts Today*, if run at twelve-month intervals. But here they are, pumped up into full-size books. These writers obviously practice what they preach. First we have Michael Gilbert's ***How to Win an Argument*** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95). Lots of typical arguments are given on topical subjects (gay rights, getting married, legalizing marijuana) between imaginary persons. I looked for the one on how-to-persuade-some-publisher-to-buy-your-book-when-the-idea-sucks, but to no avail. Gilbert knows what he's doing, and why throw away a good argument when you can churn it into a whole new book?

Next we have Jard DeVille's ***Nice People Finish First*** (Morrow, $7.95). I was leery right from the start after I read, "This book is about people and about winning and losing in life, since winning and losing are the only options that are open." Nice? Wouldn't you know the guy is into charts and graphs? I came out a Supporter on his personality chart (shown below). This was fine until I superimposed my Jeanne Dixon horoscope over deVille's drawing and found that my Leo in the twelfth House just didn't jive with his idea of my Comfort Zone. Let's face it, Jard. Your book's not nice.

Michael LeBoeuf goes beyond charts and graphs in his ***Working Smart: How to Accomplish More in Half the Time*** (McGraw-Hill, $8.95), and to show you that grade school is never far behind, he offers us index-card personality tests. Don't ask me to explain. After filling out four dozen, I had obviously lost interest in either work or conserving time and built a lovely little miniature asylum with Mr. LeBoeuf's cards.



Why mention these books at all? Why? Because they provide the best lesson of all for making that extra money. An illiterate but wealthy octogenarian relative once chastised me, "No one ever made a buck reading a book." (I was into Fielding, N.Y.U., The Picaresque Novel, Engl.) The old woman had her point, but she never said a word about *writing* the books. Which may be the fastest buck(s) of all.—*Robert Hofler*

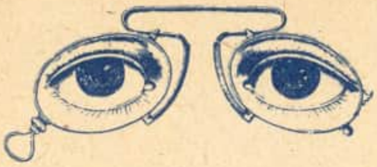
SOUNDS

BACK TO SCHOOLDAYS

Stepping into **Robert Gordon's** apartment on New York's Upper West Side is like stepping into the fifties. The couches, the chairs, the tables, the rugs, the movie posters, and the music on the hi-fi are all vintage, and Gordon, with his rugged profile and that Brylcreemed DA standing straight up on his head, looks the part. In this age of disco and mellowed-out rock, he's a real anomaly, a rockin' rebel. His music, stance, and style are redolent of early Presley, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran. Robert Gordon is a rockabilly.

For several years Gordon led a group that featured the seminal rock-'n'-roll guitarist Link Wray, and before that he was lead singer with a punk-rock band. Consequently, critics and many rock fans haven't known quite what to make of him. Is he a rock-'n'-roll revivalist, or is he a New Wave ironist, doing fifties music as a kind of artistic statement?

The fact is, Gordon's neither. He works in a pure rockabilly vein because it's the music he feels most comfortable with and the music that best suits his extraordinary voice. And now that he has a new band, with ace English guitarist Chris Spedding in place of Wray, it's much clearer what he's up to. His album *Rock Billy Boogie* (RCA) and his incendiary live performances (this is the singer for whom Bruce Springsteen wrote "Fire") are louder and harder-edged than most fifties music.



Gordon is true to his roots, but essentially he's making a new, chrome-plated rockabilly sound for the eighties.

That doesn't stop him from collecting original fifties records, many of them 78 RPM, and playing them on his most prized possession, an elaborate fifties jukebox. But his record shelves also evidence a new phenomenon—the appearance of dozens of reissue albums of authentic American rockabilly on European labels. Every major American company with a European affiliate has released at least one rockabilly compilation on the Continent, and one finds them in more and more American import bins. There are *CBS Rockabillies, Mercury Rockabillies, Chess Rockabillies*—the list goes on and on.

The original American rockabilly label was Sun Records of Memphis, where Elvis, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison, Charlie Rich, Johnny Cash, Conway Twitty, and a host of others got their start, and England's Charly label has milked the Sun catalogue for a remarkable series of albums. The *Sun—The Roots of Rock* series consists of thirteen albums, and in addition there are individual artist compilations by inspired but obscure rockers, such as Billy Lee Riley and Warren Smith, as well as LPs built around various themes. The albums *Don't Step on My Blue Suede Shoes* and *The Best of Sun Rockabilly* (Volumes One and Two) are the best places to start.

English rockers Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe, and Graham Parker have been exporting at least a suggestion of European rockabilly mania to America. Edmunds and Lowe jointly front a band called Rockpile, which plays straight-ahead, uncomplicated rock 'n' roll, and Edmunds has gone after a pure rockabilly feel on cuts like "Back to Schooldays," from his 1977 album *Get It* (Swan Song). Graham Parker's music is closer to R&B, but he wrote "Back to Schooldays," the best song to come out of the English rockabilly revival. (His own versions are on the Mercury albums *Howlin' Wind* and *The Parkerilla*.)

"Back to Schooldays" details all the mistaken ideas Parker was taught in school and how difficult it's been to unlearn them. "They told me that it was all black and white," he sings. "There's so many shades I can't see, boy/ I'm goin' back, back to schooldays/ And put them right." Rockabilly is school days music; the associations with adolescence, black leather jackets, motorcycles, and so on are inescapable, even if the listener is too young to remember any music earlier than the Beatles. And the rockabilly revival represents an opportunity not just to relive one's school days but also to relive them knowing what one knows now—in order to "put them right."

David Gahr

Robert Gordon: rockabilly.

Characteristically, Robert Gordon's reasons for liking the music are more straightforward and more personal. "I guess it's the simplicity of it," he says, sitting on his plush, purple fifties couch in front of a table that displays Jerry Lee Lewis bubble-gum cards and other fifties memorabilia beneath its glass top. "The feeling of it is what I really get off on. Also, I listen to it from a vocal standpoint. I really think this music is vocally oriented; the backup, although it's obviously important, is really there as an accompaniment to what the singer's doing."

Unlike most rock vocalists, Gordon has a truly impressive voice, the kind that used to inspire people to comment, "Now that guy's got a setta pipes!" Rock critics have tended to ignore his vocal abilities. In fact, they've been unusually hard on him, their most frequent complaint being that he is mimicking styles of the fifties rather than creating something original. Put off by the reviews and by an unfortunate stiffness that marred his earlier records and is still present to some degree on *Rock Billy Boogie*, I avoided seeing him in person until late one night in Los Angeles. I was out on the town with a couple of southern friends, one of whom happened to be Jerry Lee Lewis's road manager. "We gotta go catch this guy Robert Gordon," Jerry Lee's man enthused. "Jerry likes him. He's a real rockabilly singer." That was an impressive endorsement.

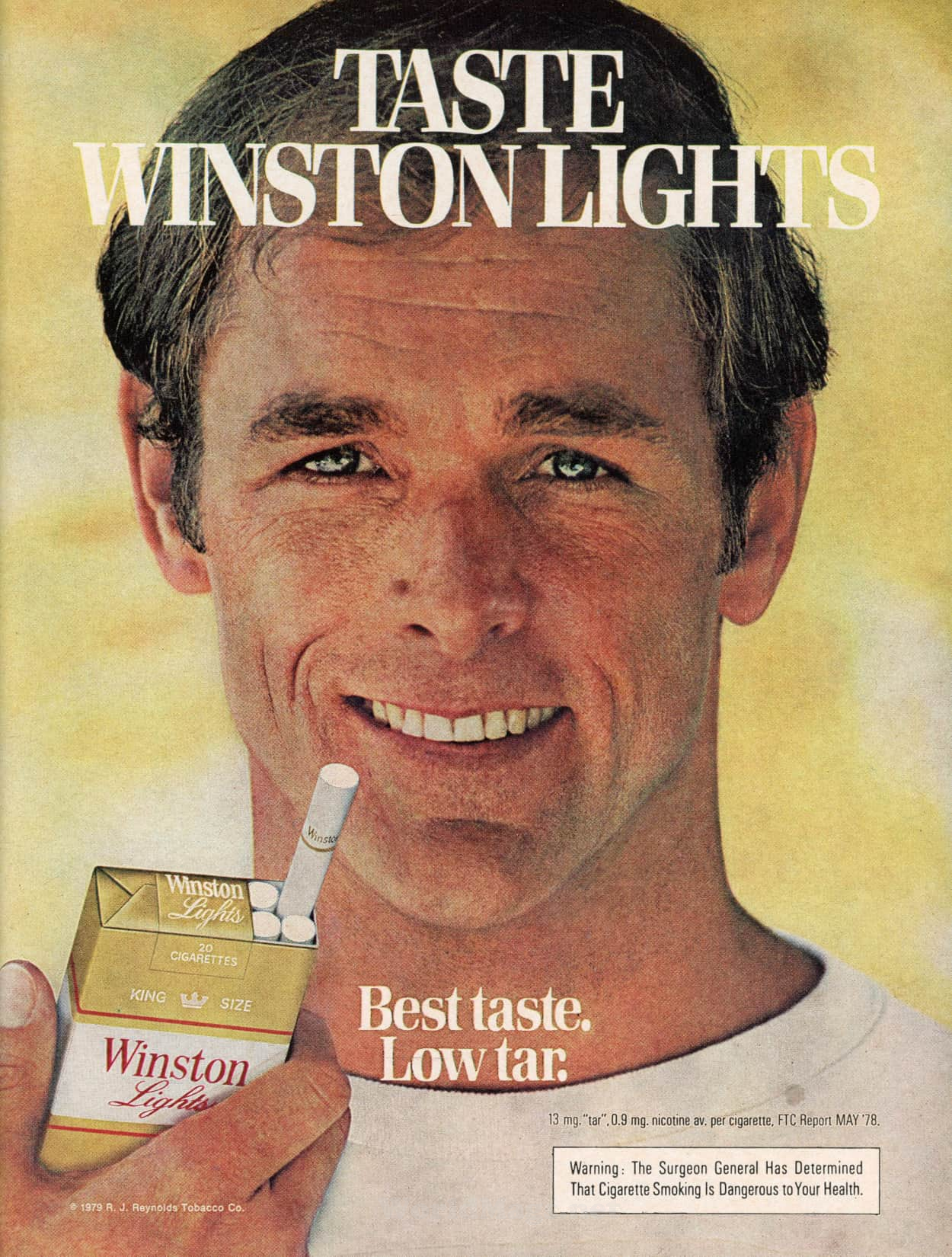
We trouped down to the Roxy, and from the instant Gordon hit the stage his authenticity was evident. He sang with breathtaking power, and while his debt to Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent, and some other originals was obvious, Gordon's style was his own. Chris Spedding played dazzling, metallic guitar, sounding like at least three musicians, while Bobby Chouinard on drums and Tony Garnier on a heavily amplified stand-up string bass furnished surging rhythmic momentum. "What do the rock critics know, anyway?" one of my friends snarled with enthusiasm. "They all think rock started with the Beatles anyway."

Gordon, who is 31, is too young to have participated in rockabilly's first flowering. He heard Elvis's "Heartbreak Hotel" when he was nine and says it changed his life, but his adolescent years were the early sixties, a fallow period for white rock 'n' roll. In search of musical kicks, he would leave his family's home in Maryland and go into nearby Washington, D.C., to attend black music shows at the Howard Theater. There he heard performers like James Brown, Sam Cooke, Solomon Burke, and Bobby "Blue" Bland—all formidable, big-voiced singers. When sixties rock came along, Gordon "couldn't relate to it." He spent several years working outside music, returning only when the emerging punk movement in New York made it possible to sing and play visceral, raw, immediate rock 'n' roll again.

"The younger people who listen to me keep thanking me for exposing them to this kind of music," says Robert, "because it's old enough now to be new music to them. That's not what I set out to do; I'm not trying to re-create the sound or anything. I think what we do has a very contemporary feel. But people do like it. We get good audiences even in places where the records aren't getting played on the radio." The tight play-lists of most FM radio stations have frustrated a number of artists with different sounds, but Gordon has found it particularly difficult to get the kind of exposure his career needs. "It's frustrating," he says, "because the disc jockeys really dig the records but have their hands tied. The programmers say, "How can we program your stuff alongside the other music we're playing?" Which is ridiculous, because the stuff we're playing is just basic rock 'n' roll."

Fortunately, the situation is changing. Gordon has been getting considerable air play on country music stations—rockabilly was a hybrid of country music and black rhythm-and-blues from the beginning, and with numerous ex-rockabillies now enjoying success as country stars, Gordon's appeal in that market is understandable. But FM rock stations sympathetic to newer groups and trends have started to play his records regularly, too.

Recently, just before leaving for an extended European tour, Robert Gordon filled the Palladium theater in New York City. It was his first appearance headlining there, and he gave one of his more blistering shows. More and more people seem to be catching on, and with the English and Continental rockabilly revival just beginning to be felt here in the United States, who knows? Soon we may all be going back to school days.
—*Robert Palmer*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The secret alliance between
college professors and administrators and the CIA
has destroyed the independence and integrity of
the American academic community.

SPIES ON CAMPUS

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

In the early spring of 1976, Harvard University President Derek Bok began reading a 651-page green paperbound book with the forbidding title, "Foreign and Military Intelligence: Final Report of the Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities" (more popularly known as the Church Committee Report).

Like most other prominent academics, Bok was aware that for years some members of the academic community and the CIA had joined together in a secret relationship to turn many of America's university and college campuses into virtual espionage centers. He was aware that a number of professors and administrators were secretly working for the CIA, recruiting prospective agents among students, spying for the agency while overseas, sometimes helping to spy on "troublemaking" students, and using the cover of research institutes and other projects to gather intelligence.

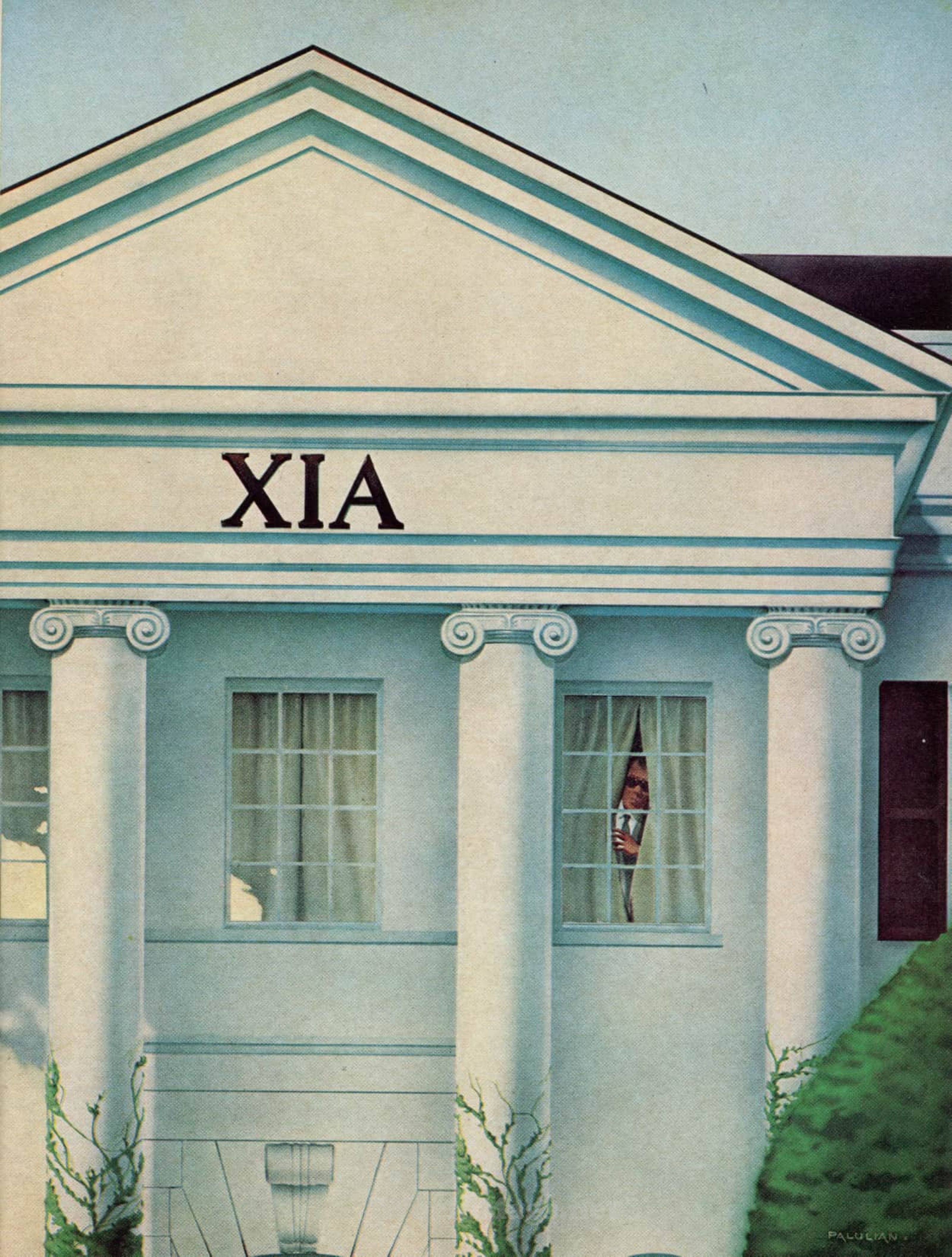
And, most important, Bok was aware that people at Harvard were involved. He did not know how many or who they were, but he wanted it stopped.

Because the Church Committee had spent more than a year in investigating the CIA's domestic operations, including involvement with academia, Bok carefully read through the committee's final report, looking for facts—facts that would allow him to write up guidelines for the university to set strict limits on such work for anybody who worked there.

But the report was a disappointment. On page 189, Bok found, instead of facts, this general statement: "The Central Intelligence Agency is now using several hundred American academics, who in addition to providing leads and, on occasion, making introductions for intelligence purposes, occasionally write books and other material to be used for propaganda purposes abroad. Beyond these, an additional few score are used in an unwitting manner for minor activities.

"These academics are located in over 100 American colleges, universities, and related institutes."

The report went on to recommend that the universities and colleges themselves "set the professional and ethical standards of its members," and that federal legislation prohibiting CIA activities on


XIA
PALULIAN

campus would be "unenforceable and . . . an intrusion on the privacy and integrity of the American academic community."

Bok did not know that the original version of that section of the report contained considerable detail about the CIA-academia link, including references to Harvard. But when the committee submitted the draft to the CIA for clearance, the agency reacted violently. Under no circumstances, CIA officials said, could any details about the agency's role in academia be published, and it would fight any attempt to bring them under control. Then the CIA played its trump card: since the agency's relationship with academics was "covert" and "voluntary," any law restricting such relationships would be unenforceable. The committee gave way under pressure and produced a watered-down report on the academia-CIA relationship.

But to Bok the section was worse than watered down; it was useless. The committee was urging America's academic community to take some action, but without telling it what the specific problem was.

So Bok decided to find out for himself, in the process setting off an extraordinary battle between Harvard and the CIA, a battle that Bok did not anticipate and one that has raised questions about whether the CIA in fact rules the Harvard campus. The battle has been going on for three years now, and what it is all about tells a great deal about the CIA's operations on America's campuses—operations that have cast a shadow over academia from which it may never recover.

Shortly after Bok finished reading the Church Committee report, he gathered together a small group of men to take a close look at the CIA-Harvard link and come up with guidelines for the university governing such activity. Bok made no public announcement of his action, despite the fact that his group included some Harvard heavyweights with extensive Washington experience. Among them was Archibald Cox, ex-Watergate special prosecutor, and Don Price, then dean of the university's Kennedy School of Government and an old Washington hand. (Ironically, Harvard's School of Government has provided many of the most infamous presidential advisers on "national security" affairs, including Henry Kissinger, who was in charge of all covert operations for most of the Nixon years; McGeorge Bundy, a Harvard dean who performed the same function for John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson; and Samuel Huntington, now on Carter's National Security Council.)

The group set about quietly to pin down the extent of CIA involvement at Harvard. To a certain extent, they were operating in the dark: they didn't know exactly who on campus worked for the CIA, didn't know how many were involved, didn't know which students were being recruited, and they had no cooperation from the CIA. But the group was not without its resources, mainly a long list of contacts inside and outside the government, a number of whom worked for the CIA. Gradually, the group—known simply as "The Harvard Committee"—began to get a handle on what was going on, and in May 1977 prepared a report for Bok.

Basically, the group found out that the CIA's two most important operations at Harvard—and at other American campuses—concerned the agency's use of academics as CIA agents abroad and a network of "collaborators" on campus that "steered" the CIA to students who appeared to be good prospects as CIA agents. In most cases, the group found, collaborating professors and the CIA worked on secret background checks on the prospect without the student's knowledge or consent.

Bok accepted the committee's recommendations for guidelines, which included requirements that any faculty member who served as recruiter for the CIA be publicly noted as a CIA recruiter in the university's placement office, that no one could recruit a student for the CIA without the student's permission, that foreign students must give their permission before their names were forwarded to the CIA as potential recruits for espionage in their home countries, and that no member of the faculty could participate in CIA covert operations. Bok showed the recommendations to several members

HOW TO EXPOSE THE SPIES ON YOUR CAMPUS

If you want to stop CIA activity at your own college or university, the Harvard University guidelines are indispensable, since they represent the first attempt by an academic institution in the United States to regulate its relationship with the American intelligence-gathering community. To get a copy, contact the university in Cambridge, Mass.

Covering 18 detailed pages, the guidelines incorporate almost intact the final recommendations of the Harvard Committee appointed by Harvard University President Derek Bok. "We do believe," the guidelines say, "that the present relationships between the CIA and the academic community, as outlined by the [Senate] Select Committee, cannot continue without posing a serious threat to the independence and integrity of the academic community."

Much of the guidelines is concerned with the chief concern of Harvard, the covert recruitment of students: "The existence on the Harvard campus of unidentified individuals who may be probing the views of others and obtaining information for the possible use of the CIA is inconsistent with the idea of a free and independent university." The guidelines flatly ban any covert recruiting for the CIA on campus, ruling that any professor or member of the Harvard staff who does so must be listed in the university's placement office as a CIA recruiter and that any faculty member with an "ongoing relationship" with the CIA as a recruiter must report it to his or her dean.

The remainder of the guidelines concerns these major areas:

Secret CIA Research Contracts—The guidelines amend Harvard's existing rules on research, which say that research work cannot be classified, that the results must be subject to open publication, and that the outside sponsor has to be identified. The new guidelines say that any research contracts, especially those with the CIA, now must be made public and must include subject matter, how much the contract cost, and the names of the faculty members carrying out the research.

Consulting Work for the CIA—So-called consulting arrangements with the CIA are still permitted, so long as such arrangements are reported to deans in writing. No consulting arrangements can be private.

Foreign Students—Covert CIA recruitment of foreign students on campus "poses special problems." Thus, no member of the Harvard community can "trigger a secret background investigation" of any foreign student. Additionally, no faculty member can recommend another faculty member or member of the Harvard administration for "positions in government" without first obtaining the individual's consent.

CIA "Debriefings"—Faculty members can be "debriefed" by the CIA after travel abroad, so long as such debriefings are only occasional. But faculty members are warned to avoid "regular debriefings" that could lead to "implicit understandings."

Writing Propaganda—Writing for propaganda purposes is prohibited where a faculty member lends academic prestige to material known to be "either misleading or untrue."

Using Faculty "Unwittingly"—Misleading faculty members by asking them to work for "private" organizations that are in fact CIA fronts must stop. (In this connection the guidelines note pointedly that such work violates the CIA's own directives, which say that it can involve only "consenting" parties.)

A good preliminary step is the filing of Freedom of Information Act suits against the CIA and other intelligence agencies. These can be tricky and time-consuming, although such suits can often be very productive. To go about filing such a suit, contact the Campaign for Political Rights' Campus Project, 201 Massachusetts Avenue NE, Room 112, Washington, D.C. (202) 547-4705, or the legal office of your college or university.

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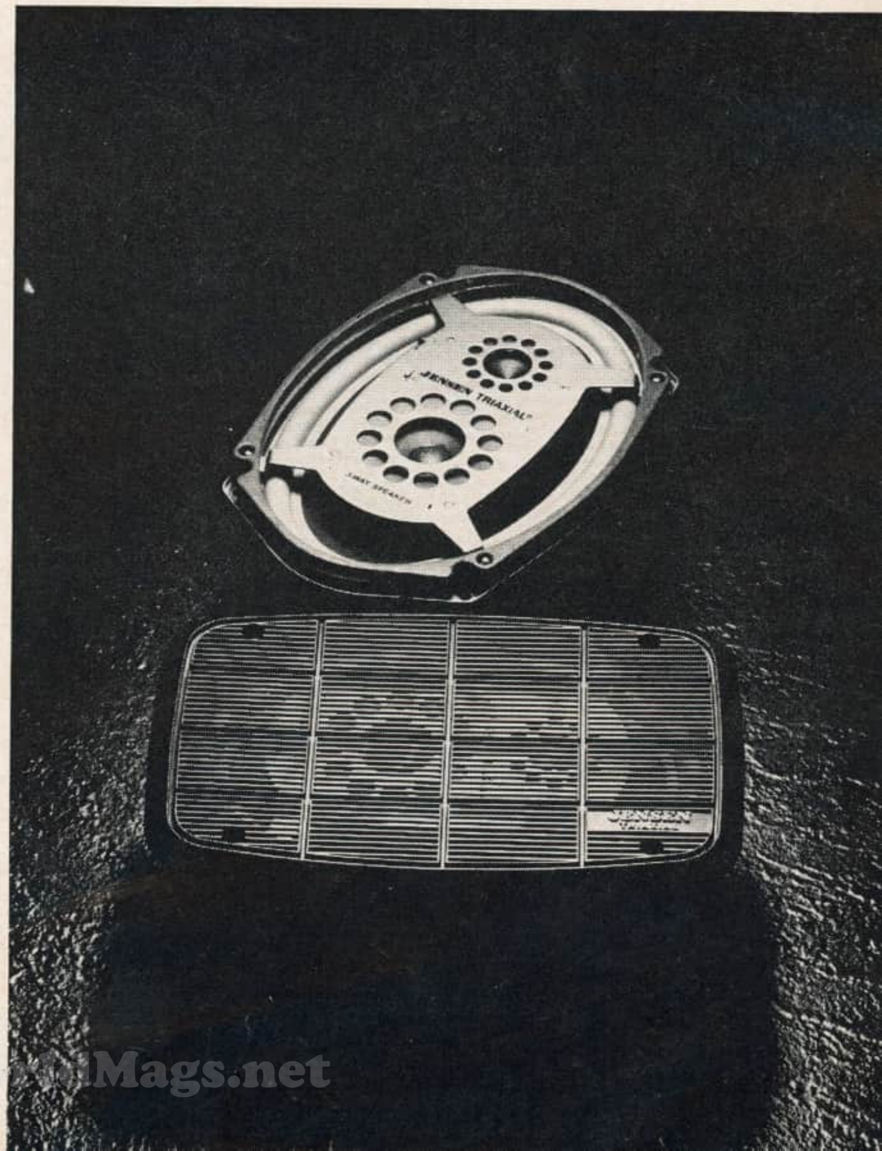

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of the Harvard faculty and took their comments under advisement. Then he sent a copy to CIA headquarters in Langley, Va.

Bok's actions had greatly upset the CIA. Considerable debate had taken place in the agency's higher echelons, and in the summer of 1977 Bok had received an incredible letter from CIA Director Stansfield Turner. The letter said that every American citizen had a right to assist the CIA if he so chose, and that the agency was being "singled out" for control on the Harvard campus, when other government agencies and corporations routinely recruited at the university.

Then Turner tried to be cute. "All recruiting," he wrote, "for CIA staff employment on campus is overt." A casual reader might assume that Turner was denying any covert CIA recruitment on American campuses. However, as Turner well knew, under CIA terminology, "staff" covers only full-time American employees; all the others who work for or with the agency are known as "agents" or "assets."

It became clear that the CIA wanted no guidelines at all. Daniel Steiner, Harvard's counsel who worked on the Harvard Committee, says that the CIA did not even want to discuss its academic operations and refused to say whether covert recruitment on the Harvard campus or the use of Harvard professors in overseas operations would be ended.

Deeply concerned, Bok told Turner that he was simply responding to the Church Committee's suggestion and that he saw no reason why the CIA could not accept the Harvard guidelines. In May of last year, after the guidelines were officially issued, Turner finally said flatly that the CIA would do what it wanted on the Harvard campus regardless of the guidelines.

That moved Bok and other academic leaders to approach the Senate Intelligence Committee last summer, asking that the new charters for intelligence agencies prohibit CIA secret operations on American campuses. But despite their pleas, the drafts of the new charters that emerged later contain no provision covering CIA operations on campus. The decision reflected heavy CIA pressure against any move to restrict its academic operations.

So there the matter stands at the moment, something of a Mexican standoff: Bok's guidelines remain, but the CIA says that it will ignore them. As Turner himself summed up the agency's position, "If we were required to abide by the rules of every corporation, every academic institution, it would become impossible to do the required job for our country. Harvard does not have any legal authority over us."

Bok sees it quite differently: "CIA covert recruiting threatens the integrity and independence of the academic community. The CIA has argued that it must disregard our guidelines in the interest of national security. Let us be clear about exactly what this argument implies. . . . It [the CIA] insists upon the right to use financial inducements or other means of persuasion to cause our professors and employees to ignore our rules of employment and enter into secret relationships whenever it considers such activities to be justified by the interests of national security. I do not believe that an agency of the United States should act in this fashion."

Bok's one-man charge against the mighty CIA has made him something of a hero in academia but at the same time raises important questions. Why is the CIA so concerned about its operations in academia? Why did it stonewall the first attempt that was made to bring it under some sort of control? Why is it trying so hard to keep the links with academia under a permanent wrap of secrecy?

To begin with, it is important to understand that there is no higher priority at the CIA than maintaining its operations unscathed on campus. The academic world provides two key weapons in the agency's arsenal: new recruits and brain power. And there's more: priceless cover for certain operations and an academic veneer for a number of the agency's more sinister aspects.

The president of Harvard University said: "CIA covert recruiting threatens the integrity and independence of the academic community."

At the moment, according to intelligence sources, at least 350 academics and administrators are covertly working for the CIA on more than 100 American campuses. They form a link with the CIA that has become so pervasive that there is some doubt whether a complete break between the two can ever be achieved. Many American campuses are experiencing a growing grass roots movement to do just that, but the movement has discovered that not all university administrations are especially eager to end the relationship, that students generally seem apathetic, and that too many faculties do not want to forgo the option of doing covert work for the CIA—work that can be quite profitable, in some cases.

But this link with the CIA has left a stain upon the entire American academic world from which it may never recover. Too many universities, graduate programs, university institutes, and various other academic paraphernalia have gotten mixed up with intelligence operations. Academia cannot have it both ways—on the one hand, talking about academic freedom; on the other, doing covert intelligence work for the government.

A major illustration of CIA corruption of American campuses is the recruitment of students from Third World countries. The reason for the CIA recruitment is obvious: these foreign students are their countries' leaders of tomorrow. If the CIA can recruit them now, they will later become priceless "agents in place," occupying critical positions where they will be able to pass on vital intelligence. Not all of them will wind up being spies, of course, but even if only 1 out of 100 eventually becomes, say, economics minister, then it will be well worth the investment of time and effort in recruiting all those students.

CIA recruitment among foreign students follows shifting perceptions of American government concern over various "strategic" areas in the world. Years ago the concern (and CIA recruitment) concentrated on Eastern Europe and Latin America; today it is the Middle East and Africa. One special target, because of the country's strategic importance, has been Iran, the bulk of whose foreign students are in this country.

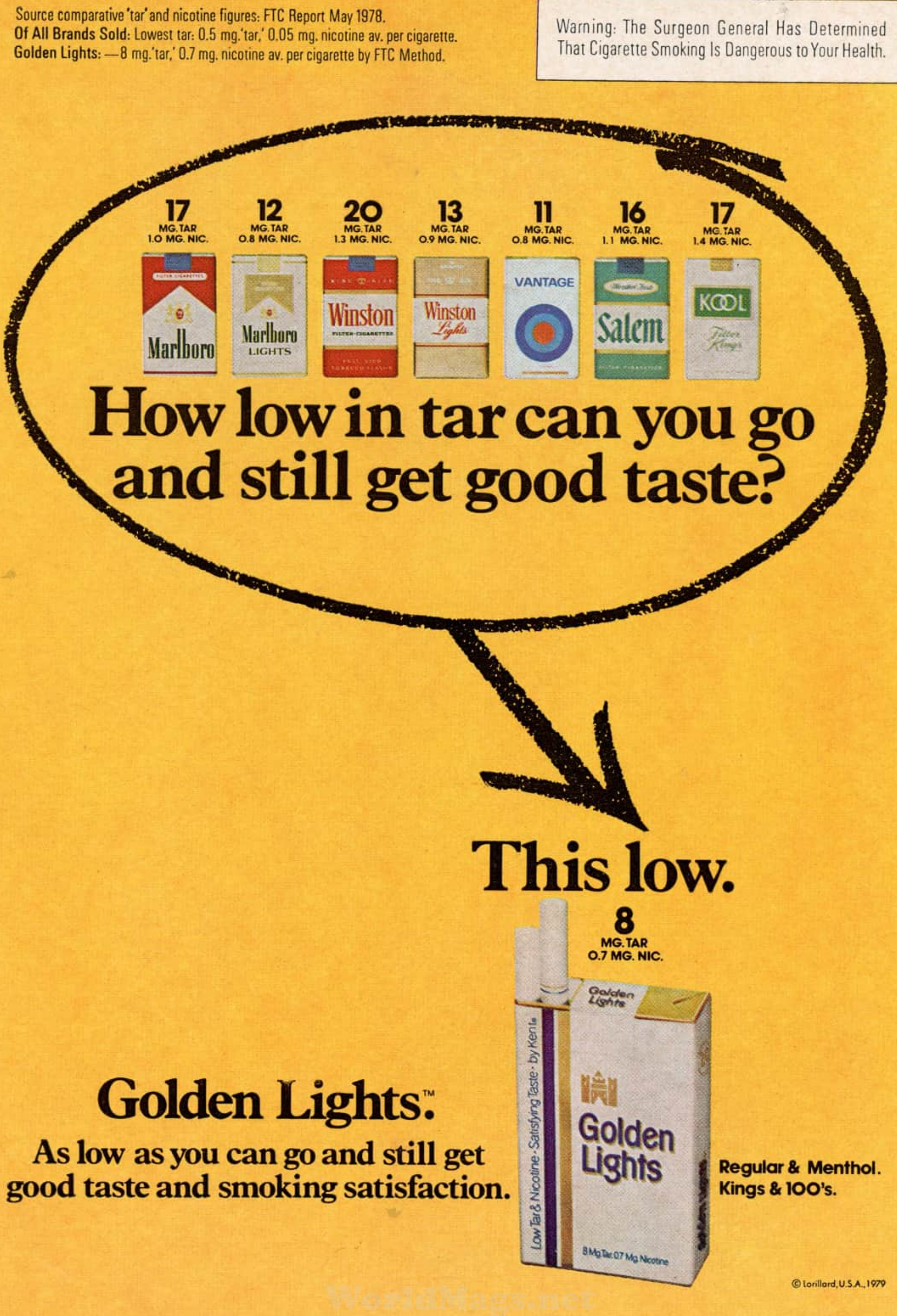
Until the recent revolution in Iran, the CIA worked with SAVAK, the shah's secret police, to destroy "antishah" elements in the Iranian student community in the United States. The CIA and SAVAK set up a front group called the International Association of Patriotic Students (IAPS), which organized demonstrations in favor of the shah and beat up students who differed with their view of the ruler.

The CIA also gave SAVAK extensive information about Iranian students who opposed the shah. SAVAK agents in Iran would visit these students' families and pressure them to write letters begging the students to stop all political activity.

But the CIA was more interested in recruiting Iranian students than in spying on them, as Ahmad Jabbarri, an Iranian student who was working on his Ph.D. in economics at Washington University in St. Louis, found out. In 1975 Jabbarri met an older man on campus who said he was studying Iranian economics on an unspecified government "research project." The man, who seemed to take a strong interest in Jabbarri's research and his future in Iran, invited him to lunch and then asked him to return to his hotel room for further discussion.

"He turned the television on very loud," Jabbarri says, "and told me he does intelligence work. Then he said he would like to put me in touch with another person. I was angry; I was being asked to choose between my government and some foreign spy agency; so of course there was no choice. I wanted to find out more about CIA covert operations; so I decided to play the game and see how far it would go."

A month later Jabbarri was introduced to the man's friend, a CIA officer in charge of recruitment of prospective agents in the midwestern area. Jabbarri carried a small



Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978.
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suitcase with a tape recorder inside during the meeting. The CIA man offered an immediate payment of $750 for "medical expenses or whatever contingency you might have" plus a monthly "stipend," to be paid into any bank of Jabbarri's choosing. Jabbarri asked why the CIA was bothering to recruit him, in view of the close links between the shah and the agency.

"You see," the CIA officer replied, "even though there's cooperation between the shah of Iran and the United States, and vice versa, this thing is never complete. You understand what I mean?"

Jabbarri understood only too well. He strung the CIA out for several other meetings during which it proposed that Jabbarri spy on fellow Iranian students, and that the CIA could guarantee American citizenship for him if his work proved satisfactory. But Jabbarri refused all the offers, and finally the CIA lost interest.

Third World students are not the only targets of CIA recruiting, as Kemba Maish, a psychology professor at Howard University in Washington, D.C., discovered. One morning in April 1978, Maish arrived at the school and found a telephone message, asking her to call someone named "Roy Savoy." The name was unknown to her, and she dialed the number on the message.

"Personnel, CIA," answered a voice on the other end. Maish was switched to Savoy, who told her that the agency was recruiting black people—specifically, black psychologists and psychiatrists—for operations in Africa. Mainly, they were to develop "psychological profiles" on African Communists. Savoy then hinted that she would be well paid for such work. He further told Maish that he had gotten her name from an administrator and a professor at the University of Maryland.

Maish told Savoy that she wanted no part of the CIA. He apologized for having bothered her and then hung up. Maish began to wonder: what were other professors doing handing out her name to the CIA as a potential agent? How did they come to be working with the CIA? How many other black scientists and doctors had the agency managed to recruit?

Maish went to the University of Maryland and decided to try to put a stop to the whole thing. First, she confronted the professor who had referred her name to the CIA (he admitted giving several names of potential CIA recruits to the agency). Maish next discovered that the CIA had also been recruiting among members of the Association of Black Psychologists, which was about to hold its annual conference in St. Louis.

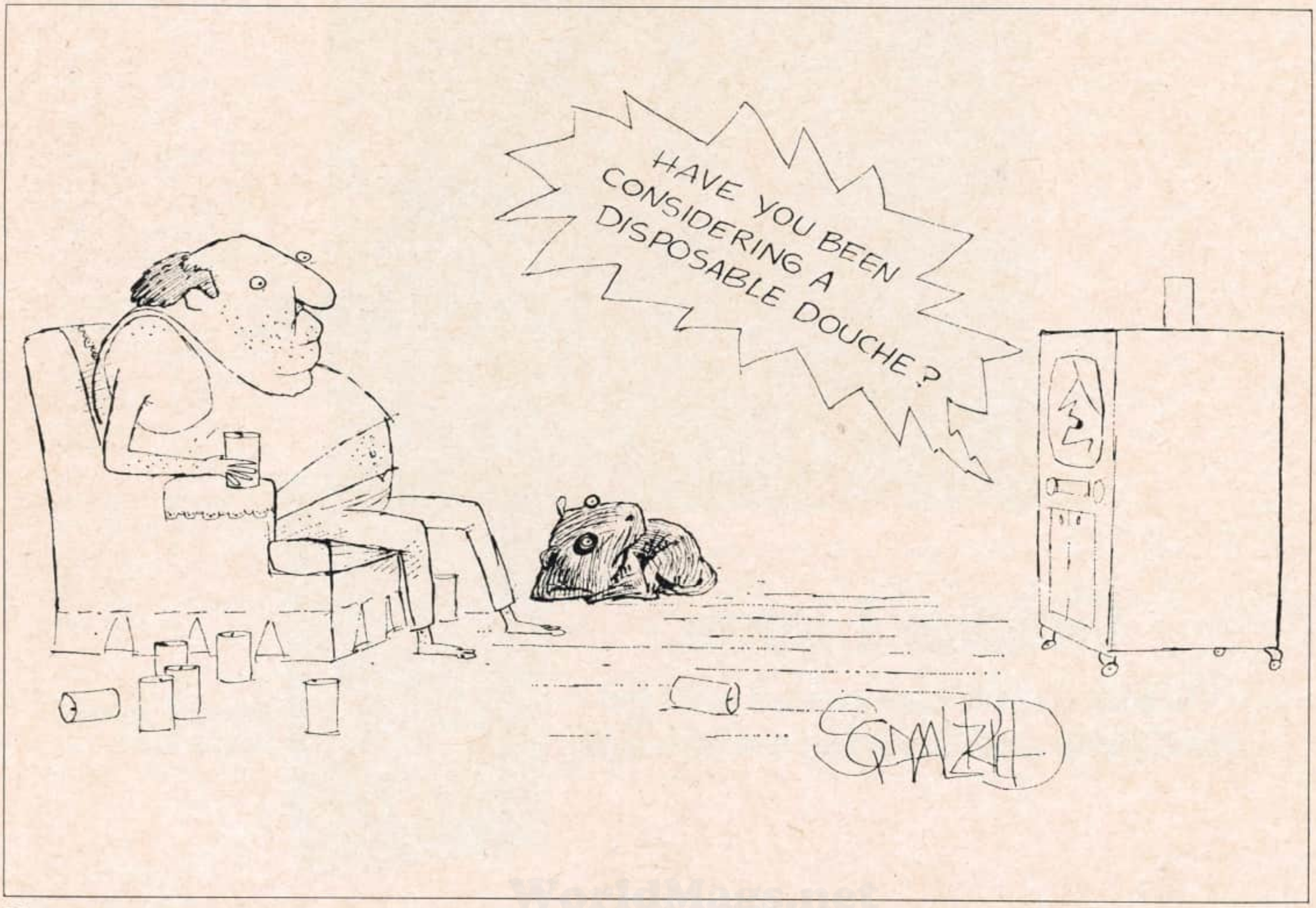
Maish, who was going to St. Louis anyway, noticed that the CIA had actually set up a private room for recruiting at the convention. She went to the group's executive committee and complained about the CIA recruiting. The committee had already resolved to remove the CIA, but by that time the CIA had already talked to a fairly large number of black professionals attending the meeting; how many ultimately agreed to work for the agency is impossible to determine.

Later Maish tried to talk several colleagues out of doing any work for the agency. She gave a tape-recorded interview about the whole episode to Howard's radio station. (The tape has since mysteriously disappeared.)

"I want to make the point," she said during a recapitulation of the interview, "of how organized this recruiting effort really is, and how dangerous it can be not just to African people but also to all people of the Third World. The CIA has a long history of interfering in the internal affairs of other countries. By putting down just rebellions of the people, destabilizing governments, destroying organizations, planning and financing coups, and murdering leaders, the CIA has attempted to change the course of history in places like the Dominican Republic, Guyana, Jamaica, Cuba, Chile, Iran, the Congo, Ghana, and Angola, just to name a few."

Was Maish's little counterspy operation successful? It is hard to say, although the evidence suggests that CIA operations at Howard continue unabated. For each person she found who was quietly working for the CIA by passing on names of potential recruits, there might be five more whom she didn't see.

Given the fact that the CIA's bread-and-butter work is intelligence collection and analysis, it should not be surprising that the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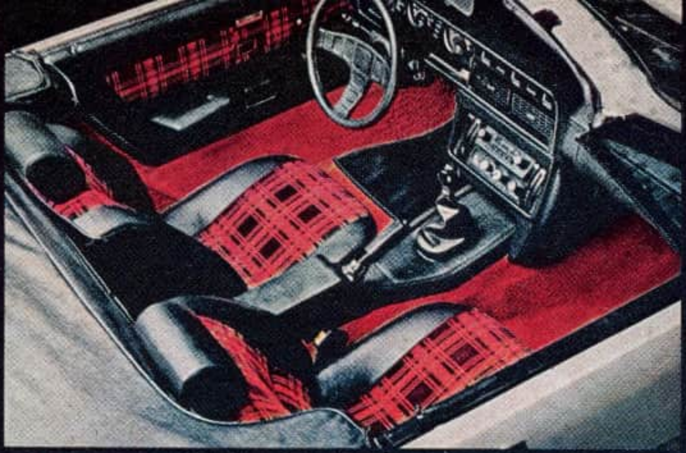

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agency has always had a pronounced academic tinge (about 60 percent of its upper echelon have advanced degrees. And it should also not be surprising that occasionally the agency may consult with acknowledged academic experts on various intelligence questions—for example, the agency might ask an academic expert on the Soviet Union to render an opinion about the projected successor to Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev.

If that's as far as it went, there would be little problem. But the CIA-academic link goes far beyond that, into a netherworld where right and wrong no longer apply, where basic constitutional rights are often trampled on. A few horror stories from several American campuses convey the idea.

University of Kentucky: Last year, Turner appeared here to make a speech. Several students sat in the audience, protesting his appearance. They were arrested by local police, and under heavy pressure from the CIA, three American students and eight Iranian students were given sentences ranging from 45 to 90 days in jail. Their crime? Protesting Turner's talk. But there's more: Turner, it develops, was also visiting the campus in his capacity as a member of the Board of Advisors for the university's Patterson School of Law and Diplomacy, which, *Penthouse* has been told, does work for the agency. Moreover, it has also been learned that the university's placement service has an "informal arrangement" with the CIA to help recruit agents. The University of Kentucky denies having any arrangement with the CIA.

Brown University: Barnaby Conrad Keeney, president of the university from 1955 to 1966, was also a CIA official. Formerly dean of the university's graduate school, Keeney took a leave of absence in 1951 to develop a training program at the CIA for new recruits; when he returned to the school, he began slipping to the agency the names of students who he felt would make good agents (the problem was that most of the students had no interest in the CIA and had never applied to join the agency). While serving as president of the university, Keeney was also working as a "consultant" to the CIA. In that capacity he set up a covert funding plan in 1962 for MKULTRA, a secret CIA program to test mind control using drugs and other methods. He became chairman of the Human Ecology Fund, a CIA front that experimented in behavior control to torture enemy intelligence agents. The university's contributions to the CIA also include E. Howard Hunt and Lyman Kirkpatrick, an ex-CIA executive who now works as a political science professor at Brown.

University of California: Earl Clinton Bolton, an official of the university system, did some free-lance work in 1968 for the CIA, contributing a memo for the agency explaining how academics publicly revealed to be working for the CIA should handle that problem: "They should explain," Bolton wrote, "their involvement with the agency as a contribution to ... proper academic goals." How working for the CIA contributes to "proper academic goals" is not explained by Bolton.

University of Michigan: According to newly revealed documents, many individuals on the faculty of the university's Center for Chinese Studies for years have had secret relationships with the CIA, in which they provided help to the agency's China analysts. Michael Oksenberg, a former scholar at the center and now with the National Security Council, recently submitted two affidavits on behalf of the CIA in its move to block Freedom of Information suits seeking data on CIA links with the university. Oksenberg's affidavit included this phrase: ". . . to confirm the existence of CIA confidential contacts at a participating college or university would result in the revelation of classified information, intelligence sources and methods, and undermine the structure of valuable intelligence collection programs."

> “There is no higher priority at the CIA than maintaining its operations on campus. The academic world provides the agency both new recruits and brainpower.”

University of California at Los Angeles: Paul Lin, a visiting scholar from Canada working at the university, had lived for 15 years in China. When he arrived at U.C.L.A. last year, CIA officials were told by "confidential contacts" among the U.C.L.A. administrative staff that Lin might be spying for Peking. Lin was put under FBI surveillance, which included wiretaps on his telephone.

University of Illinois at Chicago Circle: There has been extensive CIA involvement at this campus because of the large number of Iranian students enrolled. Worse, the CIA worked with the FBI and the Chicago Police "Red Squad" to harass Iranian students who were openly antishah. From 1965 to 1976, the police kept a special dossier on 252 students at the school, much of the information obtained from the CIA.

These are just a few of the recurring instances of what happens when the CIA and academia develop a "special relationship," as men on both sides of the arrangement like to call it. But the phrase "special relationship" doesn't even begin to describe some of the more outrageous aspects, like the CIA's 20-year program involving experiments with drugs and mind control, which eventually involved the use of 80 universities and research institutes. Dr. Jose Delgado, a behavioral scientist at Yale Medical School from 1950 to 1973, provides just one example of the dangers of this "special relationship." Delgado worked on research projects funded by the Pentagon—along with secret funding from the CIA. He was experimenting with the implantation of electrodes in human brains that would control behavior. At one point, Delgado actually proposed that the U.S. government develop what he called "cerebral radio stimulators" to induce robotlike performances in men and animals. Fortunately, even the CIA thought this a bit excessive, and Delgado returned to his home in Spain in 1970.

Still, for a university that produced the first real American spy, Nathan Hale (class of 1773), and such notorious CIA figures as Richard Bissell (he ran the Bay of Pigs invasion), James Angleton (who headed the CIA's domestic spying division), and Cord Meyer (number-two man in the CIA's Clandestine Services), perhaps the fact that Delgado's research took place at Yale should not seem especially surprising. Yale has been a fertile recruiting ground for the CIA ever since the agency first set up shop in 1946. Indeed, so many of the agency's first executives came from Yale and other Ivy League schools that the agency for years was accused of running an "Eastern Establishment."

The charge was true, for fully 25 percent of the agency's top executives from the beginning have been Yale alumni, with the rest coming mainly from Ivy League schools. And that is only the beginning of the "old boy network"; there are any number of men wearing the same school tie who now work in foundations and corporations, all of them willing to do a favor, when necessary, for an old friend and fellow alumnus.

As the CIA began to grow enormously in the late 1950s, it set up a special top-secret section to handle "academic operations." It located the new unit on the fifth floor of an office building at 1750 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., under a phoney name: "U.S. Army Element, Joint Planning Activity, Joint Operations Group (SD 7753)." Of course, there was no such army unit. The group remained there until 1961, when the entire CIA moved to Langley, Va., its present home.

The first CIA man in charge of the academic operations was Tracy Barnes, who later became infamous as head of the agency's Western Hemisphere Division, where he headed up the CIA's plots to assassinate Fidel Castro and the operation in Chile. Given Barnes's reputation as a covert-action man, the early use of the academics by the agency centered, in addition to recruitment of new agents, on several James Bond-type operations. For example, from 1958 to 1960, professors and graduate students were recruited into a huge spying operation against the Soviet Union. The academics were given a brief course in spying techniques and then went

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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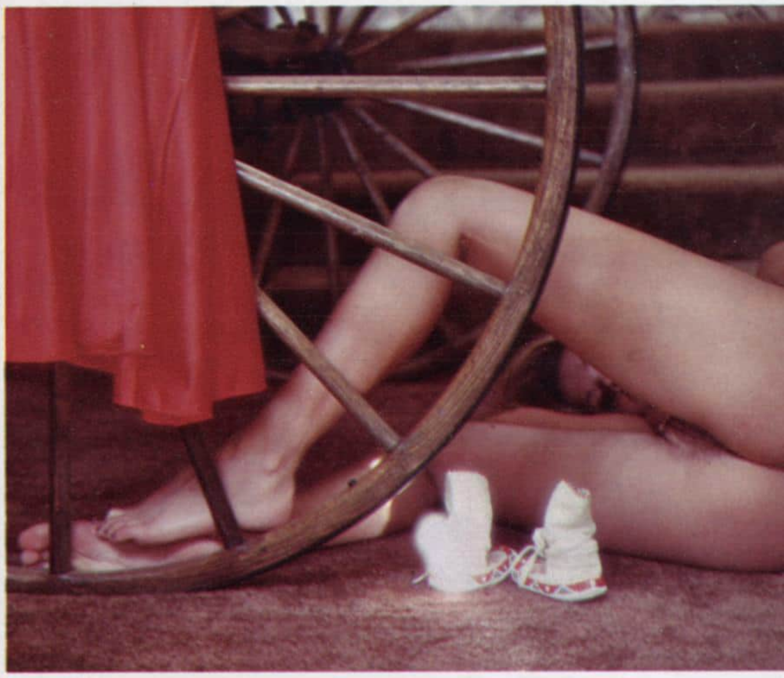

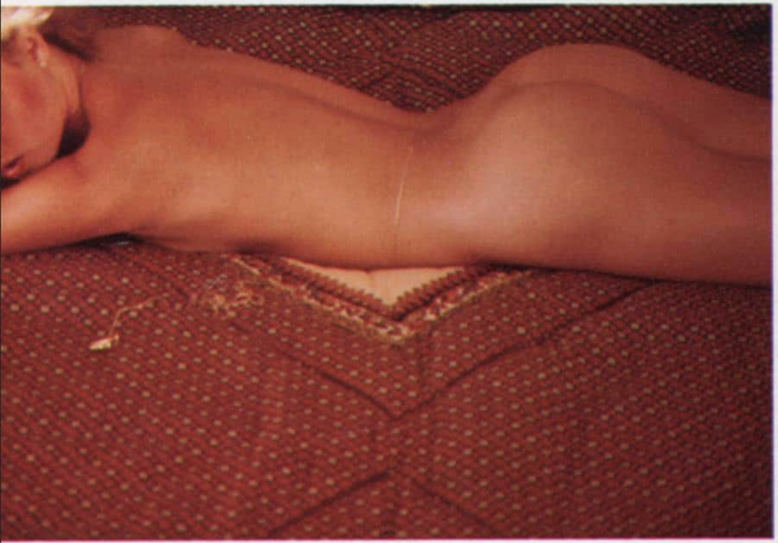

CAROL ANN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

"I think there's a lot of romance in American history," says California beauty Carol Ann Wilken. "I've always fantasized about being ravished by a handsome cowboy out in the middle of nowhere."

Makeup by Maggie; Location courtesy of Dave Rhudy, designer/builder of Mammoth Lakes.

❛I like a man who's masculine without being macho. The right man knows what that means.❜

[illegible]

We photographed Carol in Parker, Arizona, an Old West
town in an unspoiled natural landscape.
"I find nature very erotic," she told us. "It turns me on to feel
primitive and female, to take off all my clothes
and feel like I'm a part of the natural world. The first
time a man ever made love to me
was in the woods, near a pounding waterfall.
That musical sound of water rushing over rocks always
puts me in a sensual mood."

WorldMa

Carol's one of those girls who adores being a girl. "I really like who I am," she says emphatically. "There isn't anything about myself I'd change." She grins seductively. "Well, maybe I'm a little impatient sometimes."

jet ski
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Taking to the water like the true Pisces she is, Carol is a 35-23-35 nymph of the elements. "I like anything that I can do in the water," she reveals, "and I love athletic men. Nothing turns me on more than a man's hard, tanned body."

“There isn't anything about myself I'd change. Well, maybe I'm a little impatient sometimes.”

Carol's ideal man, in case you're interested, is tall and dark-haired. "I guess it's a cliché," she says playfully, "but I really do like muscular men. And I like mustaches, too. I don't care what a man does for a living, but I do care what kind of attitude he has toward me. I need tenderness and respect. Also, I like a man who's masculine without being macho. The right man knows exactly what that means."

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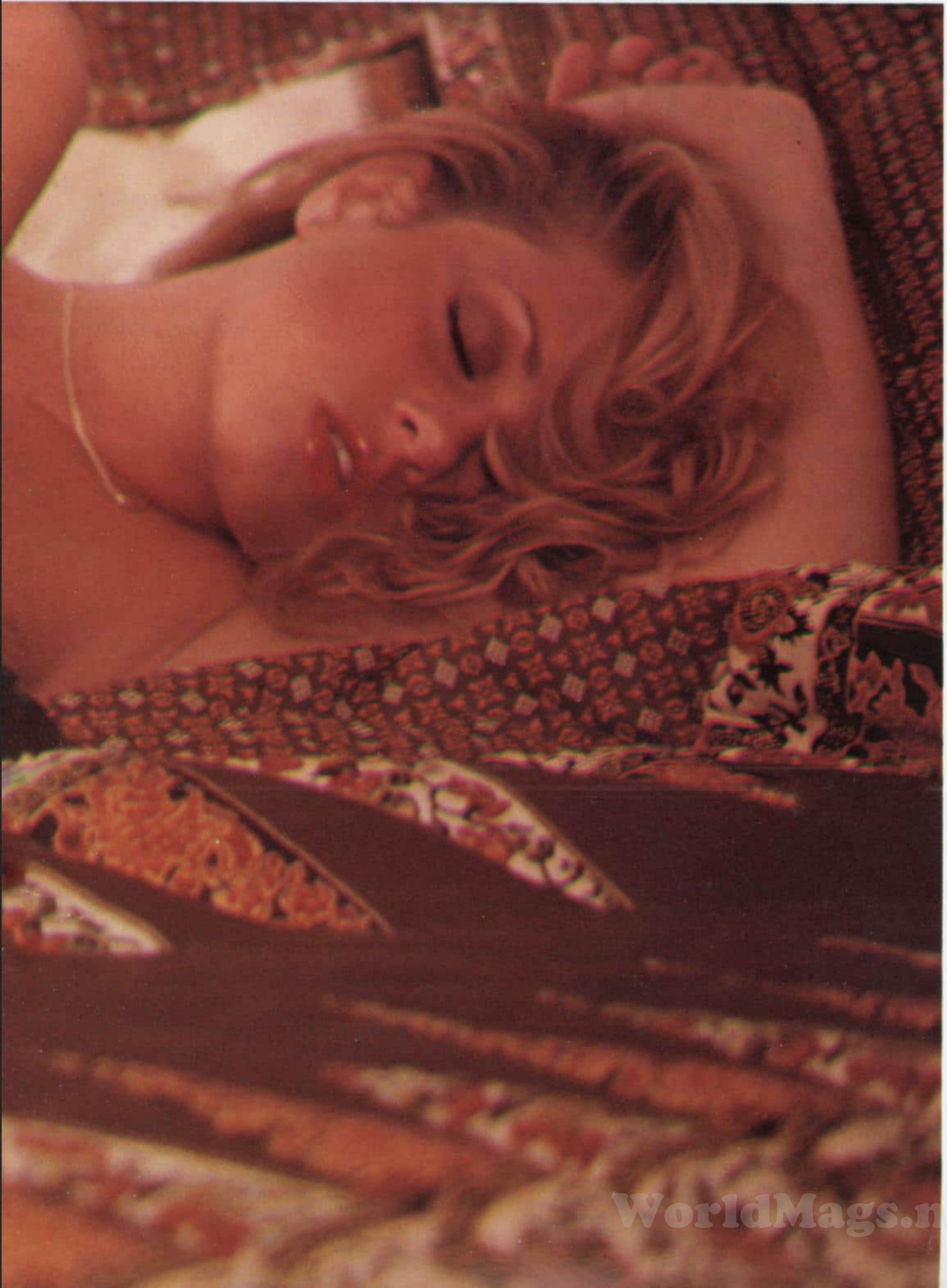

SPIES ON CAMPUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

into Russia under various tourist or academic exchange agreements. Once inside the country, they would unlimber their "tourist cameras" and take seemingly innocuous pictures—for example, a photo of a smokestack that might betray exactly what was being made inside, just from the color and composition of the smoke. Even more valuable was the intelligence gleaned from many dozens of trained eyes, detecting little clues that revealed Soviet industrial and military developments. Spotting serial numbers on planes, for example, will reveal clues to size of production runs.

Such operations could be dangerous. Prof. Frederick Barghoorn, a Yale history professor recruited by the CIA to do some spying while he was inside the Soviet Union, was arrested by the KGB for espionage in 1962. Considerable pressure was exerted by the CIA and other academics on President Kennedy to get him out; Kennedy personally assured a skeptical Khrushchev that Barghoorn did not work for the CIA, and the professor was quietly released. Actually, Kennedy well knew Barghoorn's CIA connection but could not resist an appeal from academics at the president's Harvard alma mater.

The CIA-academic link forged in the early years of the agency remains intact to this day. There are several components.

The Students: Like any other major corporation, the CIA is constantly on the lookout for new talent. It has open recruiting efforts at many campuses but prefers to rely on "scouts"—administrators and professors who have secret connections to the CIA and "steer" the agency toward likely prospects. Most often, this will be done covertly: an administrator or a professor sends a name of a likely prospect to Langley. The agency then carries out an extensive background check, its agents often posing as representatives of credit bureaus or insurance companies to gather information on the prospect.

If the agency decides that it wants to hire the prospect, it develops an approach based on what its background investigation—done without the knowledge of the prospect—has shown. "It's a real Dale Carnegie approach to recruiting," says John Stockwell, a former CIA agent now turned critic of the agency. "We were taught to find out what kind of person we were dealing with—what made him tick? If he liked money, then we'd take him out to dinner, pay him well. If he was religious, the case officer would clean up his language and talk philosophy."

Years ago CIA recruiters concentrated on the Ivy League schools—a drugstore near the Yale campus was a notorious meeting ground for the agency in wooing prospective Yalies—but in recent years they have tried to broaden the agency's base by recruiting at other schools, especially in the Southwest and West. (A particular favorite recruiting target now is Notre Dame University.) The CIA aims to recruit about 1,000 students a year, of which about 200 will finally be selected. Of these, about an average 178 will eventually make it through the winnowing-out process and become CIA employees.

The Professors: Professors are invaluable not only as "steerers," since they themselves are often either current or ex-CIA agents, but also for their academic expertise. In some cases the expertise is used relatively innocuously—the agency's analysis division, say, will contact a particularly renowned professor for his opinion on a contentious point.

But in many more cases it goes far beyond that. Some professors with international contacts are used to do a little spying while they are overseas; academia generally is an open society, and an astonishing amount of intelligence can be picked up. In addition, professors involved in various university institutes that deal in questions of military strategy and technology not only are acknowledged experts in the field but also come in contact with good intelligence. (Information about a Soviet nuclear disaster several years ago was uncovered by the CIA, despite a heavy security blanket thrown up by the Russians, when an academic with close ties to the agency noticed an oblique reference to it in an obscure Russian journal of physics.)

> “According to intelligence sources, at least 350 academics and administrators are covertly working for the CIA on more than 100 American campuses.”

Then there are the "special jobs." These can run the gamut from "advising" the agency in the formulation of a big covert-action or intelligence-collection project to helping the agency out of a tight spot. Such a problem arose not too long ago when the CIA wanted to get firsthand information about Brazil's nuclear-power program, widely suspected as being a cover for building weapons. The CIA wanted to infiltrate someone, preferably Brazilian, under good cover to keep watch on the program. A professor helped out, locating in this country a Brazilian student doing post-graduate work on nuclear physics. He was recruited by the professor to work as a spy for the CIA on his country's nuclear program.

Other "special jobs" include writing reports on prospective CIA agents or writing propaganda, books covertly underwritten by the CIA. The classic instance of this type of job concerned "The Penkovsky Papers," purportedly the true account of Col. Oleg Penkovsky, a Soviet missile expert who was betraying data to the CIA. After he was caught and executed, the agency secretly funded the publication of what was claimed to be Penkovsky's personal reminiscences he had been jotting down before his capture. In fact, Penkovsky never wrote any of it; the book was a concoction of the CIA—which used two renowned professors of Soviet affairs to give the book a gloss of authenticity that fooled many.

Professors also recruit other professors. Often it will consist of a quiet approach in the faculty dining room; if the target seems agreeable, he is then introduced to a CIA official, who will pick up the ball from there.

Is there any money involved? Sometimes, although it is difficult to pin down exactly how much. Many academics involved with the CIA work for the agency out of what they perceive to be patriotism, but others demand—and get—money. The money usually is paid in the form of special "study contracts" awarded through CIA-connected foundations or study groups. Graduate students, especially, are susceptible to money blandishments. Research is their lifeblood, and a $15,000 research contract has been known to persuade a number of graduate students to do what the agency people like to refer to as "helping us out a little bit."

The Administrators: The CIA-academic link could not survive a moment, were it not for at least the tacit approval of some university and college administrators. In the case of the Brown University president mentioned earlier, it may be the head of the university himself; more often, there are strategically placed administrators—deans of graduate schools, admissions and placement officers, or other key administrators—who keep the ball rolling.

Take the case of a Brooklyn College professor named Michael Selzer. Three years ago, Selzer, an academic expert on international terrorism, made the mistake of contacting the CIA to see whether it had any information he needed for a research project. The agency immediately turned him around by saying that they might be able to help him out—provided that Selzer "keep his eyes and ears open" during an upcoming research trip to Europe. Selzer did and, on his return, gave the agency a few items that he had picked up.

There the matter might have ended except that a colleague publicly complained that Brooklyn College was being infiltrated by the CIA. At a faculty meeting Selzer admitted his work for the agency and then dropped a bombshell: he had done it, he said, because six other professors he knew had done the same thing, all with the encouragement of the chancellor of the City University of New York himself. (The chancellor denied having done any such thing, and Selzer was stripped of his tenure.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

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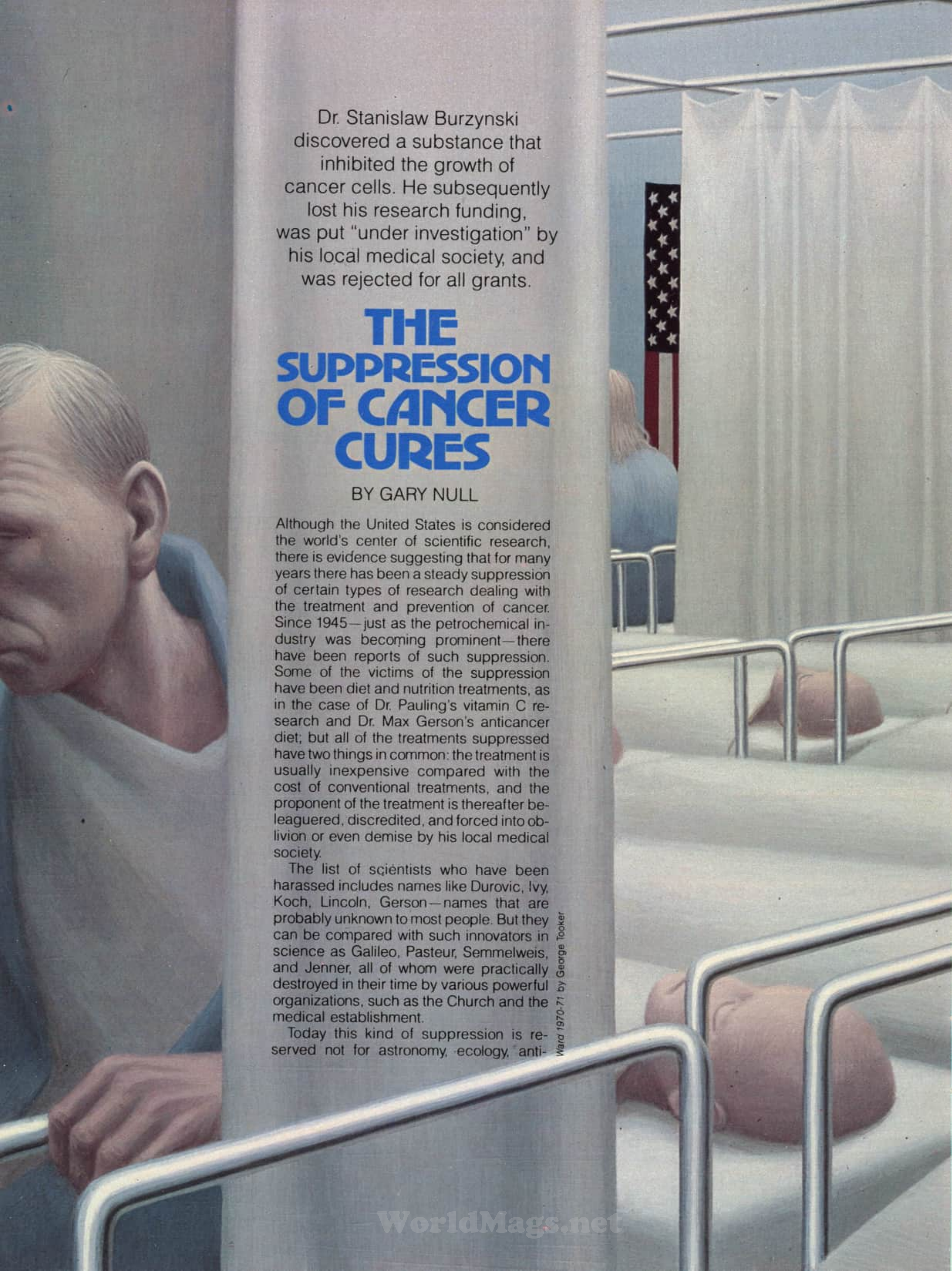


Ward 1970-71 by George Tooker

Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski discovered a substance that inhibited the growth of cancer cells. He subsequently lost his research funding, was put "under investigation" by his local medical society, and was rejected for all grants.

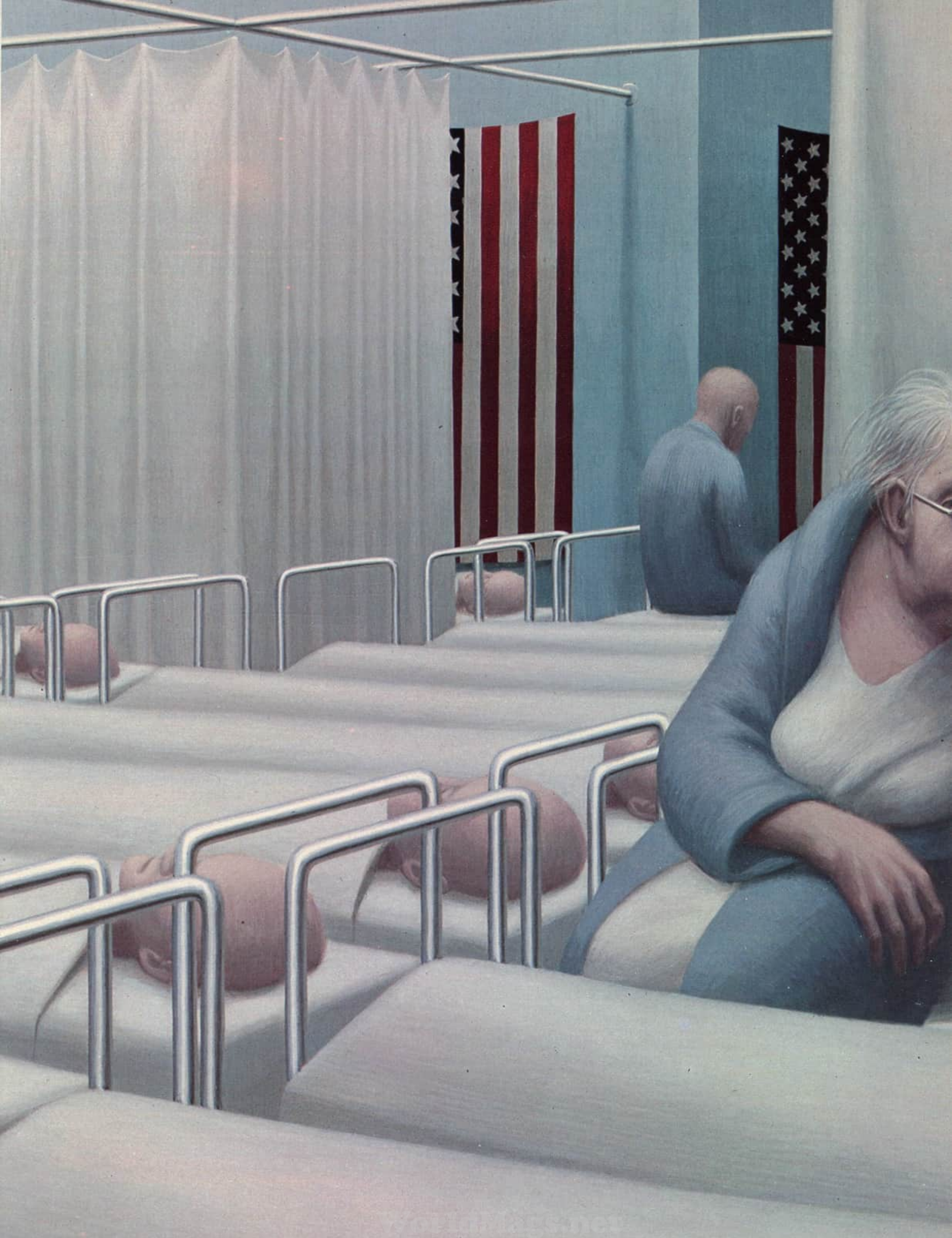
THE SUPPRESSION OF CANCER CURES

BY GARY NULL

Although the United States is considered the world's center of scientific research, there is evidence suggesting that for many years there has been a steady suppression of certain types of research dealing with the treatment and prevention of cancer. Since 1945—just as the petrochemical industry was becoming prominent—there have been reports of such suppression. Some of the victims of the suppression have been diet and nutrition treatments, as in the case of Dr. Pauling's vitamin C research and Dr. Max Gerson's anticancer diet; but all of the treatments suppressed have two things in common: the treatment is usually inexpensive compared with the cost of conventional treatments, and the proponent of the treatment is thereafter beleaguered, discredited, and forced into oblivion or even demise by his local medical society.

The list of scientists who have been harassed includes names like Durovic, Ivy, Koch, Lincoln, Gerson—names that are probably unknown to most people. But they can be compared with such innovators in science as Galileo, Pasteur, Semmelweis, and Jenner, all of whom were practically destroyed in their time by various powerful organizations, such as the Church and the medical establishment.

Today this kind of suppression is reserved not for astronomy, ecology, anti-



sepsis, or vaccinations, but for the most steadily increasing and least understood disease of our time—cancer. The suppression of valuable treatments is the cancer blackout.

We can see how the cancer blackout works by looking at the case of a young Polish doctor named Stanislaw Burzynski. In the past few years, this doctor has published ten papers on the positive results of a substance called antineoplaston on certain types of tumors.

One of the youngest men in his native country to hold an M.D. and a Ph.D. degree, Dr. Burzynski found life under communism difficult and decided to come to the United States to seek more freedom for his scientific research. After five unsuccessful attempts to leave Poland, Dr. Burzynski finally persuaded the government to let him go. He arrived in the United States about ten years ago. At this time he developed the theories he had been working on for several years and quickly gained recognition.

In an exclusive interview given this last year, Dr. Burzynski described how he discovered his ideas for cancer treatment. "We simply asked different questions. Instead of asking why the patient has cancer, we asked why certain people *do not* have cancer. We came to the conclusion that it must be a natural defense against cancer in their bodies. We thought that there might be a system other than the immune system—a system that would simply correct cancer cells. This is a better system, from a scientific point of view, because it's not aimed at destruction, but is aimed instead at *correction* of cancer cells."

Documented cases of spontaneous remission and prolonged cancer arrest in humans led Dr. Burzynski to consider how the body might fight cancer on its own. The body must have some way, he thought, to correct errors that occur in cellular differentiation and to redirect potential cancer cells into normal paths. The theory is, of course, that cancer cells have lost the "information" needed to develop into differentiated body-organ cells. Burzynski's antineoplaston allegedly supplies that "information" in the form of a protein peptide—one of the best biological information carriers—that would reprogram cancer cells into normal growth.

Although antineoplastons are found in all normal body tissues and fluids, they are most easily extracted from urine. They appear to "normalize" cancer cells without inhibiting the growth of normal cells. Actually, urine therapy has been used as a folk remedy for cancer and other ailments for over 2,000 years. Even within the past 30 years, at least 45,000 injections of urine or urine extract were given in the United States and throughout Europe without any toxic side effects. Now Dr. Burzynski has isolated more specific antitumor agents. Working with 105 gallons of normal human urine, Burzynski's group at his Houston clinic isolated four different antineoplaston peptides that restrained up to 99 percent of the growth of three different types of cancer cells—leaving no inhibitory effect on the surrounding normal tissues. Contrast this with the effects of radiation or chemotherapy on surrounding normal tissues.

"In our search for antineoplastons," says Dr. Burzynski, "we were able to find peptides in normal human urine, blood, and corresponding tissues that were active against every type of human neoplasm [tumor] we tested, including myeloblastic leukemia, osteosarcoma, fibrosarcoma, chondrosarcoma, cancer of the uterine cervix, colon cancer, breast cancer, and lymphoma."

It became clear that in tissue culture and animal studies, Dr. Burzynski's antineoplastons worked specifically against certain types of cancer, seeming to program the undifferentiated neoplastic cells back into their specific "duties." And all this with no toxic side effects.

Dr. Burzynski presented his startling results to the annual meeting of the Federation of the American Societies for Experimental Biology. When he met with enthusiastic responses, he knew then that it was time to begin human research.

> ‘The better his results, the less encouragement he received from his superiors.’

However, soon after this Dr. Burzynski's funding was decreased; then it was discontinued. His work was channeled into other areas of research, and his superiors discouraged his pursuit of cancer therapy. He couldn't know at this time that this was only the beginning of his long battle with the medical establishment. Determined to continue, Dr. Burzynski struck out on his own and leased a 2,500-square-foot garage space in Houston, which he turned into an impressive private lab and office, despite warnings that the medical establishment would challenge his activities.

Working for the past two years in the relative freedom of his own lab, Dr. Burzynski has amassed some impressive results. For example, there was the case of a 63-year-old white male with lung cancer that had spread to the brain. Before coming to Dr. Burzynski, the patient had received chemotherapy and cobalt treatment, whereby a part of the brain tumor had been reduced. However, a new tumor had sprung up in another part of his brain, and doctors had decided that nothing more could be done. Undaunted, the patient's family searched out Dr. Burzynski, who examined the patient and cautiously agreed to help.

After just two weeks of the antineoplaston treatment, in which the patient was given the substance intravenously, the tumor on the left lung decreased substantially. After six weeks it disappeared entirely. After a month both brain metastases decreased in size and, in six weeks, also disappeared. Amazingly, the only side effects of this highly effective treatment were chills and fever. These were attributed to the release of toxic products into the bloodstream after the breakdown of cancer cells. Contrast this with the deleterious effects of conventional therapy, which in this patient's case had increased the metastasis. In most cases it has the effect of assaulting the natural defense mechanisms of the body.

Thus far, Dr. Burzynski has treated 41 patients with his antineoplaston therapy, with excellent results. A positive response to the treatment and definite clinical improvement were found in 86 percent of the cases with advanced cancer and leukemia. There was total remission—complete disappearance of all demonstrable disease—in 19 percent of the cases, including advanced cases of acute lymphoblastic leukemia, cancer of the bladder, and cancer of the mouth and tongue, all of which are highly resistant to conventional methods of treatment. Recently, Dr. Burzynski's treatment has shown very good results with malignant brain tumors.

He has obtained partial remission—defined as 50 percent or greater reduction of the tumor—in colon cancer with liver metastases, synovial sarcoma, lung cancer with metastases to the brain, breast cancer with metastases, bladder cancer with metastases, cancer of the prostate, and two cases of chronic lymphocytic leukemia.

The treatment usually lasts for six weeks, starting with small doses of antineoplastons and working up to more effective amounts. These are usually given intravenously or by intramuscular injection. For the first few days, patients are treated at Twelve Oaks Hospital in Houston to determine whether there are any side effects. Then they return home, and for the following weeks Dr. Burzynski sees them once or twice a week in his office. While a patient is under treatment, Dr. Burzynski conducts careful evaluation, including a complete blood count, differential and platelet counts twice a week, a weekly urinalysis, tumor measurements every two weeks, and appropriate radiologic studies every two months.

Although it is still too early to evaluate this treatment, many researchers feel that it needs more testing than the 40-odd cases that Dr. Burzynski has been able to treat in his small clinic. The apparent nontoxicity, the specificity of the substance for certain tumors, and the speed of its effect indicate

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a new and valuable treatment, free from side effects. Physicians throughout the country who have referred their "hopeless" patients to Dr. Burzynski's clinic were so impressed with the results that they've sent recommendations to Burzynski for further clinical studies on a larger scale.

Isolating antineoplastons from healthy human urine is an expensive process, requiring the separation of a specific substance from thousands of other chemicals found in the urine. Dr. Burzynski currently charges patients only for materials; the rest comes out of his own pocket. Yet the cost of medication for the treatment of one cancer patient is in the range of $4,000 per month. In order to reduce costs, Dr. Burzynski is working on the isolation of large amounts of antineoplastons and trying to determine the chemical structure so that he may synthesize them cheaply. He expects to be able to synthesize antineoplastons within the year.

Dr. Burzynski's research findings have already been confirmed in tissue cultures and in animals in tests on leukemia and HeLa cells by the Department of Experimental Therapeutics at M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, by the Department of Biochemistry at New York Medical College in tests of hepatoma, by the Rega Institute in Belgium in tests of fibrosarcoma, and by the Department of Pediatrics at Baylor College of Medicine in tests of breast cancer. Now many feel that it is high time to begin human research on a large scale.

Yet at this time Dr. Burzynski is "under investigation" by his local county medical society, which has told him to limit his lecturing in universities and to avoid all publicity about his discoveries; he has also been refused a grant from the American Cancer Society, and the National Cancer Institute (which once funded his research on chemical identification and tissue cultures) has no immediately available funds for him. Also, he has had abstracts for publication rejected by cancer-research conventions, notably in May 1978, at the American Association of Cancer Research, the largest meeting of cancer researchers in this country.

Why has Dr. Burzynski received such treatment? Why has the medical society in Houston put him under investigation?

None of this, of course, is public knowledge. However, it seems that even the executive director at the medical society—a Mr. Hickock—is "not privy" to this knowledge. "Well," he said in a recent interview, "strange as it may seem, the Board of Ethics, which is our highest ethical body, is a closed panel within the medical society. The president is not privy to it; I'm not privy to it. We have one staff person who staffs it, and I never discuss it with them."

The secrecy surrounding Dr. Burzynski's case has tended to bog down the publicity he needs in order to encourage further research work with his treatment. This was evident when, in September 1978, Dr. Burzynski was invited to speak on my radio show on natural living. He appeared to be hesitant to talk about his research and, when pressed for details, said that the Board of Ethics of the Harris County Medical Society had asked him not to give interviews to the press because he was being "investigated." However, if reporters from our show could secure the approval of the Harris County Medical Society, Dr. Burzynski would be willing to discuss his work.

When contacted, the Society said only that Dr. Burzynski was "under investigation" and intimated that it would not be wise to have anything to do with him. When the reporter still expressed interest in knowing when Dr. Burzynski could be interviewed, the Harris County Medical Society said they would "let them know." When called recently, the county medical society refused to give information as to whether or not he is being investigated at all.

But the "investigation" indeed plodded on, and the only difference this year was that Dr. Burzynski was unafraid to speak. In a recent interview he explained the nature of the Harris County Medical Society investigation.

> In most cases conventional therapy has the effect of assaulting the natural defense mechanisms of the body.

"I was afraid to speak before because I would prefer to be a member of the Harris County Medical Society—if you are not, you may have some problems. But now this investigation has been going on for two years. And I really feel that this is an unjust situation. In the beginning they informed me that they would like to investigate me because various people were asking them what I was doing."

Dr. Burzynski described how he had cooperated by sending the Society documentation of the safety and efficacy of his experiments in human research. This documentation not only summarized his research and listed his publications in scientific journals but also included extensive research done by other groups in support of his findings.

But when the county medical society was contacted, this reporter was informed that it did not conduct investigations for informational purposes. Said Mr. Hickock: "We don't investigate clinics; we're a professional association of physicians. We're not authorized to conduct investigations. We don't pursue informational aspects of new treatments. That gets out through time-honored procedures: papers, scientific presentations, research, postgraduate seminars—easy information to come by. The protocol on these is time-honored."

Yet, if the Harris County Medical Society puts so much stock in these "time-honored" procedures, why was it limiting Dr. Burzynski's participation in the Society, and why was it ignoring his work? Indeed, if the Society does not investigate for "informational purposes," as it had told Dr. Burzynski, then what *is* it doing?

Mr. Hickock said that there were certain circumstances when the county medical society would conduct an investigation "as it applies to membership and living up to the bylaws of the Harris County Medical Society." And then he informed this reporter that the protocol was very strict in these matters—it all had to be in writing. "First, the physician is informed that there has been a complaint lodged against him. They call the physician in, or they ask him to respond to it. If they're not satisfied with the response, they talk to him, and they talk to the complainant. They meet with the committee—and in 99 percent of the cases there is a reasonable settlement. It's just that simple." Mr. Hickock also told me that to his knowledge no physician would be investigated without being told the nature of the grievance as well as the identity of the complainant. "If somebody accuses you of something, you'd like to know who the accuser is and what the charge is; that's only fair."

When asked whether he had ever been informed of a complaint or grievance against him, Dr. Burzynski said, "No, they just mentioned that various people were asking what we were doing, and they needed to know in order to give the information to them." When Dr. Burzynski was asked whether he had ever received any complaints from the patients he had treated or their doctors, he said that he had not. "In fact," he said, "it's quite the reverse. We have letters in which patients thank us for taking excellent care of them and helping them. And we have very nice letters from the families of patients who died, saying they thought we did whatever we could. We have letters from doctors, thanking us for taking care of their patients and telling us they thought we got very good results. So nobody complained. And I don't know why the Harris County Medical Society is taking up so much time and effort with me."

Why didn't the Society follow strict protocol in its investigation of Dr. Burzynski? When asked this question, Mr. Hickock replied, "Well, I guess a person can say anything he wants to say."

Yet where are the letters of complaint against Dr. Burzynski? Where are the grievances? Perhaps we should take a look at some strangely similar cases that have "graced" the records of medical societies for the past few decades.

There's the case of Dr. Andrew Ivy, one of America's greatest scientists, who was suspended in 1953 from the Chicago Medical Society as well as from the AMA and the prestigious University of Illinois Medical School, which he had headed for many years. The suspension was for his association with the controversial immunotherapeutic anticancer drug Krebiozen. And all this after an "exhaustive investigation" conducted by his medical society, with which he willingly cooperated. Even after he had provided it with incontrovertible proof of his experiments, Dr. Ivy was found to be "unethical" by his medical society. He was never reinstated, nor was Krebiozen ever thoroughly tested. Later it was found out that certain members of the AMA had tried to acquire distribution rights to this new medicine, Krebiozen, or to "wreck all those who were connected to it," thereby forcing its inventors to beg for terms.

Then there's the case of Dr. Max Gerson, who published scientific papers throughout Europe and the United States on a special anticancer diet. He was attacked repeatedly, most violently by his own colleagues. His New Jersey clinic fought to survive for many years. In 1946 the U.S. Senate invited Dr. Gerson to hearings on a bill that would authorize funds for the prevention and cure of cancer. After appearing with five cancer-free patients and presenting their case histories to the Senate, a favorable congressional committee report was issued. However, Document 89471, which acknowledges Dr. Gerson's treatment, now gathers dust in the archives of the government printing office. One reporter was informed that "there are no copies left." By 1956, just ten years after the congressional hearings, Dr. Gerson was expelled from his medical society; then, after "exhaustive investigation," he was not allowed to practice medicine in any New York hospital.

Another fighter was Dr. Robert E. Lincoln, who was hounded to his death by a merciless display of political power. Although Dr. Lincoln had discovered that certain staphylococci bacteria were a cause of many perplexing disease symptoms, including those of cancer, he was expelled from the Medford, Mass., Medical Society. If it had not been for the successful treatment of a U.S. senator's son, perhaps we would never have heard of Dr. Lincoln today. The senator intervened, and Dr. Lincoln was reviewed again by his medical society. In eight months all evidence of Lincoln's treatment as being beneficial had been rejected. Two years later Lincoln died after being finally expelled from his society.

These are four examples of vastly different, innovative cancer treatments: Ivy's immunotherapeutic Krebiozen, Gerson's nutritional treatment, Lincoln's bacteriophages, and, finally, Burzynski's antineoplastons. All these scientists seem to be the victims of a medical establishment resistant to change. There is one difference with the Burzynski case—this could be the first time the local medical society has been caught in the act. Ironically, this familiar sequence of events is taking place in one of the nation's largest cancer-research communities.

"Yes, it's upsetting because we get great cooperation from international researchers," says Dr. Burzynski. "We have very good relations with Japanese doctors who'd like to try the medicine; also, the Hungarian National Institute of Cancer would like to try it. They'd like to try it in Poland and even in the Soviet Union. We get letters from the Chinese. Unfortunately, here in Houston we are getting most of the problems."

Why should a medication developed here be tested in Japan, Switzerland, or anywhere else? Why not here? Dr. Burzynski explained that this had happened before, as in the case of the smallpox vaccine; it was invented by Jenner in Great Britain and tested in other countries. The British people were the last to receive it.

Says Dr. Burzynski of this problem: "I think this should change because the American people are having great casualties from cancer every year, and I think they're entitled to something new. I'm willing to submit what we have to any tumor institute in this country in order to conduct very detailed and well-controlled studies."

> “A positive response to the treatment and definite clinical improvement were found in 86 percent of the cases with advanced cancer and leukemia.”

But this has not yet been possible for Dr. Burzynski's treatment. If anything, he has been rejected, even after he had initially received letters expressing interest. Dr. Burzynski cited the local M. D. Anderson Institute, which, he said,"was the most interested" in his research. Dr. Burzynski said he knew that a number of professors there were very interested in his work and would be willing to try it out. However, the person responsible for experimental therapy would not allow it. Dr. Burzynski refused to give his name.

When asked whether he got requests from any of the major cancer institutes like Sloan-Kettering, the National Institute of Health, or the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, Dr. Burzynski said that he hadn't. "As a matter of fact," he said, "when I submitted an abstract for presentation at last year's meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research, a Dr. Mihich from Roswell Park Memorial Institute—chairman of the program committee—rejected it. When I asked why, Dr. Mihich told me that he was not a specialist in the field and couldn't evaluate why my paper had been rejected by the committee." When Dr. Burzynski asked to be in touch with members of the panel who were specialists, he heard nothing from Dr. Mihich. When Dr. Mihich was contacted at Roswell Park Memorial Institute, he said that he could not remember the case; he also said that it was very rare for an abstract to be rejected from publication—"perhaps five or six out of a thousand applicants." Later, Dr. Mihich's secretary uncovered a file of letters that Dr. Burzynski had sent to Dr. Mihich. Apparently, this file had been sent to Dr. Frederick Phillips at Sloan-Kettering, the secretary of the American Association of Cancer Research, because Dr. Mihich had felt that "an official letter from Dr. Phillips might be useful."

When contacted about this matter, Dr. Phillips said that he would "rather not answer anything in haste," and that he would call me back. Upon doing so, he told me that "the program committee, working under some constraint of time, is not constrained to explain its actions. If it were, I think the whole system of arranging for an annual meeting would break down." Dr. Phillips then quoted from a letter he wrote to Dr. Burzynski, "explaining" his rejection: "'Most members of the association have confidence in the judgment of the program committee. Most members are also likely to support the notion that such committees cannot be asked to provide written reviews of each of those actions which result in disappointment each year to a minority of members whose abstracts are not accepted. I trust you can agree with this point of view. Many of us had at one time or another the kind of disappointment that you describe in your correspondence. About all that we can do is to try again next year when there'll be a new program committee which may view our work in a different light. With best wishes, most sincerely, F. R. Phillips.' And I'm afraid I can't say much more than that at this time."

Perhaps we should now ask what has happened to the idea of the open forum for the reporting and presentation of new scientific ideas. If there were some problem with Dr. Burzynski's scientific protocol, if he had not published papers on his subject, if he had not gained solid, positive proof of the value of his treatment, then perhaps we could understand his rejection. But there is nothing to suggest that his scientific method is lacking; indeed, there seems to be little reason for his rejection. But as Dr. Phillips said at the end of our conversation, "That's the way the review system works in this country. It is our policy that the program committee is not obliged to explain to anyone the basis of what its decisions are." Again, we see how secrecy surrounds an important, scientific decision-making panel, secrecy that cannot help deterring open discussion on unproven treatments, whether it is Dr. Burzynski's work or any other unusual research.

It seems clear that Dr. Burzynski's suppression has reached a national level; indeed, the National Cancer Institute, empowered by the U.S. Congress to give more than $800 million a year for research of promising cancer treatments, has also not been a recent source of support for Dr. Burzynski. Although he had once been funded by the NCI, the funds were cut off and Dr. Burzynski has ceased requesting NCI support because NCI cannot make funds immediately available.

"Altogether, we applied to NCI four or five times. At the beginning we were very successful. As a matter of fact, NCI funded the basic research on these compounds. We received two grants and one supplemental, but after that they told us that the project looked interesting, but that they didn't have sufficient funds for us."

Dr. Burzynski also told us that his research proposal had been rejected by the American Cancer Society.

In these matters the situation is also strangely familiar. Two-time Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling has been rejected five times by the NCI for his work in vitamin C and cancer. Dr. Pauling also had published positive results to corroborate his theories, and it's interesting to note that previous to his association with vitamin C, he had no trouble at all getting funds.

Dr. Burzynski described the last time—two months ago—that members of the Harris County Medical Society visited his clinic to continue their "investigation."

"The Harris County Medical Society sent three practicing oncologists to my lab. From the beginning they were very hostile. The lab didn't make too much of an impression on them, even though we are using some of the most sophisticated equipment you can get in this area. Some of these doctors didn't care to look at our specimens of tissue cultures under the microscope. I showed them, for instance, a case of colon cancer which had metastasized to the liver; on the scan there were huge tumors which were very visible—even a layman could see that the liver was completely taken by the tumor. What the doctors from the Society said was 'It doesn't look like a liver.' I told them politely that maybe it doesn't look like a liver because of the tumor. We went on to the scan that had been taken after two months of treatment, which shows the tumor greatly reduced. Then the doctors said, 'Who cares about scans? You can't base your opinions on scans; they don't have much value. You can't even be sure that this was a liver at the beginning.'"

Dr. Burzynski went on to explain how this particular case was already published in one of his scientific papers and how everyone had been very excited because it showed an almost perfect reduction of the tumor. "But for them," he said of the medical society team, "it was nothing."

The same brutal rejection of facts held true when Dr. Burzynski showed the visiting oncologists his other cases, some of which included cancers like tongue cancer that are very resistant to conventional methods of treatment. One such case had been examined and followed up at the same time by one of Houston's leading head and neck surgeons, who wrote that Dr. Burzynski had achieved "a completely phenomenal response." But when Dr. Burzynski showed the visiting oncologists this report, they said, "it doesn't mean anything."

Still, Dr. Burzynski has complied with the county medical society and has kept a low profile. But, apparently, it was not low enough, because Dr. Burzynski has had to attend special meetings of the Board of Ethics for months. "I was never brought to court," he said. "At these meetings they would ask me questions like, 'Are you still pursuing your endeavors, Dr. Burzynski?' and when I answered that I was, they would say, 'You have to come to visit us, because if you don't, you'll go to the court of the Harris County Medical Society.' I was having a very hard time with them."

But the Harris County Medical Society is not content with Dr. Burzynski's attendance at these meetings; now it is openly accusing him. In a confidential letter dated September 1,1978, which was made accessible to this reporter, the Harris County Medical Society Board of Ethics found "after exhaustive review" that Dr. Burzynski's methods of research were "unethical for the following reasons: this is an investigative form of therapy which is being financed at least in part by the patients involved, which patients are emotionally distraught and unrealistic because of the delicate situation in which they found themselves."

> Physicians who have referred "hopeless" patients to Dr. Burzynski's clinic were so impressed with the results that they've sent recommendations to Burzynski for further studies on a larger scale.

When questioned about his financial situation, Dr. Burzynski told me that "only about 9 percent of the patients paid the whole amount for the treatment. Actually, our policy was not to charge people at all—over 25 percent of our patients receive the treatment completely free, and for the other 60 percent or so, it is paid for by insurance." Dr. Burzynski said he himself survives on loans because he gets no support from the NCI or the ACS or any of the normal cancer research funds.

The accusatory letter from the Society also states that "the Board could find no evidence of peer review or outside consultation either in the choice and evaluation of the patients for this therapy, or in follow-up evaluations as a result of the treatment."

Dr. Burzynski said this was completely untrue. "There were at least fourteen doctors, specialists, who were following patients with me. All the patients were referred by their doctors, who thought that these people would die very soon because there was no hope for them. Conventional therapy failed them; so they finally asked me to try to do something for them.

"I was constantly referring back to the doctors who had treated them previously so that we could evaluate their response together. I have letters from these doctors, and I have their evaluations. In addition, every patient was followed up by at least two doctors. So this is simply not true."

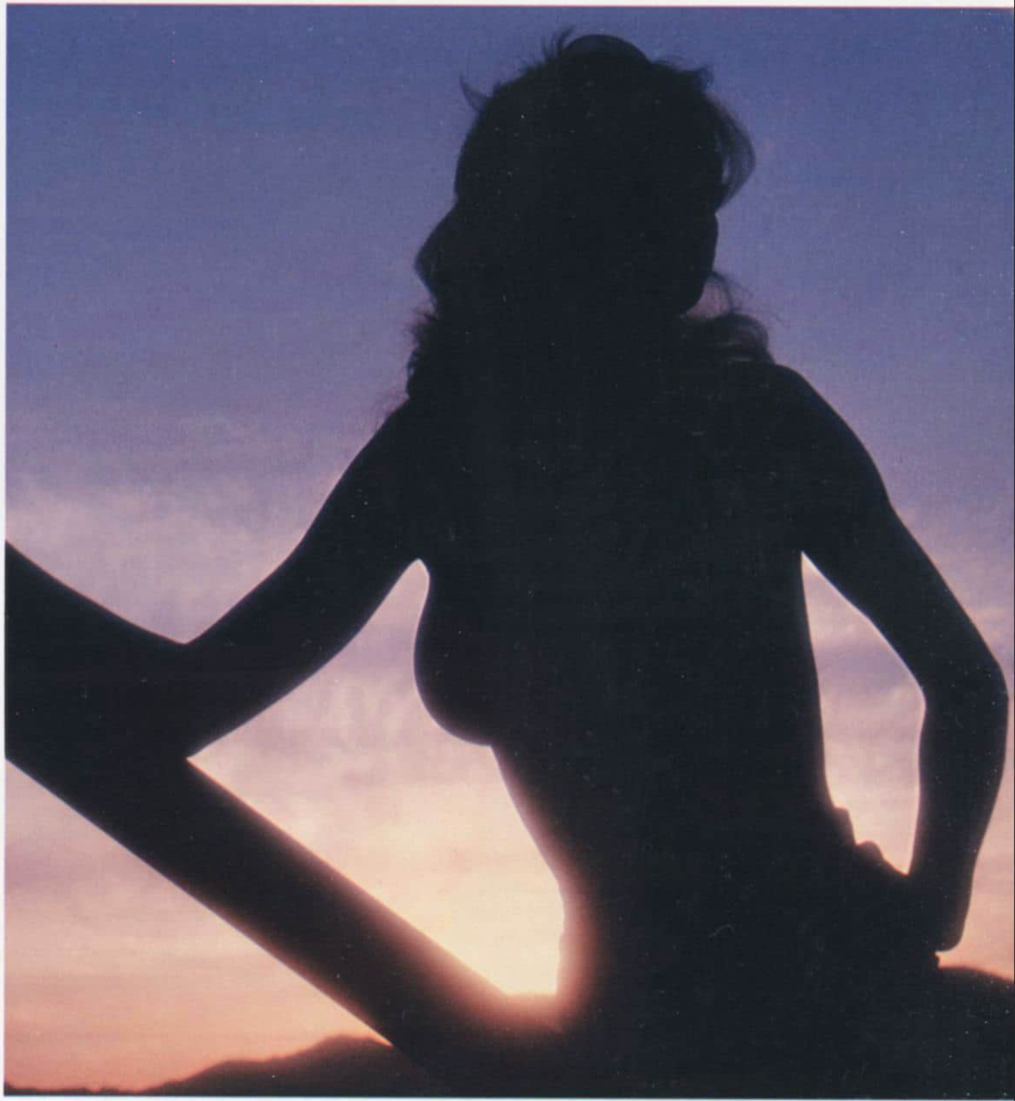
What other allegations have been directed against Dr. Burzynski? The board states that he was "treating patients with an investigational or experimental drug, who might well benefit from accepted and proven methods of cancer therapy." But as we have already seen, Dr. Burzynski only accepted patients who were referred by their doctors, who had felt that conventional therapy had indeed failed. And in many cases—86 percent, in fact—the patients had responded positively. Nineteen percent of the patients have complete remission to date.

It appears that the Harris County Medical Society Board of Ethics disregarded the facts in the case of Dr. Burzynski. They have suppressed his right to lecture in the university and to give public interviews, and, most shockingly, they have violated their own strictly enforced protocol for investigation by not informing Dr. Burzynski two years ago of the reasons for their intense interest in his work.

In the case of Dr. Burzynski, it seems clear that his positive results deserve to be scientifically tested on a larger scale. So far, he has made no radical claims, he has followed strict scientific protocol, and he has published papers in respected journals. If his approach had been different, perhaps he would indeed be suspect. On the contrary, it is the actions of the Harris County Medical Society, the NCI, and the American Association of Cancer Research that deserve the investigation of a concerned public. This may be the first time the secret workings of the medical establishment have been exposed before a good scientist and his work have been destroyed. We owe Dr. Burzynski our watchful interest and support as he continues his long battle with the overwhelming political forces in Houston and at the national level.

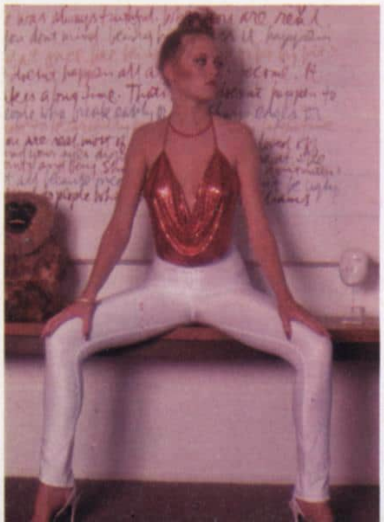
Dr. Burzynski has decided to fight. "I'm going to fight no matter what they do," he said, "because I believe I'm doing the right thing. I believe that this is our obligation to the people. If you find something that's valuable, you must continue, and I believe that we've found something that may be able to save lives."

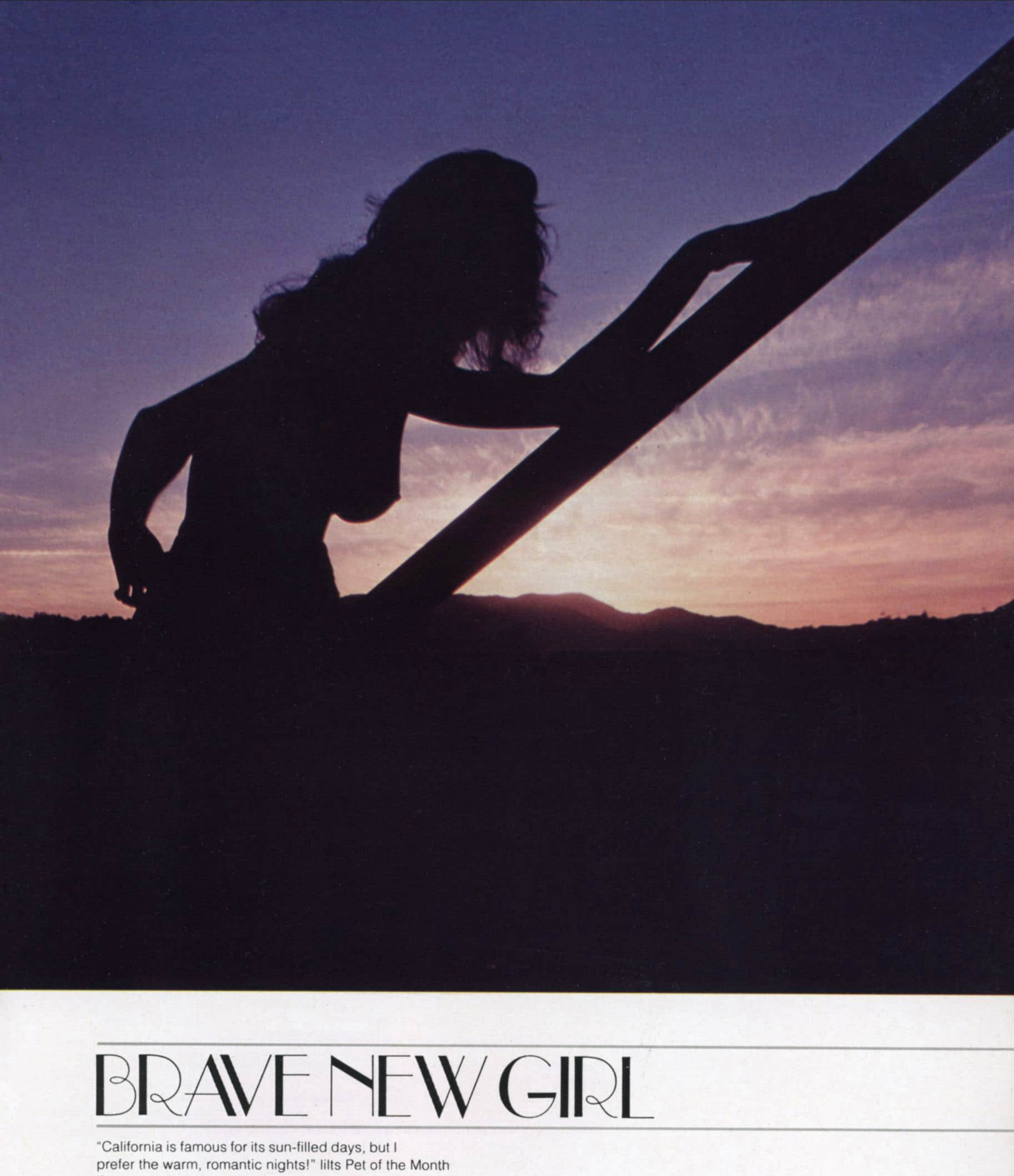
(This is the second article in a series.)



TAMMY

‘If a man gives me enough time, I'll show him that the best things in life . . . are me!’



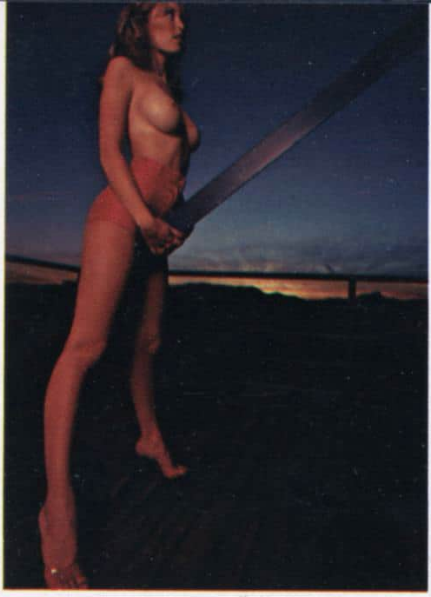


BRAVE NEW GIRL

"California is famous for its sun-filled days, but I prefer the warm, romantic nights!" lilts Pet of the Month Tammy Hill. "I'd rather wait until dark and have the stage set for seduction, with low, low lights, sexy music, and a bottle of bubbly on ice —even if I'm the one doing the seducing! I hate to be rushed. If a man gives me enough time, I'll show him that the best things in life . . . are me!"

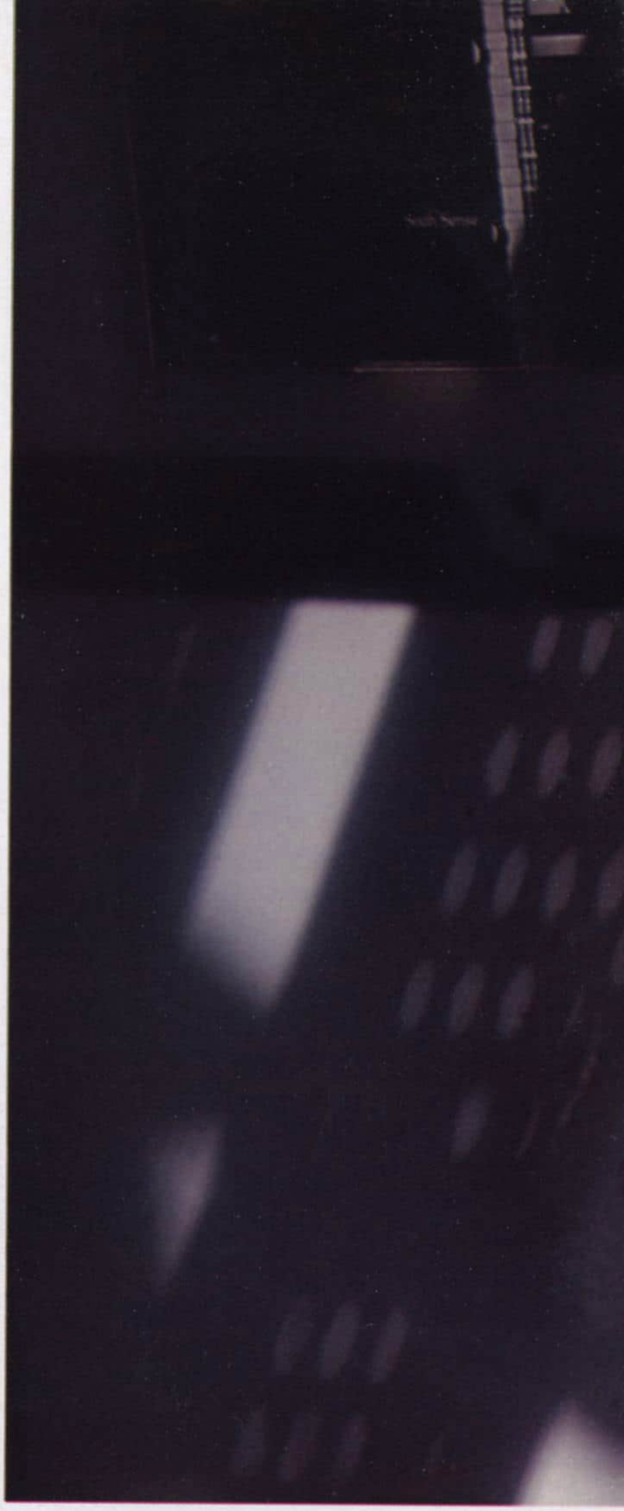
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

“I believe sex should be fun. I’m a sexual adventuress. Monogamy cramps my style.”



Wardrobe courtesy of The Pleasure Dome, Los Angeles, Calif.

"I love to write poetry, draw, and sing ... but my favorite is the art of love!" Twenty-year-old Tammy's golden tresses, sultry looks, and statuesque 37-24-36-inch figure make her a living work of art destined to be admired by connoisseurs of beautiful women the world over. "An artist once told me that he could either paint or make love to turn himself on, but I find that a good lover can always get my juices and my energy flowing—both creatively and sexually."



“I’m not a true Sagittarius, because the only place I show any athletic prowess is in bed.”

It doesn't happen all at once. You become. It
takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen to
people who break easily or have sharp edges or
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Tammy's tastes in men run parallel to her tastes in art. "Even though it was an older man who was responsible for my sexual awakening, I find that I'm more attracted to younger men. I look for men who like to experiment in bed, who get off on doing something different just because it's new and exciting, and who believe —like I do—that, first and foremost, sex should be fun. With younger men who are just beginning to really get into sex, it's like discovering a whole new universe to explore—and they can't wait to plunge in!"

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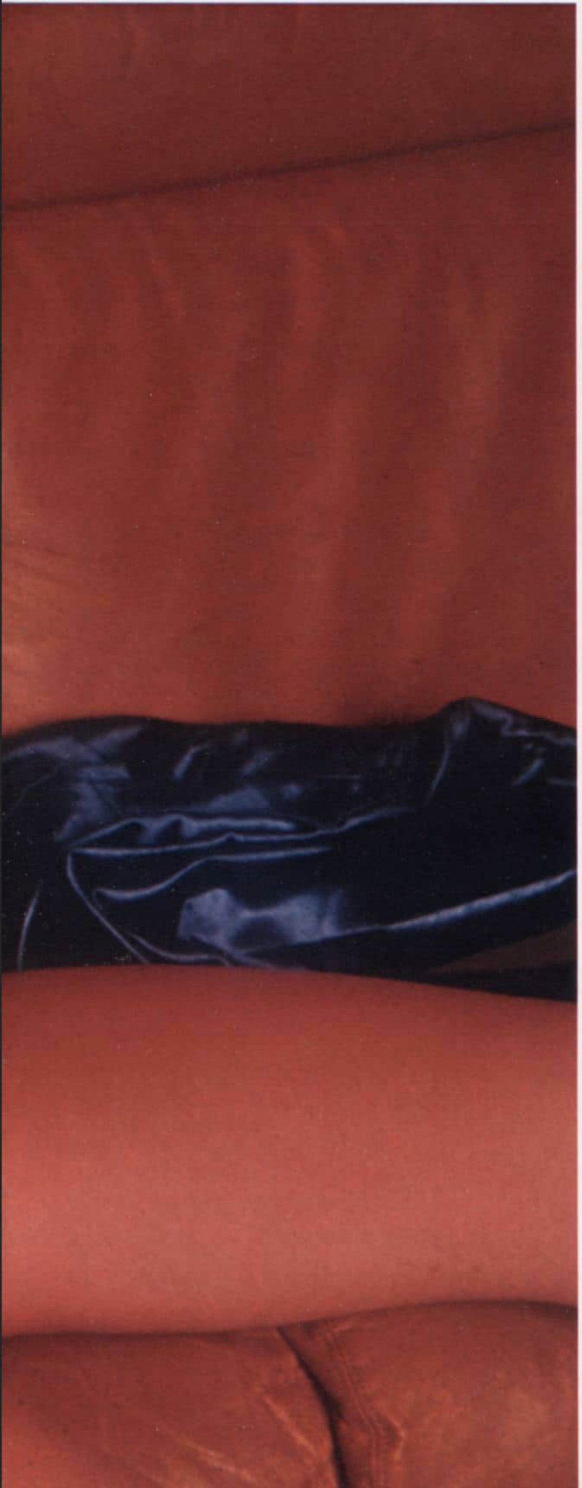
Tammy hasn't yet tied herself down to one special man. "If my soul mate is out there, then he better come and get me, 'cause I'm having too much fun to go out searching for him! Besides, if the perfect man ever *does* show up, I'll know—I'll have tried so many others." Tammy views her need for variety as a natural outgrowth of her personality: "I need many different art forms to express my creativity, and I need many different men to express my sexuality."

Tammy doesn't mind taking the initiative in her sexual encounters: "I wouldn't say that I'm aggressive, but somebody's got to make the first move. Once I was at a museum, and I noticed the guard staring at me. He was cute. So I gave him a wink and said, 'Let's do it!' We snuck off to a deserted corridor and made love on the cold marble floor. How could I have done that with a boyfriend tagging along? I'm a sexual adventuress. Monogamy cramps my style."



❛I prove to my lovers
that when they're going
to bed with me,
getting there is half the fun!❜

Tammy attributes her roving eye to her birth sign. "I'm a Sagittarius: I have to be free to explore new places, new ideas, new men. If a man is looking for a little wifey to sit by the fire and knit, he can count me out. I may not make it to thirty, but as Neil Young said, 'Better to burn out than rust!' " Sagittarians are also supposed to be good at sports, but Tammy claims, "The only place I show any athletic prowess is in bed. And sex is my favorite sport because everybody's a winner!"

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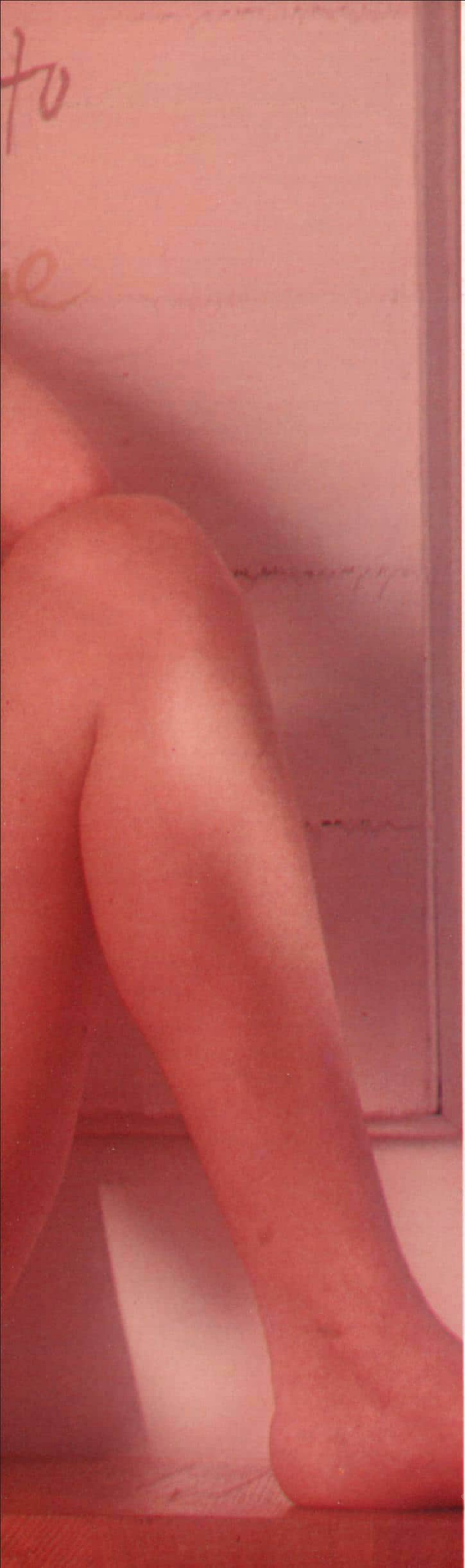

Tammy's artistic eye appreciates the splendor of California's scenery, but she disdains sex *alfresco*. "Bug bites and grass burns—who needs it? Give me the great indoors. I like to begin by seducing a man with my voice, dropping all sorts of sexual innuendos and double entendres into our conversation. Then I'll undress him with my eyes. When you finally touch for the first time, it's almost orgasmic. I definitely prove to my lovers that when they go to bed with me, getting there is half the fun!"

MISS TAMMY HILL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Menthol Fresh
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
Salem
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THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Some 988,000 Vietnam veterans are currently receiving GI Bill educational benefits.

If you're a veteran attending school under the GI Bill for the first time this year, there are some important things to remember in order to avoid hassles with school and VA authorities. Once you have selected a school offering the instruction needed for you to reach your job or educational objective, two important steps must be taken. First, file an application for benefits (VA Form 22-1990, Veterans Application for Educational Benefits) with your nearest USVAC (United States Veterans Assistance Center) or VA regional office; attach a copy of your report of separation (DD Form 214). Second, make sure that the school you plan to attend has official approval to offer courses to veterans. If you are not clear on this point, the VA will inform either you or the school regarding qualifying requirements. Consult your local telephone directory (under "U.S. Government, Veterans Administration") for the number to call to reach a VA representative. Toll-free telephone service is available in all 50 states. If you need assistance to complete the application form, or if you require further information, contact the nearest VA regional office or the "vet rep" on campus. Additional VA educational benefits for which you may apply are tutorial assistance, an educational loan, or a work-study position.

> “Veterans should be very careful to comply with all VA and school regulations. The GI Bill can be used to your advantage if you live within its bounds.”

Once you select a certified school or training establishment, have the school complete the Enrollment Certification attached to the application. The entire package should then be sent to the nearest VA regional office. You may receive an advance payment for the initial month or partial month of your training plus the following month if: (a) you enroll in a school course on at least a half-time basis; (b) your school agrees to process the advance payment; (c) you request advance payment by completing items 16B and 16C on the Enrollment Certification portion of the application (your school must complete all other items on the Enrollment Certification); and (d) your application is received by the VA at least 30 days in advance of registration. Advance payment checks are mailed to the school for delivery to you upon registration (but no earlier than 30 days before classes begin).

Because the VA must administer the GI Bill under the provisions of existing law, remember: you must complete your program within ten years of your last discharge from active duty (after January 31, 1955), but in no event later than December 31, 1989.

If you have a service-connected disability of 10 percent or more, you may be entitled to vocational rehabilitation under Chapter 31, Title 38, U.S.C.

You will generally receive one and one-half months of entitlement for each month or fraction of a month served on active duty after January 31, 1955, up to a maximum of 45 months. If you had 18 months of continuous service, you will receive the maximum of 45 months of entitlement.

The law grants you a monthly allowance to help you meet in part the cost of your subsistence, tuition fees, books, supplies, and other course requisites. The amount of educational assistance allowance will be based on your rate of training and, if you are enrolled for half-time or more, on the number of your dependents. Checks will normally be issued on the first of each month for the preceding month's training, except in the case of advance payment checks, which are issued at the time of registration. You will generally be paid through a break period of less than a calendar month between terms *unless you request otherwise*. If you wish to conserve entitlement by not receiving benefits during these intervals, you should notify the VA. Students enrolled in a course not leading to a standard college degree will have their payments reduced for any excessive absences (that is, more than 30 absences, based on an attendance of five days per week over a 12-month period).

In addition to regulations that govern approval of schools and courses of instruction and those which prescribe standards of progress and conduct, there are regulations dealing with "changes" that are extremely important to the individual veteran. Remember: you may change your program one time without counseling, provided your progress and conduct have been satisfactory. A change of program is a change in your educational, professional, or vocational objective. Additional changes may be approved *only* after VA counseling.

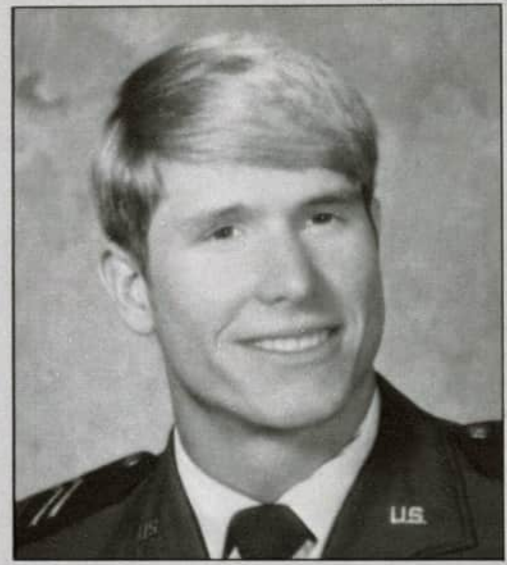
You and your school must inform the VA of any changes in your enrollment that would affect benefits. You will generally be held responsible for any overpayments resulting from changes in your enrollment.

You should promptly inform the VA of any change in your address or in the number of your dependents. Similarly, notify your school of any change in your enrollment so that it can make the required report to the VA.

Because there are problems enough in trying to get an education, veterans should be very careful to comply with all VA and school regulations. The GI Bill can be used to your advantage, but only if you make an honest effort to live within its bounds. —*William R. Corson*

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY E. M. PORRAZZO

The author, who resigned from the Air Force Academy this year after achieving the rank of cadet technical sergeant, is 22 years old and is writing a novel.

GIVE US THE MAN AND WE'LL GIVE YOU THE BOY

The United States Air Force Academy is founded on a tradition of honor: "I will not lie, cheat, or steal. . . ." Unfortunately, this code of honor applies only to cadets. The officers and administrators who run the Cadet Wing don't have to follow this policy. In fact, when the administration tries to entice prospective candidates, to recruit collegiate athletes, or even to inform the general public of what goes on at the nation's youngest service academy, telling the truth more often becomes the exception rather than the rule.

The truth of the matter is that nearly all 4,000 men and women who constitute the Cadet Wing were conned into enrolling. What these cadets were told about the academy, either by recruiters, films, or catalogues, was in many cases distorted or directly opposite to what they actually found. They expected to learn how to fly. They expected the trust and responsibility warranted young adults. They found neither. When the lies and broken promises began to pile up, cadets began to leave the academy in droves. The attrition rate in my class alone was 40 percent. It costs $100,000 of the taxpayers' money to put each cadet through the academy. Can we afford to allow the air force to continue with its present false advertising campaign?

Back in 1975 an Air Force Academy recruiter and a cadet came to my high school. Their job was to sell us on an Air Force Academy education. Twenty prospective candidates attended the special lecture. We expected to be told the truth. We didn't know that the cadet had received an extra week of leave on the condition that he go along with what the recruiter had to say. We also didn't know that the recruiter, a major, had never even seen the Air Force Academy. All he knew about the academy was what he read in the pamphlets that the academy had given him.

The snow job that the 20 of us received that sunny afternoon was not much different from other academy briefings given at 20,000 other high schools and junior colleges across the country. It went something like this.

Lorne Green in the air force film *Bring Me Men* had just finished telling us how marvelous the academy really is. The major said that he would be delighted to entertain any questions we prospective cadets might have.

"When do we learn how to fly?" someone asked from the back of the room.

"Well, assuming you obtain a congressional nomination and are accepted into the wing, you can start flying as soon as you complete the six-week basic cadet-training program. Of course, after you graduate, you can go on to advanced pilot training and learn to fly fighter jets."

None of us saw the cadet wince. He had sold his soul for a week of leave. He was beginning to regret it, but he dared not raise his voice in opposition.

"How much free time are we going to have?" someone else asked.

"Classes end at 3:30 every day. After classes and on weekends you're free to go downtown or use the facilities on

After attending the academy for three and a half years, I reread the catalogue and attended an academy promotional briefing. I think that they must be talking about a completely different school.

the 18,000-acre reservation. Of course, sometimes you might have an occasional parade or intramural game."

"The academy pays for everything?"

"Everything," the major answered without hesitation.

"What's our commitment to the air force after graduation?" I asked, knowing full well that there's no such thing as a free lunch.

"Four years without pilot training, five years with," the cadet responded. He was about to continue but stopped short. The major was glaring at him. This obviously wasn't part of the game plan. After a few more brief questions and hurried answers the major dismissed us.

I was hooked. Like so many other prospective cadets, I was told that I would learn to fly, soar, and parachute. The major had told us that we would have time to hike and backpack in Colorado's Rocky Mountains in fun-filled academy programs called BCT and SERE. Anxious to learn more, I went to the academy catalogue, as so many others do. What I read was even more enticing—and even further from the truth—than what we had been told at the lecture.

What the recruiters and catalogues say and what actually goes on at the academy are two entirely different stories. In fact, after attending the academy for three and a half years, I reread the catalogue and attended an academy promotional briefing. I think that they must be talking about a completely different school.

I came to the academy to learn how to fly. I was promised I would be taught. The catalogue told me I would be. In fact, it listed 18 different aviation classes with hands-on training. I quote from the catalogue: "The mission of the air force is to fly and, when the government so directs, to fight in defense of national interests. Since the total mission is based on flying, the aviation training you receive as a cadet is a significant part of your career preparation. Whether or not you are qualified to fly, you will receive instruction in aviation courses. You will also have the opportunity to participate on an extracurricular basis to earn Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) ratings."

The general public might be just as amazed as I was that academy cadets don't learn to fly any aircraft in the air force inventory. In fact, the academy will not even let a cadet pull the stop chocks on any flying machine—from a Curtis Jenny to a hang glider. What the academy does do is to give a senior with 20/20 vision, who has passed a flight physical, 24 hours of orientation flying in a modified Cessna 150. In addition to that "aviation training," a cadet receives a total of four "motivational" rides in a T-37 tandem Cessna jet and one 15-minute glider ride during his entire cadet career. Furthermore, I've been told that even these jet rides are going to be cancelled.

What can a cadet who wants to learn to fly do? He can wait till after graduation and go to formal pilot training, or he can go down to the local aero club and pay for the flight instruction out of his own pocket. And what about all those aviation courses listed in the catalogue? The two courses dealing with Parasail instruction no longer are offered. The parachuting program enrolls from five to ten students a year. There is only limited enrollment for the cadet soaring program. The academy courses dealing specifically with powered flight are designed for cadets who already possess a private pilot's certificate. The catalogue fails to mention that cadets must pay between $1,000 and $3,000 for these courses, even though they were told: "The academy pays for everything."

Last year, contrary to everything cadets and the public were told, the academy administration decided that cadets would be forbidden during the week to leave the 1,000-acre area of the academy university proper. Cadets could no longer use the facilities on the remaining 17,000 acres that comprise the academy reservation—the BX, the commissary, the riding stables, the lake, and the air field—nor could they go downtown.

Privileges usually start around noon on Saturday or at 6:00 P.M. on football weekends—after all the parades, inspections, and miscellaneous "training." If you've made the long haul to senior status and are not on academic, conduct, or aptitude probation with any unserved restrictions, you are allowed to leave the academy grounds every Saturday night. However, you must be back in your room studying by 7:15 Sunday evening or else face serious restrictions. If you're in lower classes or if you wind up on some type of restriction or probation, your weekend "play time" drops exponentially. A freshman in good standing can leave the academy overnight only twice during the 16-week semester.

Perhaps the most significant broken promise involves the cadets' commitment to the air force after graduation from the academy. In 1977 the academy decided that after graduation cadets who took pilot training would incur a six-year service commitment rather than the five-year commitment under which they had entered. This year, the commitment was raised again, to seven years. Unfortunately, these moves were completely legal, based on fine print that most cadets didn't bother to read. The result of this deceit was yet another increase in the attrition rate.

The Air Force Academy demands honesty of its cadets, but cadets can't demand honesty of the academy administration. If the academy were really honest in its "advertising campaign," those students who do come to the academy wouldn't be so tempted to leave it as were those who had been told the academy was a Garden of Eden.

But the administration and recruiters obviously feel that any more honesty might scare away prospective candidates—especially athletes, who are sadly needed for the football and other collegiate teams.

After all, how can you hope to convince a budding young high-school quarterback to turn down his scholarship to U.S.C. for four years at the academy and seven years in the air force if you tell him the truth?

Remember that it costs $100,000 of your money to send each and every cadet through the United States Air Force Academy. Are you really getting your money's worth?

Insane violence, punk rock, and wild teenage sex. Made for $200,000 on a four-week shoot, it is the most recent classic from Roger Corman. It could also be the last great grade-B exploitation flick ever made.

ROGER CORMAN'S

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

THE LAST OF THE RED-HOT CHEAPIES

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

FIVE MEN AND A BUSH

"I was shooting *Student Teachers* for Roger Corman," recalls director Jonathan (*White Line Fever*) Kaplan, "and the script read, 'School hallway, wall-to-wall kids.' But when I got to the set, there were only ten extras. My producer said, 'You better call Roger, 'cause he said we could only have ten extras.' So I called him, and he said, 'Jon, I once shot the war between Greece and Italy with five men and a bush. Surely you can shoot a high-school corridor.' That's real movie magic, and Roger teaches you how to do it."

IMAGINARY BUDGET

"Don't bother interviewing Roger," says my connection at New World Pictures, Corman's film company. "He's slick, he tells the same stories, he denies everything—'No, I'm not cheap ... ' Hang around a New World shoot—that's where you'll get the real Corman story. See what it's like shooting a movie on an imaginary budget."

"Is anything coming up?"

"Allan Arkush was gonna start *Rock 'n' Roll High School* next month. Paul Bartel and Mary Woronov were gonna be in it, and it would have been Allan's first solo feature. Also, possibly, the last New World cheapie, 'cause Roger isn't doing small pictures any more. But it seems to be off. Allan was only asking for $400,000, which is very cheap indeed, but Roger won't agree to more than $200,000—and that's plain impossible."

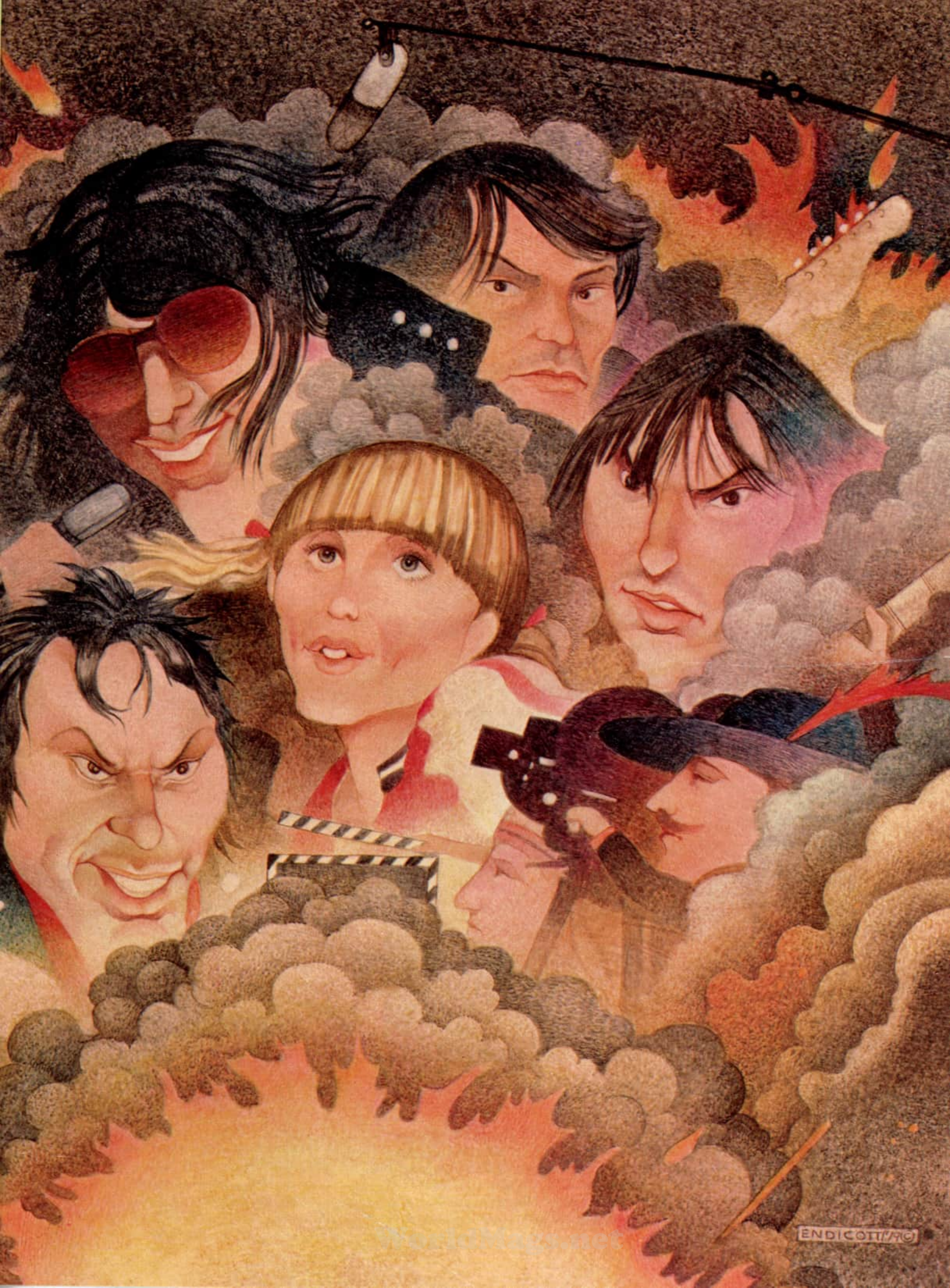
ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL FILM DEPARTMENT

Red whirlers flash from police cars, flames leap from windows, sirens wail, and on the front lawn of Mt. Carmel High School a big Mitchell sound camera dollies in for a close-up on television newsman Don Steele.

"Rock 'n' roll high school," he says in a doom-laden, B-movie voice.

"More melodramatic!" yells director Allan Arkush.

Steele cranks himself up another notch. "Rock 'n' roll high school," he declaims. "They said it *couldn't* happen here." He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points a warning finger into the lens. "Could *your* school be next?"

"Cut! That's a print!" yells Arkush. He takes a breath. "The next setup is inside the school." Instantaneously, the crew starts moving camera, lights, and sound equipment; it's a small crew, and they move fast. Arkush strolls happily behind. He's a tall, gangly 30-year-old with curly brown hair, a big nose, an easy smile, and a T-shirt with "Rock 'n' Roll High School Film Department" written on it.

"Did you check that 'cut'?" he grins. "That's classic Roger Corman—the instantaneous move from when you say, 'Cut' to when you say, 'The next setup,' because speed is all-important. Roger gave me three rules: one, get lots of coverage, lots of different angles; two, sit down on the set as much as possible; three, don't congratulate the crew when you get a good shot, 'cause it'll take a minute, and if you get thirty setups a day, you'll lose half an hour of shooting time!"

"What Roger *doesn't* tell you," adds his pal Joe Dante, director of New World's recent hit, *Piranha*, "is that the one place you can't slow down is when the actors are in front of the camera. You never have time for extra takes; so you go for image, not performance."

"Yeah," says Arkush, "you're always settling for seventy-five percent of what you really want. Still, it's better than all the anxiety you get with a big budget. I think."

SEX, VIOLENCE, CRASHING CARS

In Hollywood, Calif., where *cheap* movies cost $2 million and take eight weeks, *Rock 'n' Roll High School* is coming in for $200,000 on a four-week shoot. This is so amazing that only one man could be behind it. His name is Roger Corman, and some people say he knows more about popular taste than anyone else in America. Others say he's the only man in Hollywood who can turn film students into truly great filmmakers. Then there are the folks who think he's a miserly bastard who's lost his touch.

Corman is an American filmmaker who specializes in cheap, sensational genre films called "exploitation pictures"—movies designed to sell on their subjects (nurses, monsters, bikers, crashing cars), not on their stars, their production values, or their quality. He's also a genuine Hollywood folk hero, like Valentino or Fatty Arbuckle, whose legendary exploits occasionally (but only occasionally) outstrip his real achievements. According to legend, he shoots faster than anyone else, on lower budgets, with less equipment. He turns film-school hopefuls into star directors. And (his best-known legendary attribute) he is wondrously cheap.

The facts alone are fairly incredible. He was born in Detroit in 1926, graduated from Stanford, studied modern English lit at Oxford, and slipped into the film industry in the early '50s. He began directing in 1955 with a series of ultra-low-budget features that brought in phenomenal profits. He had *War of the Satellites* in movie theaters three months after *Sputnik* went up. He made nine full-length features in 1957 alone. And he worked on schedules of five to ten days at budgets of around $50,000.

The films he made are legends now—*Attack of the Crab Monsters, Sorority Girl, Machine Gun Kelly, Teenage Caveman*. Every one of Corman's first 27 features made a profit—most of it for American International Pictures, but some of it for Corman himself. He moved into the '60s with the Poe series for AIP, starting with *House of Usher* and ending with his two greatest horror films, *Masque of the Red Death* and *Tomb of Ligeia*. The budgets were slightly bigger now, and so was Corman's piece of the action. By '66 and '67, when Corman made *The Wild Angels* and *The Trip*, he was probably a millionaire.

Then something went wrong. *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre* ('67) bombed, *Bloody Mama* ('70) did only fair business, *Gas-s-s!* ('70) was a dud, and *Von Richthofen and Brown* ('71), a big-budget flying movie, was a disaster. Corman became convinced that studio interference was the problem, and in 1971 he started his own company, New World, so that he could make films without someone jiggling his elbow. But building the company took time. He put off directing again and again and took on a series of apprentices to make films for him. Corman has not directed since 1971.

He's always been well known for hiring talented young filmmakers and showing them the ropes; during the '60s his "assistants" included Francis Ford Coppola, Peter Bogdanovich, Monte Hellman, and Jack Nicholson. The deal worked both ways, of course: Corman got cheap help.

As New World moved into the '70s, Corman developed a second wave of directors: Martin Scorsese, Jonathan Kaplan, Paul Bartel. He set them working on the same kind of low-budget films he had done for AIP in the old days—sex, violence, crashing cars—and although budgets had inflated to around $400,000, the films were as profitable as ever. In their own way, these New World films—with titles like *Big Doll House, Student Nurses, Angels Hard As They Come*, and *The Hot Box*—were as remarkable as Corman's own mid-'50s masterworks, and they developed their own cult following. Corman hedged his bet by importing and distributing European art films, Bergmans and Fellinis, but New World's bread and butter was still exploitation. By the mid-'70s, it was closing in on AIP, and Corman's personal fortune was somewhere between $10 and $20 million.

In 1975, Joe Dante and Allan Arkush (codirecting) and Jon Davison (producing) became Corman's third wave with *Hollywood Boulevard*, a satirical comedy about three aspiring exploitation starlets, "shamelessly loaded with sex and violence," shot in ten days for $60,000! Shades of mid-'50s Corman. The boss was

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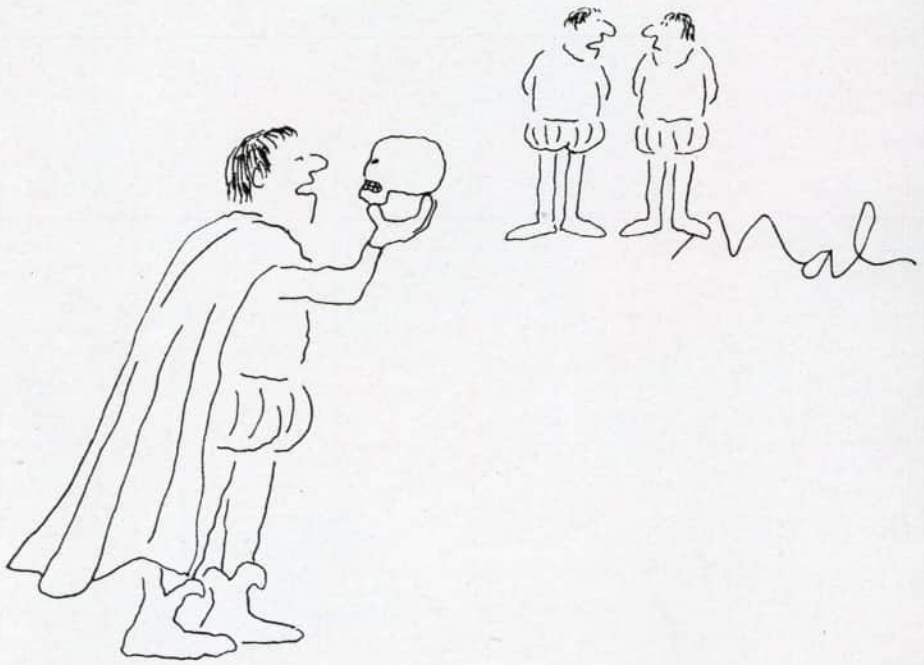

"I didn't know that Hamlet was making the necrophilia scene!"

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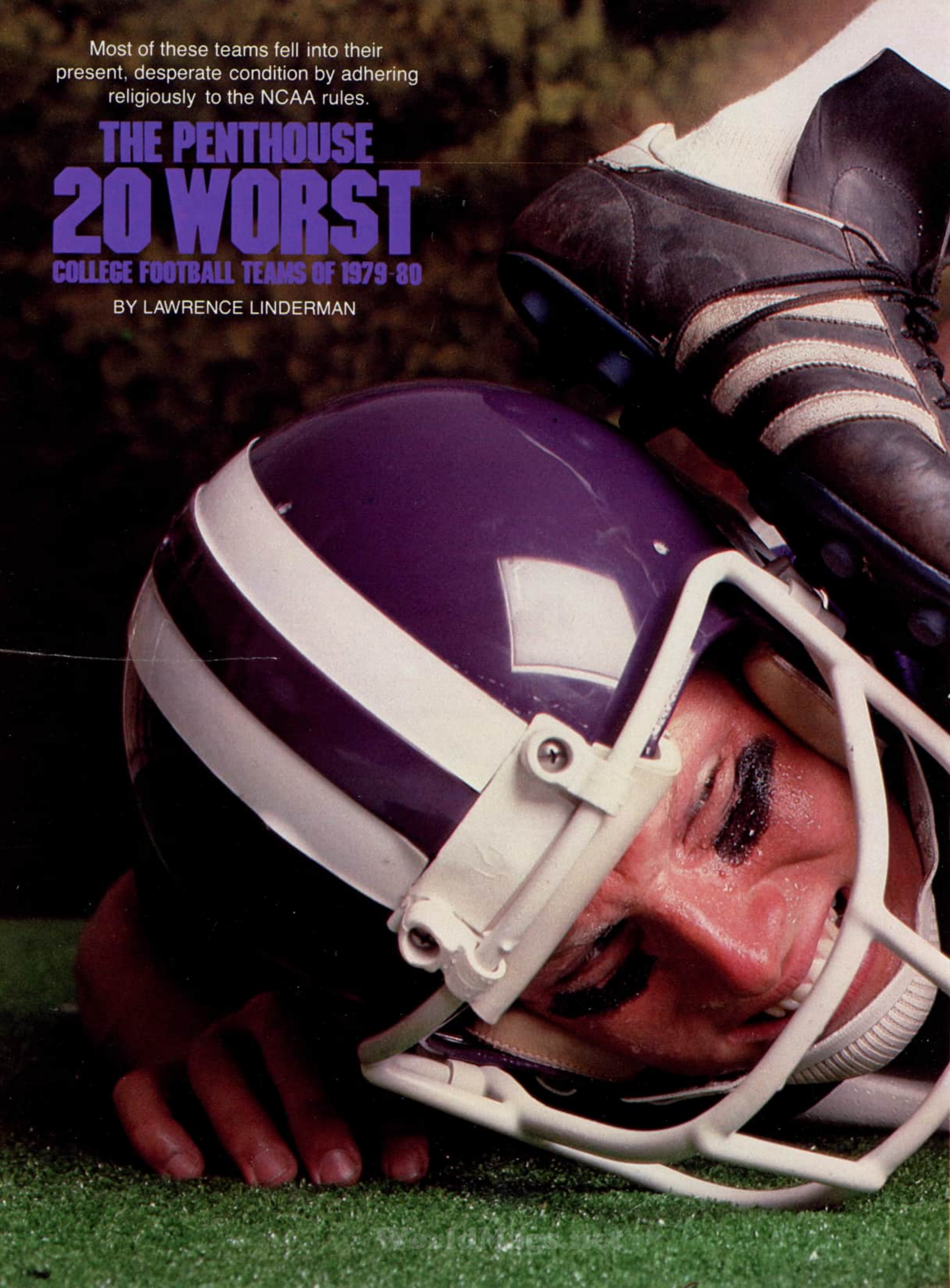
Most of these teams fell into their present, desperate condition by adhering religiously to the NCAA rules.

THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1979-80

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN



I realize that bearers of bad news are often excoriated and sometimes even hacked to death, but that tendency still doesn't excuse the insanity which greeted my last forecast of America's 20 worst college teams. If any of you again feel compelled to hang someone in effigy, at least have the smarts to go after a politician or the head of OPEC or maybe Bowie Kuhn. I don't deserve your scorn, or have you forgotten that my last worst 20 racked up a combined season record of 59 wins, 154 losses, and 2 ties? And by the way, it's a real bummer to get letters that start with salutations like "Dear Putz," and I can also do without the helpful hints on where to store my predictions.

Such treatment tends to throw off my concentration, which is the worst possible thing that can happen to a true sporting prophet. Unlike a computer, once I'm fed statistics, I like to get up and walk around and meditate on their meaning. You have to understand that you're dealing here with a finely tuned football visionary, one who combines the disci-

Photograph by J. Barry O'Rourke

plines of Aristotelian logic and data processing with Tarot card reading, Silva Mind Control, and ongoing conferences with ex-jocks, bookies, sportswriters, and other wise guys of the Western world.

In any case, the subject once again before us is maladroit college football, which has become a way of life at certain institutions of higher learning. What do these perennial gridiron losers have in common?

"Most of them run an honest program, and that's a *big* mistake," says well-known syndicated sports columnist Mel Durslag. "The athletic departments at big-time football schools don't violate any National Collegiate Athletic Association rules, of course. Instead, they line up boosters and alumni who do. Let's face it: a lot of football players are too big for ready-made suits, they often need private transportation, and they require a high caloric diet, which means they eat often and a lot. That takes money. That takes boosters and alumni. That takes a winning 'program,' " Durslag points out.

The absence of such a program results in terrible football. Why doesn't every school line up rich fans and alumni who will be only too happy to befriend talented players? "Well, sometimes the damned faculty will put its thumb on a football program, and that'll kill it right there," says Jerry McCoin, the Nashville-based publisher of the eight excellent Athlon preseason guides to college football. "If you're familiar with what happened at Maryland University, you'll remember they had a president there who just about declared that the school was going to have a really bad athletic program. Maryland football therefore stayed in the pits until they kicked his ass out the door and brought in coach Jerry Claiborne, and now Maryland has as good a football program as anybody else," he says.

Actor, sports commentator, and *bon vivant* Don Meredith agrees with all of the above and then some. "If you really and truly play by the rules set up by the NCAA, you'll definitely be assured of a losing season," says Dandy Don. "On the other hand, if your school doesn't follow NCAA recruiting rules, but you still want to have an inept team, just allow the players to run the squad on a democratic basis. Football players should invoke the Constitution and hold elections as to which guys will play which positions," he adds. "I personally always believed the quarterback should rightfully hold the office of president of the team. That's very democratic, or at least I've always thought so. The vice-presidents—the backup quarterbacks—would always wind up pulling for opponents to get to me, but I can't say I ever blamed 'em for it."

With that bit of wisdom out of the way, it's time to predict the 20 schools that will most embarrass their sports-minded alumni this fall.

(1) Northwestern

Just after Colorado had trampled newly hired Northwestern coach Rick Venturi's Wildcats by a score of 55-7 last fall, he said, "The only difference between me and General Custer is that I have to watch the films on Sunday." Venturi's moviegoing won't be any happier this year, for Northwestern—0-10-1 in 1978—figures to be even worse in 1979. At 32, Venturi is the youngest coach in the Big Ten, and he remains an optimist. Just after he arrived in Evanston last year, he urged Wildcat fans to "expect the unexpected," a team motto that was featured in newspaper ads. The Wildcats actually accomplished the unexpected, for many of their fans believed that they wouldn't show up for their final two games of the season, when they were slaughtered by Michigan and Michigan State by scores of 59-14 and 52-3. Northwestern's major problems are offense and defense, in both of which they are deficient. On offense the Wildcats scored just 92 points all season, the lowest total run up by any major college team. On defense they were a total horror show. The 440 points they yielded last season was far more than any other college team gave up. Improvement isn't likely for some time, which is why even the cheerleaders have started staying away from the games.

> “About all that one can say about Vanderbilt is that its football players can probably beat all the other guys in SAT scores.”

(2) Wake Forest

Last year Wake Forest shocked the entire Atlantic Coast Conference by winning its opening game of the season. However, since the opposing team was Virginia, no one except the players' girl friends thought that the victory meant very much. Football fans in North Carolina continued to scoff at the oddly nicknamed Demon Deacons, and darn it if the fans weren't right: Wake Forest went on to lose all of its remaining games, thus finishing with a 1-10 record for the second straight year. Matters won't be the same this season. Wake Forest may well lose *every* time out in 1979, including its curtain raiser against unheralded Appalachian State.

The Deacons are generous to a fault. In 1978 opponents averaged more than 24 points a game against them, and with the graduation of all-American-caliber defensive back Jim Royster, even more abuse is in the offing. The Deacons can be counted on again to average less than ten points a game, and with massive tackle Jackie Robinson also having taken his sheepskin and run, the team's rushing offense will remain pitiful. Not to worry: when John Mackovic took over as head coach last season, he said, "My idea of success is different from the win-loss record. My emphasis is on intangible goals, and these goals are completely secret. I tell *no* one." Good for you, Coach Mackovic. May the Maharishi fill your playbook with lotus petals, your locker room with incense, and your head with grand delusions.

(3) University of Texas, El Paso

U.T.E.P. fully deserves its reputation as the nation's oddest jock factory. In June a group of runners from abroad—known throughout NCAA circles as the Foreign Legion—brought the Miners their second national collegiate track and field championship in the last five years. It's a shame that U.T.E.P. can't attract to its campus outstanding American athletes, especially football players. Since 1975 the Miners have won only once each season, and they won't do any better this time around. U.T.E.P.'s gridiron specialty is the equal-opportunity defense, which allows opponents to score five touchdowns a game without regard to race, creed, color, or talent.

Last season, in the course of logging a 1-11 record, the Miners were shellacked by such scores as 49-0, 44-0, and 38-0. As might be deduced, they had a decided inability to cross enemy goal lines and were, in fact, shut out six times. This year, to make matters worse, quarterback Oscar Ramirez, U.T.E.P.'s finest offensive operative, has graduated, along with standout receiver Harold Johnson. The outlook on defense is similarly bleak. Superstar center Leonard Hill, nose guard Mike Young, defensive back Bobby Duncan, and linebackers Elroy Stoglin and Rodney Greene have all gone the way of outgoing seniors. Last season may have been a disaster, but the Miners' cave-in this fall will be the stuff of genuine tragedy. Too bad they don't play American-style football on the other side of the Atlantic.

(4) Vanderbilt

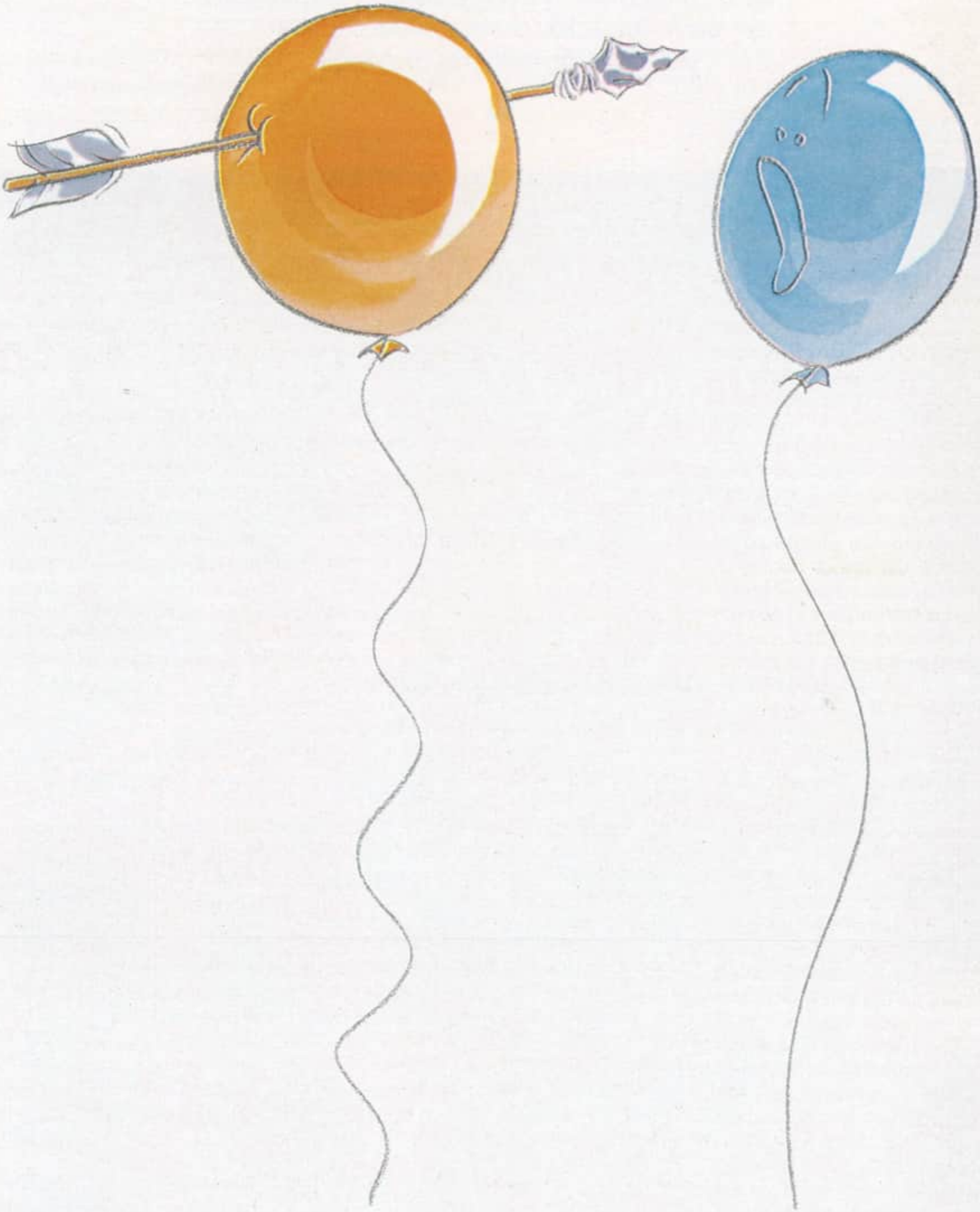
Every autumn in Nashville football fans knock down a few six-packs, listen to Waylon, Willie, Dolly, and Loretta, and then declare that this is the year when Vanderbilt will finally field a decent football team. And every year, of course, they're absolutely wrong. This fall Vanderbilt will again be atrocious, and nothing new that head coach George MacIntyre can say or do will help the Commodores escape what seems to be permanent possession of last place in the Southeastern Conference. To be sure, the SEC is one of the toughest conferences in the United States, but Vanderbilt—2-9 in 1978—would probably take last place in almost any conference in which they were entered.

The team's offense isn't without enter-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I don't think it's the ultimate weapon — but I can understand how you might."

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BILL LEE

“

Those management guys are *bitter.* Like bark. It's like a poison that builds up in the body during a lifetime that creates those kinds of people.

”

It was a warm Saturday night in Cincinnati, and the crowds had come early to Riverfront Stadium. Country singer Barbara Mandrell was to perform on field at 6 P.M. in one of those made-for-baseball promotions. The normal pregame batting practice had been suspended, and in both dugouts players slumped on the benches or leaned against the steps, watching her perform. The game would start at seven.

At 6:40, Tom Seaver, the Reds' starting pitcher, slipped out of the dugout and began warming up on the sidelines. He threw hard. No one emerged from the visitors' dugout.

At 6:45, Mandrell wound up her act, and the grounds crew tore onto the field to whisk away the stage. Players from both teams poured onto the field. By now, Seaver was throwing as if he were trying to hurry one past Jim Rice in the World Series. But no pitcher for the visiting Montreal Expos came to loosen up.

At 6:50, Bill Lee poked his head out of the Expo dugout. He paused at the steps and squinted up at the still-bright sky. Then, clutching his glove, he meandered onto the field. He did not stop along the sidelines to throw. Rather, he kept walking until he reached the farthest corner of left field. Now, with less than ten minutes till game time and Seaver smoking them in harder than ever, Lee began his warm-up in earnest.

He threw down his glove, collapsed on the artificial turf, and—did yoga.

If this appears to be a rather unconventional approach to the art of major league pitching, it's actually among the more conventional aspects of Bill Lee's behavior. For ten years the left-hander known as "Spaceman" has been baseball's Yossarian, the sole voice of sanity in a game run by "planet-polluting" owners and played by "bloodthirsty carnivores." With his propensity to do the ridiculous and to sound off unsparingly, Lee has been both hero to fans and demon to management. Last year alone, while still wearing a Boston Red Sox uniform, he called his manager a gerbil and the Sox management "scum." He staged a one-day walkout when they sold his friend, pinch hitter Bernie Carbo, to Cleveland. When he returned 24 hours later (after jogging to Fenway Park from his home in Belmont, Mass.), he was slapped with a $533 fine, or one day's pay. "I wish you would fine me $1,599," Lee told team officials, "and give me the weekend off."

In between attempts to straighten out the universe, Lee eats yogurt, ponders Einstein, quotes from Mao, seeks psychological guidance from mystics and rock groups, and lusts after women who don't shave under their arms. "I'm just your average guy," he says.

He also finds time to pitch—though exactly what he throws, no one is quite sure. He claims a repertoire of 55 different pitches—in a game that has maybe eight—including a "blazing 55-mile-an-hour fastball" that, for obvious reasons, he doesn't throw very often. His most baffling pitch is probably his "Leephus" pitch—which comes up to the plate, unraveling like a rainbow.

Still, Lee's assortment of junk has paid off. During his ten seasons with the Red Sox, he won 94 games, a better record than it sounds, because for many of those seasons he was not in the starting rotation. His earned run average was a respectable 3.64, and early this year he won his one hundredth game. He also has a fine pickoff move to first base and is one of the game's better-fielding pitchers.

Somehow Lee's performance on the mound has always rated less attention than his antics off it. This spring, for instance, he had no sooner arrived at the Expo training camp in Daytona Beach, Fla., than he was roped into the baseball commissioner's office on charges that he smoked pot. Lee was made to pay a fine, but as usual he had the last word. According to his account:

"Three writers from Boston had a slow day. So they came over to bother me. They turned on their tape recorders, and they asked me if there was a drug problem on the Red Sox. I said, 'Most definitely—they've been abusing alcohol, nicotine, and caffeine for way too long.' And they said, 'We mean marijuana. Do you use it?' And I said, 'Shit, I used it since '68.'

"Next thing, it broke: Lee smokes pot. Then Art Fuss from the commissioner's office came and said, 'Uh, it's been stated that you smoked it.' And I said, 'Go back and read your tapes.' And he said, 'Right, it didn't say you smoked marijuana. It said you used it. To what extent do you use it?' And I said, 'Well, sir, every morning I get up and I make these organic buckwheat pancakes, and I sprinkle it on them. And it makes me impervious to the bus fumes when I run six miles to the ball park.' And he said, 'Oh, very good. I think Mr. Kuhn will like that answer.' "

From the beginning Lee has been . . . different. A fifth-generation Californian, he went to the University of Southern California on an academic scholarship at a time when many ballplayers didn't go to college at all. But, according to Lee, "the books were too heavy to carry around." So he lost that scholarship and switched to an athletic one. Though he won 38 games for the U.S.C. Trojans, his most memorable feat came after a team road trip as the players were waiting to collect their luggage—out popped Lee from the baggage chute.

When he arrived in Boston in 1969, Lee wasted no time displaying his personal style. In batting practice, he hit fungoes to himself. He showed up at the ball park wearing

Photograph by Pat Hill

beanies with plastic rotor blades. He held shouting matches on the mound with catcher Carlton Fisk, which generally ended with Lee screaming, "Oh, go sit down!" Once, when he gave up a game-losing home run, Fisk hissed, "That sure was a chickenshit pitch you threw." "Sure was," Lee answered. "And you called it." He also found time, during the height of Boston's school-busing crisis, to call Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity, Jr., "the only guy in this town with any guts."

Lee's first four seasons as a relief pitcher, meanwhile, impressed no one. But in 1973 he was allowed to start, and he won 17 games—and 17 games each of the next two years. Then, early in 1976, while pitching at Yankee Stadium, both benches emptied; someone yanked his arm, and Graig Nettles decked him. When the brawl was over, the ligaments in Lee's left shoulder were severely damaged.

He missed the rest of the season, and won only 19 games over the next two, his shoulder still mending. Suddenly, the Red Sox did not find him so amusing (though in truth, management never did). So Haywood Sullivan, one of the partners who bought the team after the death of the previous owner, Tom Yawkey, traded him last winter to Montreal. "On Pearl Harbor Day," says Lee in delight. "On the day of infamy. They thought they could hide me behind the *Arizona*."

Compared to his esoteric approach to baseball, Lee's home life seems relatively normal. He has been married to a pretty, blonde-haired woman named Mary Lou for 11 years, has three children—and a Volkswagen bus. Winters he tries out any new experience he didn't have time for during the season. Among them: he installed car stereos; worked as a locksmith in Malibu; went to Venezuela—and was thrown out; got a master's degree at the University of Southern Mississippi in Hattiesburg; went to Puerto Rico—and was deported; served in the army; and set back Sino-American relations several centuries by visiting China in 1976.

At 33, Lee, who earns $150,000 a year, realizes he may never make the Hall of Fame. But he is pretty sure he has left one indelible mark on the game. "I think my contributing factor to major league baseball," says the pitcher, "is that I lessened the dress code." Lee shared some of his other thoughts with *Newsweek*'s Diane K. Shah one afternoon in Cincinnati—not over cocktails, in the manner of most interviews, but while hiking through Eden Park.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself a rebel in baseball?

Lee: No. Others do. I don't. I consider the management types the rebels. I'm easygoing. They're the ones who want to push me into the butch-haircuts-and-ties-on-the-road-type thing. This demand for conformity is one of my big problems with baseball. It's not conformity that makes for your spontaneous, great plays. It's the fact that everybody has the ability to express themselves differently which makes baseball so great.

Penthouse: You've always been very outspoken. You've been criticized, for example, for saying certain things about Don Zimmer in public.

Lee: I never said anything that I hadn't said straight to his face.

Penthouse: Did you call him a gerbil to his face?

Lee: I never called him a gerbil, period. I was asked in an interview, "If Billy Martin is a no-good rat, then what is Don Zimmer?" When the writer said "rat," he was speaking about the rodent family. A rat is a carnivorous rodent in my mind, eating through lead pipes and terrorizing babies, eating its young, things like that. So, when they asked "What is Don Zimmer?" I said, "He's a gerbil." But the reporter said I said Zimmer was "a no-good gerbil." I didn't call him a no-good gerbil. I called him a good gerbil.

Penthouse: Do you feel you were traded because management had taken all they could take of you?

Lee: Yeah. That was it.

Penthouse: Was Zimmer responsible for the trade?

Lee: Yeah, he and Mrs. Yawkey and Haywood Sullivan. Haywood Sullivan couldn't stand me. Haywood Sullivan was a bitter man, too. I mean those guys are *bitter*. I'm bitter like a piece of fruit, but they're bitter like a piece of bark. There's a different kind of bitterness involved. It's all a poison put in your body during a lifetime that creates that kind of person. At least I run six miles a day and get it out of my system.

They had to get rid of me. I was the little bug whispering in their ear. I was Jiminy Cricket. The Red Sox didn't like Jiminy Cricket, because they don't like constructive criticism being pushed out at them. They don't want to adapt and change.

Baseball, especially in Boston, is a very conservative institution. They don't want to come into the twenty-first century. And I can't blame them in some respects. You've got to stay conservative, like running your six miles and taking care of yourself. But you still have to let your heart stay liberal, you know? If it becomes rigid it's going to die. You have to blend; you have to conform. But the earth changes, and you want it to change for the better. I am very conservative. I believe that they're very liberal, because they keep pushing the institutions that were brought onto this planet that seem to be the destructive, polluting things. And I am not that way. I would rather run to where I have to go instead of taking a private automobile. And then I would rather take rapid transit. Like in Montreal I take rapid transit wherever I go, unless I run. And that's the way I conduct my life. And they don't like it that way. And I consider myself conservative in that way. They're the liberals.

Penthouse: What is your definition of conservative?

Lee: Conserve. Ative. To conserve. That's the idea. People who perpetuate the system are not conservative. The system is a self-destructive system. Liberals are liberal with the fragile ecology of this planet. A true conservative is the American Indian.

Penthouse: Conservative usually means preserving the status quo.

Lee: The earth is my status quo—not profit. Listen to the music group Super Tramp. They're British. You know, the British have gone through all the problems we're going through now. Their problems are the ones we're inheriting. That's why they're so popular, the English groups. You wonder, how can an island like England have so many super groups? It's because their music prophesizes our future. The Beatles, Pink Floyd—in all their songs, everyone is trapped on an island, bowing down to the machine. Their small island is sinking. "Take to the sky!" That's why my image—"Spaceman"—has become so in vogue. People love the etherealness of a spaceman. His environment is anywhere; he can exist anywhere. All he needs is an umbilical cord somewhere.

Penthouse: Are you still "Spaceman"?

Lee: I never was, even though I am. It was the label other people came up with for me. A kid comes down and says to me, "You're crazy," and I answer, "You wish you were as crazy as me, kid."

Penthouse: Even when you've acted "crazy," you've always seemed to know what you were doing.

Lee: Yes. Women tend to know that. Men don't. I don't play by the longhair white man's ways, which are all part of a male-dominated, materialistic, use-'em-up society. And women have just been victims of that society. They've gone along with it, but they're beginning to get the upper hand, and it's changing around. I believe in a woman-dominated society, because of my belief in planet earth, because of old Greek mythology. The earth mother and all that.

I love this planet. I don't squash ladybugs. I talk to animals. I appreciate trees for what they are, and I don't cut them down and try to make pulp out of them. I watch robins with worms in their mouths. I see birds everywhere I go, and they talk to me. You know, Tom Yawkey is a bird now. He turned into a bird after he died. There was a blackbird that sat on the fence in dead-center field in the stadium in Montreal, and as I ran my sprints he'd just sit there—he wouldn't fly or nothing. He watched me do all my running. And I talked to him every time I went around. I knew it was Tom reincarnated. I knew it was because he really liked me. The last week of his life I was up in his office, and I had a real long, heart-to-heart talk with him. I talked to him about ecology. He told me about all the birds he loved that had died, and I told him why they had died—because of all his lumber companies that were using pesticides to kill the soft-pine beetles that were actually destroying the birds. And Tom kinda had a tear in

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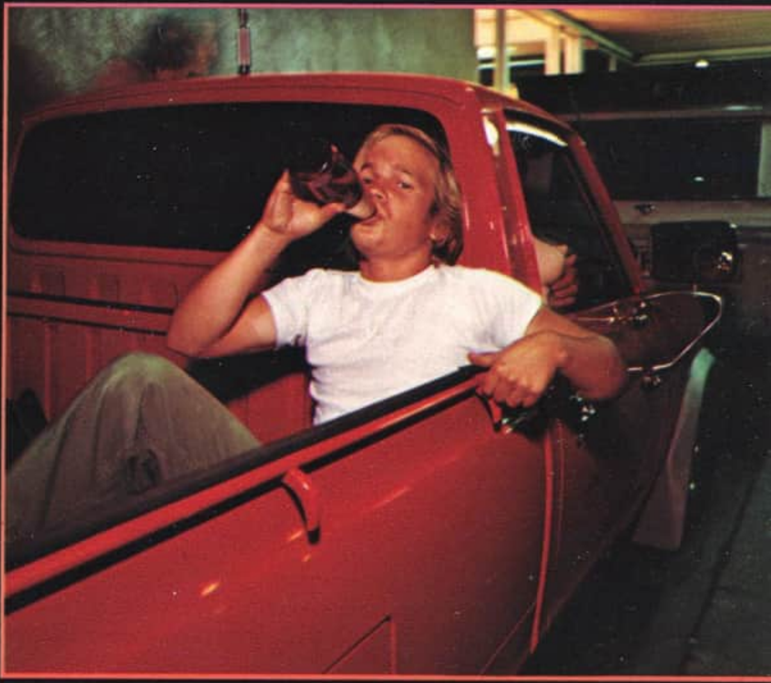
It's Wednesday night on Van Nuys Boulevard. All the kids are waiting for someone older and wiser to corrupt them, even though there isn't anyone older who could possibly be wiser.

CHILDREN OF THE VALLEY

BY EVE BABITZ



We were so awful, the kids who went to Hollywood High when I went there in the early sixties, that they made us watch those Marine Corps movies on syphilis. Our VD rate, they told us, was the highest in the city—the country—the *world*. I knew girls who went out with television stars in Cadillac convertibles (ice blue). Guys my age told me they'd gone to whorehouses in Tijuana and hadn't caught a thing, but when they finally made it with one of Hollywood High's sorority girls, they caught the clap, just like that, overnight.

Today, however, having gone back to Hollywood and looked the old school over thoroughly, I can somehow tell that being awful is no longer uppermost in the kids' minds. Where the sororities once ruled the school with an iron tradition from the cement benches around trees in the quad, now a new gym juts out right in the middle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

and throws the whole place into shadow so that people hurry by without stopping, and most of the trees are gone. Although the school still manages to absorb young stars (like the lead of L.A.'s *Annie* or one of the newcomers in *Apocalypse Now* as I write this), the penchant it once had for drawing dangerous and awful beauties no longer seems to work. The kids who go there now, if you ask me, are mostly dorks.

It's in the Valley that kids are carrying on the sacred flame and being as awful as you could want, while at the same time they maintain a level of violet-eyed lusciousness, at least some of them. In the Valley, I have discovered, they smoke Quaaludes in bhangs. And the girls smile sincere little smiles that show their white teeth and lipgloss and the beauty of jaded innocence, waiting for someone older and wiser to corrupt them. Only, as with kids who once went to Hollywood High, there isn't anyone older who could possibly be wiser. At least than some of them. They are the avant-garde of rottenness, those kids down in the Valley.

The Valley, of course, is the San Fernando Valley—the joke place. The place which Ed McMahon jovially means when he uses the cliché "Beautiful Downtown Burbank" and which Paul Williams meant on the last "Grammy Show" when he said, ". . . from the depths of the Valley to the heights of Bel Air." The Valley is where everyone thinks those teen-cum-bubble-gum stars must come from, like the Cassidy Brothers and Lief and Eric and Scott, those faces that pout away on the covers of *Tiger Beat* and *Teen Beat* and blare out: "Robby Benson says, 'My career is keeping me away from the girl I love.' " These heroes remind me of the Valley because they look so blow-dried and the Valley itself is sort of like one big drier, tumbling dry mountains of white cotton and blue denim so that teenagers will be nice and airy looking. Empty looking, like the landscape.

Though Hollywood High is the most famous high school in the world, the fact of the matter is that movie-star-wise, Van Nuys High was much more Hollywood. Robert Redford, Jane Russell, and Marilyn Monroe all went to Van Nuys, a Valley high that still isn't known best for its alumni but for Wednesday Night on Van Nuys Boulevard.

Van Nuys Boulevard is a street in the Valley. L.A. people driving in the Valley insist that all the streets (except certain rare parts of Ventura Boulevard) are the same one. They cannot tell the difference between Receda and Sherman Way and Victory and Lankershime and Van Nuys. They cannot tell residential areas apart, either, and insist that Tarzana and North Hollywood and Woodland Hills are the same place, too. They insist that the Valley is ugly, and most people, upon seeing Van Nuys Boulevard in the daytime, would probably wonder what on earth could possibly happen on Wednesday night that would make the street different from any other street in the Valley, much less what it *is*.

"I came out here in 1948 just after the war," an older man who was locking up his business (early) one Wednesday night on Van Nuys Boulevard told me. "In those days they were all nice kids, and there were just a few of them driving up and down that street, not like today. They're all hooligans now. Well, not *all* . . . A lot of them are still nice kids. It's just the few ruining things for the others."

I looked at him and was half torn between being on his side—the adult side that is resigned to plodding day in and day out through life forever and ever—while the other half felt that total teenage scorn I've always felt when any older person says how nice the nice kids are and what rotten-apples-ruining-things-for-the-rest "just the few" are. Even now, it seems, I still believe—deep down—that rotten apples are as cool as can be and nice kids aren't worth the paper they're printed on. You know, the dorks.

It's only 8:30 this Wednesday night, but already Van Nuys Boulevard is alive with the sound of Led Zeppelin. By 9:00 the *No Parking Wednesday 9:00 P.M.–12:00 P.M.* will go into effect so that there will be room for ten lanes of traffic, five going north and five going south, stretching all along Van Nuys Boulevard for about a mile or so and looking as though an entire city block has turned into cars, a road made up entirely of motor vehicles. Pickups, mini pickups, Jeeps, and every kind of trick car you ever saw—"trick" being the new word for "cherry." The two hottest cars are Trans Ams and Camaros. Fog lights stick up like lollipops from the cabs of pickups and vans. Low-riders in tuck-and-rolled lowered Chevys are already abroad in the land. "Surfers" or "hippies" (a sort of overall label for long-haired, dope-smoking mavericks) are out in their Jeeps and vans painted with opalescent Maui waterfalls. Enormous four-wheel-drive pickups rumble by on rakes or else are so raised on their axles over all four wheels that they feel like giant monsters, able to eat you alive when they're stopped at a light beside you in the next lane.

Wednesdays are when all the car clubs, van clubs, and four-wheel-drive clubs in the Valley and anywhere else hold their meetings. And afterward they cruise Van Nuys Boulevard. Supposedly, that's how all this began 35 years ago. Only now they cruise Van Nuys Boulevard every night of the week, and they start much too early to have gone to a meeting beforehand.

The two clubs frequenting Van Nuys Boulevard with the scariest reputations are the Sundowners and the BVNs. The Sundowners are a racially mixed biker club (or gang, as most people refer to them) with roots in Hell's Angels badness coursing through their veins. The BVN—which is pronounced BBN because the Mexican *V* is usually slurred to sound like B—stands for Barrio Van Nuys, and in the last few years, as the Chicano population has begun growing, this club has gotten big. In fact, it's because of the BVN, people will tell you, that the police are now giving tickets as if they were dropping out of helicopters onto your windshield.

Sitting in a gold Firebird Trans Am with two teenage boys who already have vile, checkered pasts, we pull up to a light and stop next to a pickup with a cab practically as high as the moon.

"As it is," the pickup driver says, under his breath, deadpan.

"As it was," the kid at the wheel of my car says, looking straight ahead.

"As it shall be," the pickup driver replies, rolling forward as the light turns green.

This exchange takes place up and down Van Nuys Boulevard whenever two vehicles pull up side by side and stop at a light. It's code to show each knows what's happening.

On either side of the street the skateboarders shoot down the sidewalks, going twice or three times as fast as the cars that are forced to crawl along because of traffic conditions of their own devising. The kids who skateboard are younger—too young to get a driver's license.

By 10:00 P.M. kids on foot hang around various corners, crowds of them, exchanging "As it is" with the passing cars or jumping into or out of friends' cars. Sometimes as many as 40 or 50 kids clump together in one empty gas station, watching.

"The girls are all scum," Tom, a 22-year-old who says he's now above all this (even though it's Wednesday night, and he's still cruising on Van Nuys), tells me. "That's why I like them. They line up out on the sidewalks—specially like in summer and wait to get picked up. That's why the guys are here in the first place."

"Yeah, but does anyone ever actually get laid?" I ask.

"What do you think all those fuck trucks are doing?" he asks.

"Those what?"

"Those vans," he says. "Look at the signs on them. 'If it's rockin', don't bother knock-

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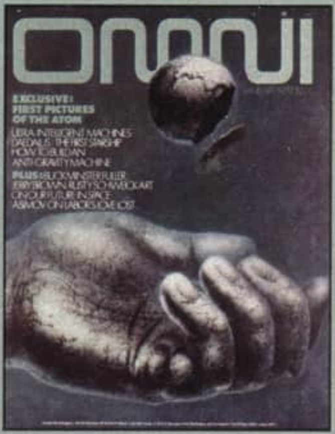
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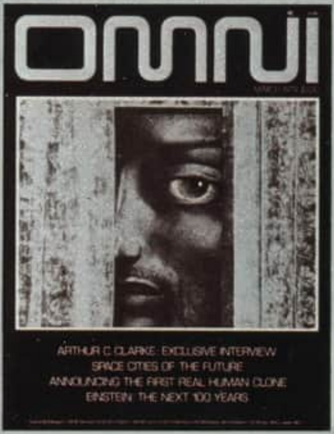
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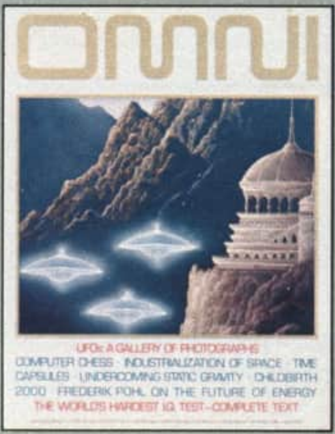
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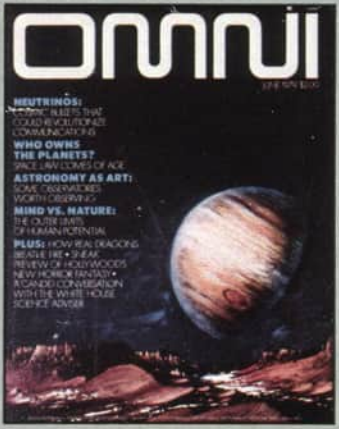
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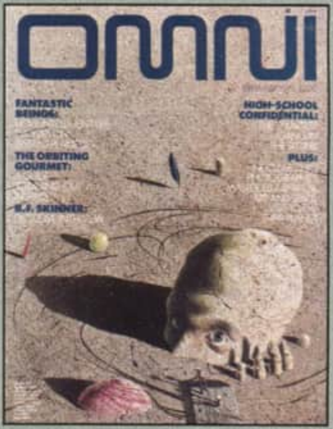

OMNI
FANTASTIC
BEINGS:
HIGH-SCHOOL
CONFIDENTIAL:
THE ORBITING
GOURMET:
PLUS:
B.F. SKINNER:

THIS MONTH OMNI CELEBRATES ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY.
ONE YEAR OF THE FUTURE HAS BECOME THE PAST.
OMNI WILL CONTINUE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FUTURE,
FACE TO FACE. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT.

FACT AND FANTASY

FIRST WORD

In the past year we have seen old barriers breached, new frontiers explored and charted, and much of the so-called impossible become commonplace. Our Tinker Toy attempt at interstellar flight, the Voyager probe, actually reached Jupiter, sent back an incredible gallery of photographs, and then headed bravely for Saturn and the stars. At Princeton University a team of scientists successfully harnessed fusion, the power that drives the sun, for the briefest moment. And a wispy flying machine called the *Gossamer Albatross*, powered only by human muscles, carried a man across the English Channel.

There was, of course, the darker side—Skylab came tumbling down, and, at Three Mile Island, for neither the first nor the last time, we stood at the very threshold of eternity.

This month *Omni* celebrates its first anniversary. The groping infant has become an eager child. We have learned much in the past year . . . the need to look ahead, to determine the social, environmental, and economic impact of future technology on all our tomorrows. Yet our pledge to you remains the same as it was a year ago: to stand at the frontier of intellectual and philosophical inquiry . . . to welcome the future.

—Bob Guccione

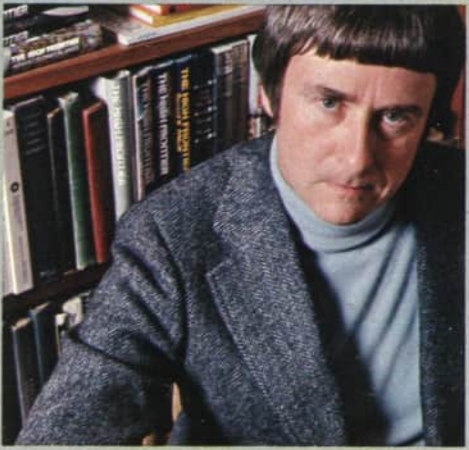
THE NEW FRONTIER

To hear some people tell it, *Skylab*'s fall marked the end of the Space Age. In fact, it's hardly begun. Hardheaded businessmen say that space manufacturing, communications satellites, and orbiting power stations could add $20 billion to our GNP by the year 2010 and let the United States export energy for the first time in decades. When launch costs drop to $20 per kilogram, 50,000 people a year will be eager to sign up. A second-generation shuttle could make it happen by the 1990s. *Omni*'s bright, comprehensive reporting will let you know what to expect.

FICTION

"He was wearing a prefaded jump suit, beautifully tailored, the *dernier cri* in the nostalgic 2100s, but really too youthful for his thirty-odd years. . . . Dead on a slab, he might be called distinguished, even handsome, but alive and active? That would depend on how much demented dedication one could stomach."

Thus begins Alfred Bester's "Galatea Galante," a madcap retelling of the Pygmalion myth, in which the hero is a wildly eccentric genetic engineer. How better to create "perfect" human beings, made to order? Each month *Omni* presents stories by the best science-fiction writers from all over the world, such award-winning authors as Robert A. Heinlein, Stanislaw Lem, Ursula K. LeGuin, and Harlan Ellison, as well as tales by new talents, *tomorrow's* stars.



Pat Hill

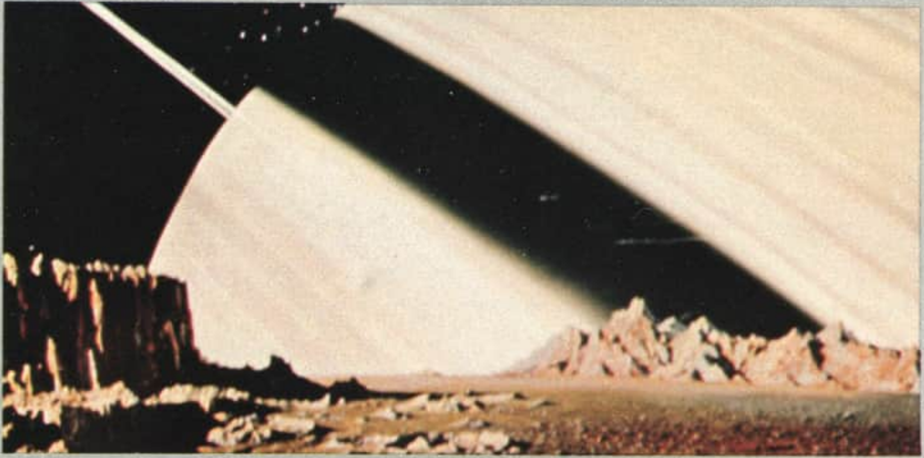
THINKERS

"We have for so long been a nation identified with new ideas . . . and now we seem to be losing that position. Where do we go from here? Is America going to be a part of the movement into space, or will it sit back and watch others do it?" physicist Gerard K. O'Neill asks. Challenging questions—and surprising answers—make each *Omni* Interview an informative encounter with your future.

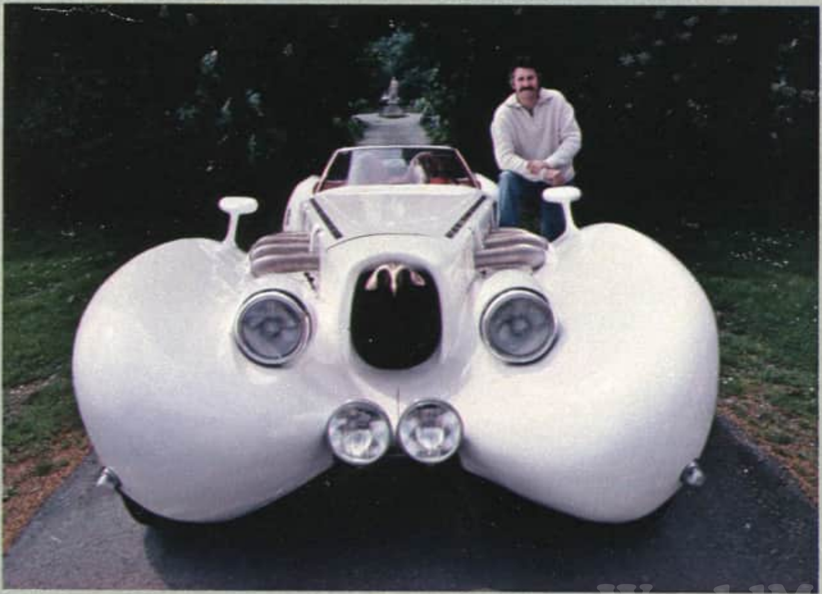
VISIONS

Long before we could hurtle camera-laden probes toward the edges of space, our views of the solar system depended on an entirely different "eye": the paintings of Chesley Bonestell, dean of American space artists. Bonestell's accurate portrayals of celestial bodies enabled us to stand on Jovian moons, to journey to distant galaxies, and to experience the vistas of free space.

Bonestell's ability to traverse the limits of time and space is appropriate to *Omni*'s thematic focus. And space art communicates only one type of vision that *Omni* intends to bring you each month. Other visual voyages, from emanations of the structure of matter to incandescent views of the universe, await your reservation.



Chesley Bonestell



Photograph by Malcolm Kirk

LIFE-STYLES

Engineer Luigi Colani threw away the straightedge to design aircraft, autos, and furniture that curve into the future. He's one of the revolutionaries transforming the way we live. Some tools of tomorrow, the microchip and the cassette, are already expanding your habitat into a miniuniverse. Your home computer will open the world's libraries while it programs your servant robot. Your holographic, interactive communications system will allow you not only to witness great events in the arts, in sports, or in politics but also to compose your own symphony, participate in simulated Olympic skiing tournaments, and vote instantly on matters of global import. There's no need to leave home—ever—but you do. Dressed in your thermal-controlled, semitransparent body suit, you will be drawn into one of Paolo Soleri's jewellike, miniaturized cities by means of supersonic mass transit. You will hover over the countryside in your human-powered flier. *Omni* will take you there. *Omni* is the ticket to your new life-style.

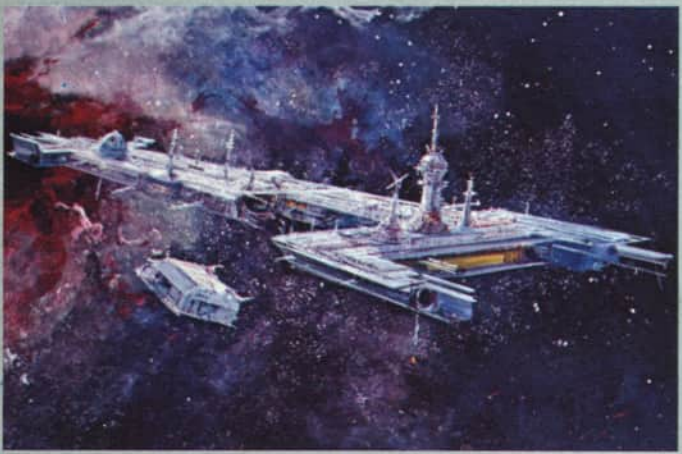
IDEAS AND IMAGES

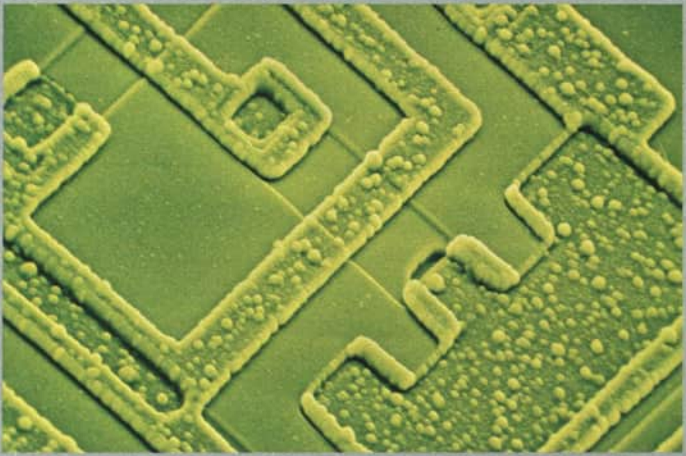
ARTS

Today's artists, armed with everything from color Xerox machines to lasers to electron microscopes, are working in aesthetic regions never imagined by the masters of the past. This is no surprise to *Omni* readers who, perhaps more than anyone else, realize that science and art are interchangeable.

Central to *Omni*'s coverage of the arts is the science-fiction film. Over the past year *Omni* has presented inside looks at such films as *Alien*, *Superman*, *Moonraker*, and *Star Trek*. In the coming year you'll get first glimpses of such new offerings as *Flash Gordon*, *Altered States*, *The Black Hole*, and *Star Wars II*.

In addition, *Omni*'s Arts column covers a broad range of interests in music, books, and television. From Sam Berd's Berdboard to new science-fiction novels to profiles of new television series, and new art forms, *Omni* has it all for you!





Manfred Kage/Peter Arnold, Inc.

COMPUTER CAPERS

Stanley Mark Rifkin embezzled $10.2 million from Security National Bank. Arrested and on bail, the Justice Department claims, he tried for another $50 million. In both capers he used a computer terminal instead of a gun. If the electronic brain has accomplished nothing else, it has revolutionized crime.

No other invention has so radically changed society as the computer and its lilliputian brother, the microprocessor, will change it in the coming decades. With 250,000 full-sized computers and 500,000 personal computers now in use in this country and sophisticated time-sharing data banks reaching into the home, the new Industrial Revolution has already begun. Through its coverage of computer crime and of artificial intelligence, *Omni* will keep you abreast of a new generation of machines that can talk, see, move, and reason.

WAR AND PEACE 2000

Despite the United Nations' Outer Space Treaty, the United States and other nations are already girding themselves for the life-and-death struggle to be enacted above the stratosphere. Read the newspapers for noble proclamations of international cooperation in space. But read *Omni* for the full truth on particle-beam weapons, killer satellites, and other implements of cybernetic war. Back on Earth, our Official Circles column will keep you up to date on how our political leaders are coping with new technologies and on where they stand on psychic research. Besides bringing you the views of orthodox congressmen, we also report on the growing MOFO (mind-over-far-out) vote and its appointed—often elected—leaders. *Omni* provides the complete coverage you need to avoid the ranks of the future-shocked.

Howard Sochurek

THE MEDICAL DETECTIVES

Tomorrow's number-one killer disease may be unheard of today. Armed with powerful new probes, medical detectives are discovering hitherto unsuspected agents of disease—those that may have plagued mankind since prehistoric times but that until recently have escaped every intensive effort to track them down. Sounds farfetched? Heart attack wasn't discovered until 1912.

Read in *Omni* how the diseases of the future will finally be exposed by the beacon of advancing science. Join us at the frontiers of medical diagnosis—from computer tomographic scanning to techniques for piercing the cell's genes.

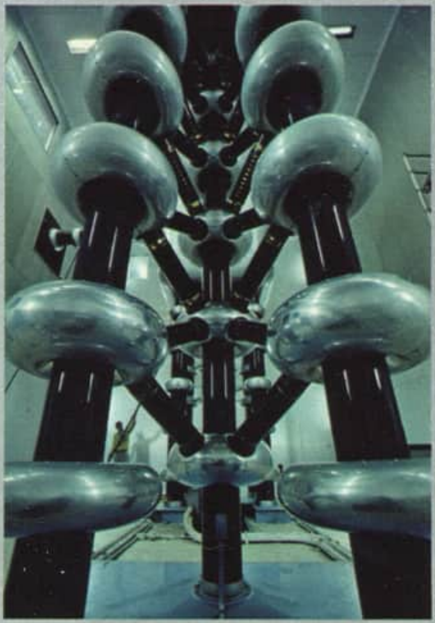
On another medical battlefront, *Omni* examines the serious threat posed by the scarcity of nonhuman primates for research and the ethical issues raised by experimentation on human beings. How will we recruit "guinea pigs" in the future? Someday you may be called upon to volunteer your services to science just as people are called to jury duty today.

Each month *Omni* will focus on current topics in biomedicine, including brain research and genetic engineering, giving you the most up-to-date profile of man to come.

HABITAT

Tom Smith's passive solar home at Lake Tahoe is one of a new breed of energy-efficient buildings and products. As the future unfolds, we will see more efficient designs and newer energy sources, and along each step of the way *Omni* will be there to show what is novel, exciting, and possible. Each month *Omni* will give you the facts on nuclear fusion and fission, solar energy, geothermal energy, wind power, and other new sources of energy. Moreover, *Omni* will cover current environmental issues with a monthly column by noted environmentalist Kenneth Brower. Energy and environment are two topics that concern all of us. Keep up to date as *Omni* monitors our changing biosphere.

Dan McCoy



Dan McCoy

FROM QUARKS TO GALAXIES

Delicate observations of solar neutrinos suggest that the sun may already have burned out. At the center of black holes, reality as we know it may cease to exist. And the uncertainty principle, 50 years after Werner Heisenberg stated it, is showing that the Eastern concept of the tao may be closer to the truth than any deterministic Western philosophies may ever be.

Launched by ever more powerful accelerators, subatomic particles are unlocking the secrets of the universe. As the physicists who aim them grope toward a "unified field theory" to explain their findings, their discoveries are gradually altering the way we view the physical world around us.

Omni probes this most fundamental and arcane of sciences every month. Offering articles on neutrinos, nuclear fission and fusion, and the other technologies of the new physics and profiles of such key thinkers as Philip Morrison and Ted Taylor, *Omni* will continue to explore both the infinitesimal and the immense.

FEATURES

Benjamin Levi

GAMES

"How much will one cost?" asked the customer in a hardware store.

"Thirty cents," the clerk replied.

"And how much will twelve cost?"

"Sixty cents."

"Okay. I'll take nine hundred twelve."

"Fine. That will be ninety cents."

What was the customer buying?

Savages tell a missionary, "Make one statement. If it is true, you will be boiled in oil. If it is false, you will be shot." What could a clever missionary say to save his life?

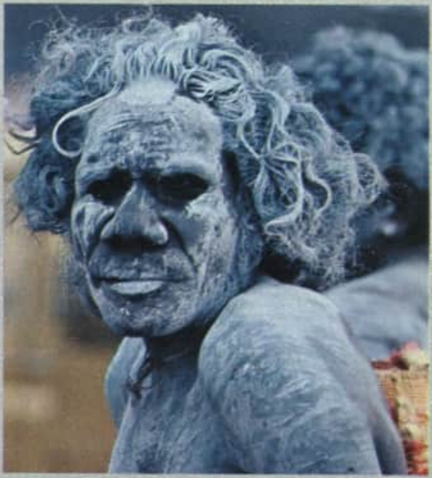
Omni readers participate in games and competitions for cash prizes. Each month *Omni* presents diversions to delight and confound you. They don't require esoteric knowledge or persistence, but a fresh approach, a leap of logic, what psychologists call an "*Aha!* experience." Exercise your gray matter—with *Omni*.

Answers: House numbers; "I will be shot."

UFO UPDATE

According to a recent Gallup poll, approximately 57 percent of all Americans believe UFOs are real. Among them is a former U.S. Air Force security specialist who, in 1967, reported the sudden disappearance of a Cuban jet. The plane had apparently exploded while pursuing a bright metallic sphere. Similar ultrasensitive reports have found their way into the secret files of our country's most formidable watchdog agencies, never intended for public domain. A handful of citizens' groups are working under the Freedom of Information Act to penetrate the veil of secrecy imposed by a bureaucracy that has all but ignored this baffling phenomenon. Are we the victims of an age-old hoax or hosts to visitors as yet unknown? Each month *Omni* will bring you closer to the evidence and will create for its readers a better understanding of the unexplained and the mystifying.

Photo courtesy of W.C. Stevens



CONTINUUM

Did you know that:

- Aborigines can hibernate?
- A private aerospace company is attempting to buy the space shuttle from NASA?
- Albert Einstein's brain is being kept under a beer cooler in Wichita, Kansas?
- Civilizations from other planets may be sending us messages in the form of viruses?
- The hair on some people's heads turns green spontaneously?
- The percentage of Ph.D.s who believe in paranormal phenomena is *greater* than that of the general public?
- It is theoretically possible to make a man pregnant?
- For $4.50 you can order a booklet from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission that will help you break into a nuclear-power plant?
- Ugly women are approached just as often as beautiful women in singles bars, according to a new study?
- A rare kind of freshwater amoeba kills swimmers by entering through their noses and eating their brains?

Continuum, *Omni*'s unique data bank, compiled by an international network of correspondents, brings you an array of late-breaking science news unequaled in any other publication.

LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF TOMORROW

OMNI
ROBERT A. HEINLEIN:
CARL SAGAN:
WEEKEND ASTRONAUTS:
PLUS:

Look through an issue of *Omni*. Light years beyond the technological potential of today's science—alert to the myriad possibilities of the future—*Omni* foresees a world of growing intellectual vitality, expanding dreams and infinite hope, a world in which the magical has become real, the impossible commonplace.

Editorially, *Omni* pursues that which is probable within the context of that which is known. Each month *Omni* presents the latest developments in science and technology and strives to predict their impact on the future. The most adventurous and forward-looking members of the scientific community like Carl Sagan, Alvin Toffler, Buckminster Fuller, Stephen Hawking, Robert Jastrow and I.J. Good have their work featured or are profiled and interviewed. Top science fiction writers such as Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein and Ray Bradbury prophesy the philosophical, emotional, and structural realities of the world to be.

Omni is the world's first major publication to combine science fiction and science fact, the first publication to afford paranormal phenomena the simple dignity of a proper ongoing scientific inquiry. *Omni's* aim is to heighten and enliven the world we live in—to discover, clarify, and inform. *Omni's* range, editorially and graphically, is as broad as the universe, as infinite as time.

OMNI

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Seven years after graduating,
a "brother" goes back to college to witness the ritual
debasement of fraternity pledges.

HELL WEEK

BY RICHARD PRICE

"Hey ho, here we go!"

The three of us piled into the car on a spring night, boys' night out, and headed upstate on Route 17.

"Man, I'm so goddamn psyched," Cooper at the wheel in his gold-rim aviators and Brooks Brothers suit.

"I been thinking about this all week," Smothers in the shotgun seat, wearing a blazer and a club tie.

"Yeah, well, we'll see; you know it's been a while," me in the back, fanning my knees, fighting off a bad mood.

"Ten years."

"Ten years."

"I don't feel ten years older, though, you know?" Cooper pushed up his glasses, wrinkling his nose.

"These guys probably don't have any style."

"Not like us, huh?" I smirked. "We were bitches." Smothers licked his lips. "Hey, Price—" he winked at me, then ducked his head down between his knees, came up again cradling a pledge paddle like a nightstick—"remember?"

I shook my head sadly and looked out the side window.

"Hey, Price?" Cooper caught my eye in the rear view. "You're above all this now, right?"

"Right."

Cooper and Smothers laughed up front.

"You were Hellmaster, my man."

"So? That was 1969. Besides, so were you," I snapped to Smothers.

"Yeah, I know," he grinned and lightly slapped the flat of his paddle in his open palm, giving me a defiantly goofy smirk. I turned away, not so much because I was being stared down as because I didn't want them to see me smiling.

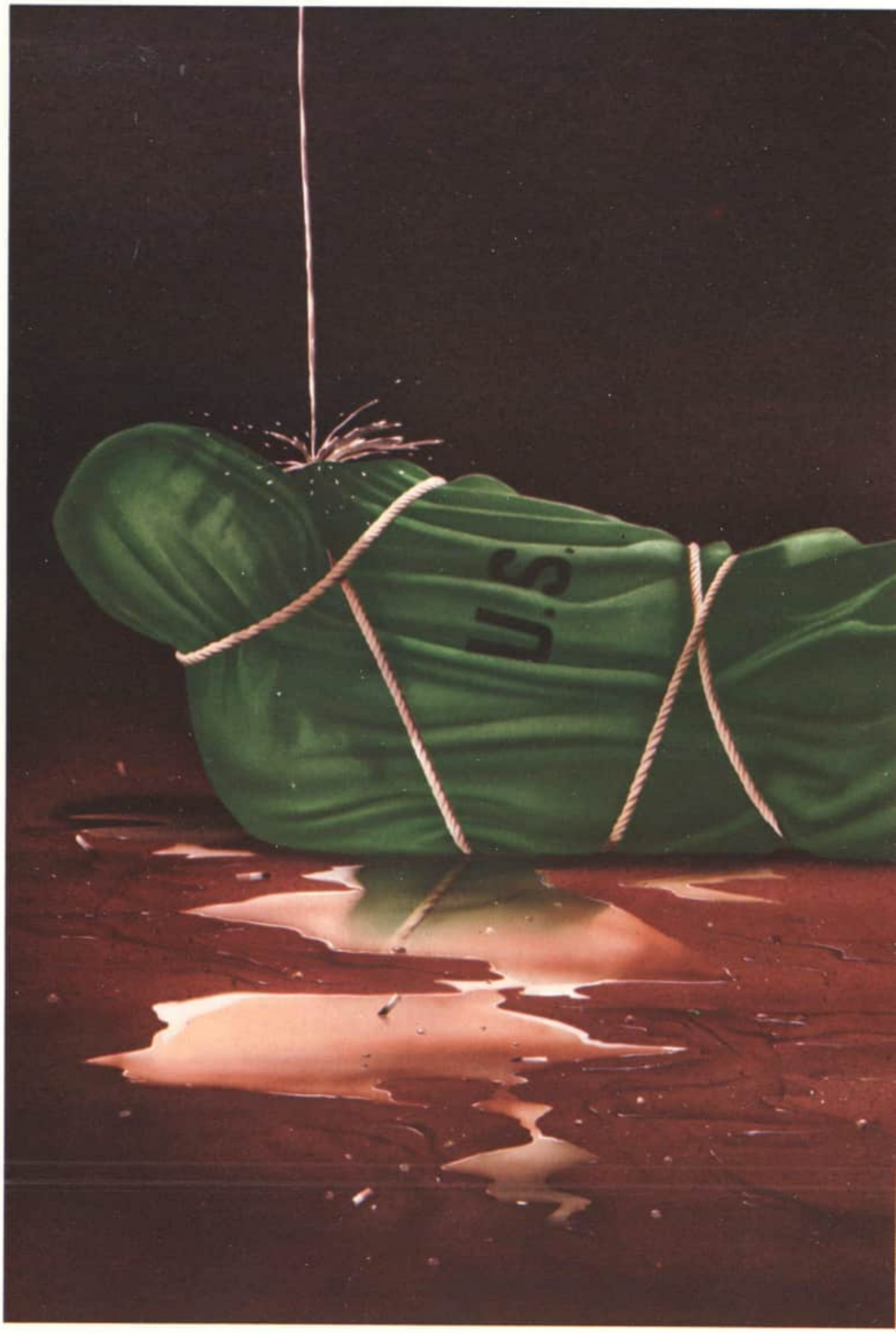
Hell Week. In my old fraternity that meant two nights of a physical and psychological hazing that was so degrading, so mindfucking, so humiliating, that to this day it amazes me that the house wasn't torched by some brain-damaged pledge on a vengeance bender, me included. And here we were a decade later, going back to witness Hell Week '78. I was feeling somewhat torn. On the one hand, I had big plans to tear the lid off the viciousness, the psychopathy, the Neo-Nazi macho dueling-club mentality of the nights to come. On the other, I wanted to make a weekend of it. Something in me was screaming for some of the cut-out brainless Three Stooges action of yesteryear. I wanted to have a ball. But I was worried. Something was off between me in the backseat and the two turkeys sitting up front. None of us were quite the yo-yos we were in 1968; the both of them were now high-salaried golden boys at their respective corporations, and I'd become such a goddam sensitive writer that sometimes it hurt me just to sit and think. We were all in our late twenties, frantically reassuring each other that the *other* guys from back then wound up screwed up, not us; we were getting into pitched battles, your est vs. my therapy, and the two of them were urgently validating each other's taking a leave of absence to find more meaningful employment. After about three hours on the road, I was chewing aspirin by the fistful and praying that Hell Week '78 would be the bitch to end all bitches.

But a four-hour-plus trip gives you plenty of time for mood swings, and the last hour or so I loosened up, got off my horse, and we started dealing out memories at a mile a minute: pledge raids, hospitalizable ex-brothers, ding sessions, hometown honeys giving handjobs in their evening gowns. By the time we got to the town, we were so wired we totally forgot about checking into a motel, plowed right through campus into the suburbs, and came to a rocking halt in the fraternity parking lot. The house, a big sprawling affair, lay squat in the night. We sat in the car, chewing gum, breathing heavily, surrounded by a nocturnal chorus of cricket bee-deets. Cooper checked his watch. All the bedroom windows were blacked out, curtained off with blankets. There were no lights on. Suddenly, the bug choir was drowned out by heavy African rhythms. Olatunji's "Drums of Passion" throbbed from the house. The music hit us in the face with a flashback rush like an ice-cold tidal wave. Drums of Passion—the start of Hell Week.

Forward into the past! We scrambled out of the car, falling over each other flying up the front steps; the main door's locked, shitfuck, pounding on the door, giddy with flashback, "Let us in, let us in!" Two brothers in suits came running. "Can I help you?" Paranoid frowns. "Rich Roy Cooper, Price, Jack

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

MAJOR LITTLE'S LAST STAND



Bravo Troop, Third Squadron, Fifth Air Cavalry, Vietnam, was notified that its helicopters were ready for pickup at Vung Tau; so the men spent a week flying them from the coast and then boresighting and test-firing the rockets and mini-guns. Soon all the aircraft were ready to fly missions; so, in order to prepare green crew members for actual combat, the troop was assigned to "pacified" areas, where the men could conduct practice assaults without encountering enemy ground fire. The drawback was that they could not actually fire their own weapons.

The pacified areas used for these practice sessions were always located near a major highway and between two large military complexes. Usually, there was a sizable village nearby. Some flying was done during these sessions, but the crew's time was spent reading or sleeping in the shade provided by the parked helicopters. Major Little, the unit commander, noticed this marked lack of enthusiasm on the part of his men; so he decided to add realism to the exercise by ordering sentries posted around the bivouac area. Vietnamese peasants continued to walk freely through the area anyway, laughing and pointing at the soldiers who manned the guns. By noon each day prostitutes would appear from the village to drum up business. This went on until early December, when orders were received relocating the troop farther north to a free-fire zone, where the men were to "develop the area." Major Little ordered the practice missions halted and called the men together to instruct them on their new assignment.

"Men, we have been ordered to a free-fire zone," he began enthusiastically as he stood on the platform before the formation. "For those of you who do not understand the significance of this order, I'll spell it out in terms that even a civilian could understand. This means that we're going to get our first chance to really mix it up with Charlie. As you all know, our mission as an Air Cavalry troop is to locate the enemy with our scout ships and then to kill, kill, and rekill him with gunships and infantry. When I first came to the squadron back in the States and was informed this would be my mission, I gratefully accepted it. And I feel you'll be proud to know that *I* decided then and there that *I* was willing to watch each of *you*—infantry and flight crews alike—die before the banners of truth, justice, and the American way. The military has simply got to teach these gooks a thing or two about God and democracy, and if we have to blow Vietnam off the face of the earth to straighten them out, then so be it. In conclusion, I expect to see a good number of you decorated for heroism, and if we have to fudge on the truth now and then to get our share of heroes, then, by golly, that's exactly what we'll do—Amen."

A couple of weeks later one of the scout ships, a Hughes LOH (Light Observation

It will take more than being forced to spend the night beneath a latrine to humble this Boy Wonder. After the termites are caught and the smoke clears, he will still think he deserves a Purple Heart.

FICTION BY ROSS IVEY

Helicopter) with a crew of three, was being escorted by a Huey gunship and its crew of four during a routine reconnaissance mission in the new area.

During,such a mission it was the practice of the scout LOH to skim quietly along the treetops until one of the crew spotted something suspicious, at which point the pilot would slow the aircraft to a hover so that either he or one of the gunners could get a better look. The area would then either be fired upon or simply reported and the recon continued in another area. Since being assigned to the Milkcow area of operations, Bravo Troop had seen no enemy troops, and everyone except the major had finally decided that the only difference between this free-fire zone and the other pacified area was that nobody lived in Milkcow. On this day, however, one of the scout gunners spotted two men carrying weapons, and he fired a burst from his M-60 machine gun in their general direction. The pilot circled back to where men had been seen only to find that they had disappeared into the underbrush, but the search continued a while longer, anyway, until it became evident that no one was going to surface.

Major Little, who had been circling overhead and monitoring the conversation, quickly interceded when the search was abandoned and ordered the scout pilot to drop a smoke grenade to mark the spot where the two men had last been seen. Then he informed both crews that an artillery barrage was on the way. For the next ten minutes exploding rounds blanketed the area; and immediately after they stopped, a flight of fighters swooped low over the trees to drop napalm and bombs. The ten helicopters of the slick platoon deposited Bravo Troop's eighty-man infantry force on the ground to search the area; but when they were extracted thirty minutes later, they carried with them only one badly burned and rusted AK-47 machine gun to show for their efforts.

Major Little obviously meant what he said about producing heroes, because immediately upon his return to the base that night he ordered his executive officer, Captain Lurch, who had been flying as his copilot, to recommend him for the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star. Lurch had laughed aloud at the suggestion until he realized the major was dead serious.

"What the hell did you do to get two of the nation's highest awards?" he demanded.

"Don't you bother yourself about that," commanded Major Little. "I'll write the report. All you have to do is sign it."

"I believe you're going to have to find somebody else to sign that thing, Major," Lurch replied.

"You'll do what I tell you to do, or you'll find yourself walking knee-deep in mud with the rest of the grunts," screamed the major.

"Stick it in your ear. I'm not signing anything," yelled the captain, who then stormed out of the operations tent.

That night Major Little wrote the citation and the next day had it typed and sent to Captain Lurch for his signature. When the document was returned with "Up yours" scribbled across the bottom, another argument followed, and two days later Captain Lurch was reassigned to an infantry company in the Mekong Delta. The day after he left, however, a typed recommendation that Major Little be awarded both the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star was sent to squadron headquarters with Captain Lurch's signature attached.

December drifted quietly into the annual truce period for Christmas and the New Year. Double rations were allowed; so the cook was able to prepare a large Christmas dinner, and the packages that had been delivered from the States were opened. Four helicopters were loaded with people and flown to Bien-hoa to see the Bob Hope Christmas show, and several recon missions were flown, but the helicopters hovered too high to see any movement—this so that the crews could listen to the Christmas show.

Shortly after New Year's 1968, the troop was assigned a new area of operations, which included a long portion of the Cambodian border in the jungle north of Tay-ninh. A new tent city was erected, bunkers were dug, and showers were built as soon as the men arrived at Tay-ninh. The twin peaks of Black Virgin Mountain loomed ominously above the flat marshlands of the south and the dense jungles to the north, and the highest peak acted as an observation post for the Special Forces camp there. Located along a main supply route of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the area surrounding the complex was hostile, and each night howitzers thundered shells at unseen targets miles away. The ground trembled with almost equal frequency as massive B-52 bombing raids ripped through the countryside.

Almost immediately after their arrival, the scouts and the guns began flying missions. The AO was covered so densely with jungle, however, that no infantry could be landed; so the scout and gun crews became armed forward air controllers, responsible for directing artillery barrages as well as air strikes from fighters and high-altitude B-52s. Each day they encountered the enemy in groups both large and small; and while they inflicted casualties, the helicopters and their crews increasingly became victims of ground fire.

Whenever a mission was in progress, Major Little required all available flight crews to assemble at the airfield—along with the infantry—so that an immediate rescue would be possible if a helicopter were to be shot down, and, in order to prevent a decay in morale during these periods of waiting, practice scrambles were ordered. During the practice scramble the pilots were required to start the helicopters and load the infantry in preparation for takeoff. After the flight leader radioed operations for the location of the downed aircraft, Major Little would announce, "This has been a test for the emergency scramble system. I repeat. This has been only a test." The first complaint came from the infantry platoon leader, who said that sitting in the sun all day in full combat gear exhausted his men, and his objections were quickly parroted by similar voices from commanders of the gun, scout, and slick platoons. But the major considered any questioning of his judgment equivalent to mutiny; so rather than decrease the number of practice scrambles, he increased their frequency to three, four, and even five daily.

A few days later, and shortly after the day's fourth practice alert, Mudturtle, a fat, freckle-faced sergeant turned pilot, radioed headquarters that the scout helicopter he had been following had been shot down and that he was providing protective fire until reinforcements arrived and the rescue was completed. When the platoons were alerted to scramble, however, the helicopters' batteries were so weakened from the day's scrambles that none of the engines would start. Mudturtle soon ran out of ammunition and had to land and bring out the downed crew himself; and although his helicopter was badly damaged, he circled overhead until an air force fighter could be summoned to destroy the downed aircraft to prevent Charlie from stripping it of guns and radios. Major Little met the bullet-riddled Huey with assurance that each crew member would be decorated for heroism.

> “The military has
> simply got to teach these gooks
> a thing or two about
> God and democracy, and if we
> have to blow Vietnam
> off the face of the earth, then
> so be it.”

"Major Little," said Mudturtle sarcastically, "as far as I'm concerned, you can spread Vaseline over those medals and put them anywhere they'll fit."

"I'll not have insubordination, Mister," the Major retorted.

"Hell, sir, you ain't seen nothin' yet," challenged Mudturtle. "Crawl your skinny ass out of that jeep, and I'll show you the damnedest case of insubordination you've ever seen."

The major started to reply, but the two pilots and four door gunners accompanying Mudturtle were also incensed by the conversation; so he ordered his driver to take him back to operations. That night, as he walked from his shower to his bunker, a group of men threw a blanket over his head, after which he was placed, bound and gagged, beneath one of the toilet holes of the enlisted men's latrine, where he remained until discovered the next morning.

During the night his clothes became soaked by the frequent visitors, and the cool temperatures caused him to catch a cold which required that he be hospitalized. An investigation by squadron reached the conclusion that the attack must have come from another unit; so each of the platoon commanders was instructed to alert his men to watch for any strangers passing through the area. No practice alerts were called during Major Little's absence, nor did they resume after his return.

Most members of Bravo Troop tried to pretend the major did not exist, which became easier after his hospitalization, because from that point on he seldom emerged from the seclusion of his bunker. The one person who found ignoring-him-out-of-existence an impossible feat, however, was Specialist Fourth-Class Alvin Culpepper, who was the headquarters clerk and consequently the personal servant of Major Little. Aside from almost single-handedly building both the major's personal bunkers, he was responsible for insuring that food was brought to his quarters and that the interior of his bunker was kept spotless. His most distasteful function, and a task for which he always seemed chosen, was that of delivering orders to the captains and lieutenants who commanded the various platoons. Their most likely reaction to any orders coming from the major was to stand Culpepper to attention and chew him out because the order was ridiculous.

Shortly after returning from the hospital, Major Little decided to reaffirm his authority by ordering the pilots to police the helicopter parking area, which was littered with thousands of expended cartridges swept daily from the cabins of returning helicopters. Specialist Culpepper knew this was usually the duty of the infantry; so after several hours of hesitation, he approached the platoon commanders one by one—and each with predictable results. Frustrated and confused by his inability to alter his predicament, he retired to the lonely darkness beyond the tents, where he drank himself into oblivion.

When Major Little was in ROTC at college, he had developed an insatiable appetite for war history, which he carried with him after graduation; so while the other members of Bravo Troop invested most of their idle time in poker games and drinking, he spent the nights poring over the histories of world conflict. He made notes of what he read so that he could later refight the major battles on paper to determine whether their outcomes could have been altered. On this particular occasion, it was nearly midnight as he repositioned the German and Allied forces for a rematch of the Battle of the

Bulge when several quart jars were propelled by the unseen hand of Specialist Culpepper. When the jars shattered against the bunker wall, thousands of termites—collected from a nearby termite mound—filled the room. Horrified by any type of insect, Major Little screamed with terror at the sight of the flying and crawling bugs; so he bolted for the door, which was immediately obscured by a smoke grenade.

He finally escaped the bunker, covered by a thick layer of chalky red dust, and he ran screaming through the area, stopping only briefly in spots to dance wildly in circles, flailing his arms and legs in a frantic attempt to remove the creatures that clung to his clothes. Most of the troop had gathered outside the tents when he finally stripped off his last piece of clothing, but it was not until he stood beneath the bright flood lamps adjacent to the mess tent that he became aware of the thundering laughter of the crowd.

When he realized what was happening, he ran toward his bunker. But remembering it was uninhabitable, he stopped and looked frantically about for another place to hide. Racing between rows of onlookers, he finally reached the enlisted men's latrine, where he found an occupant using the facilities. The soldier looked up in the dim light at the naked figure that stood glaring at him.

"Get out," screamed Major Little. "Get out of here."

"What the hell . . . "

"Out, dammit. Out, out, out."

"Are you Major Little?"

"I'm not Peter Rabbit, you blasted imbecile. Get out."

"Yes, sir," the enlisted man replied as he stumbled toward the door, pulling at his pants between steps.

"Break up this crowd," the major screamed out hysterically at the men gathered outside the door. He repeated the command several more times until the group finally began to disperse. "Culpepper," he shouted, "report to the enlisted men's latrine on the double."

The next day Specialist Culpepper whistled as he cleaned Major Little's bunker and exterminated most of the resident termites. That evening the major returned to his quarters; and as he ate dinner, he was notified that he was to be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star by the division commander, General Hackman, who was to arrive from Cu Chi by helicopter the next day. The following week the *Stars and Stripes* carried a feature story about the heroic deeds that led to his being decorated, and the article quoted the citation, reportedly written by his former executive officer, Captain Bob Lurch. He was credited with "descending into intense enemy fire to direct artillery and air strikes against heavy enemy troop concentrations which were on the verge of overrunning the positions of badly outnumbered U.S. Infantry Forces." It finally stated that "Major Little's heroic actions made him singularly responsible for the success of the mission and the safety of his men."

Capt. Bob Lurch sat in the sparse shade offered by the small trees that grow on dikes which separate the rice paddies, and he had just finished a can of C rations when he was handed a copy of the *Stars and Stripes*. He spent the remainder of the day in directing his company on a search-and-destroy sweep through the hot delta marshland while he composed a letter in his mind that was to be sent the next day to the secretary of the army, outlining the events that led to his commanding an infantry company and resulted in Major Little's being decorated.

The pilots of Bravo Troop were at the flight line, conducting their regular police call for expanded cartridges when the helicopter containing General Hackman and the newly promoted Major Lurch landed unnoticed at the far end of the airfield.

The pair walked to the troop area and into the orderly room tent, where Specialist Culpepper sat alone typing Major Little's most recent award recommendation—the Purple Heart.

> Crawl your skinny ass out of that jeep, Major Little, and I'll show you the damnedest case of insubordination you've ever seen.

Specialist Culpepper heard footsteps, looked up, and fixed his gaze on the two stars on the general's shoulder.

"Aaateeenshun," he shouted to the empty room as he leaped from his chair to a rigid stance.

"At ease, Specialist," the general said quietly. "Where can I find Major Little?"

"I don't know, sir," Culpepper screamed anew. "Sir, I can find him, though, sir!"

"You just made a sir sandwich out of me, Specialist."

"Sir?"

"Find Major Little."

After Culpepper had stumbled out of the tent, General Hackman noticed the award recommendation, pulled it from the typewriter, and read it. "On paper at least, looks like Major Little has seen some action. It says here that he got hit by flying glass during a mortar attack."

Specialist Culpepper stumbled back through the tent door and again stood at attention before the general. "Sir, Major Little is resting in his bunker, and he instructed me he would not be accepting appointments for at least another hour, sir."

The general glared at Culpepper. "Did you tell him who was here?"

"Sir, I tried to, sir, but he had already put his earplugs back in."

"Did Major Little get hit during a mortar attack?" asked Major Lurch, who held out the partially completed Purple Heart recommendation.

"Well, uh, sir, that's kind of a long story."

"Tell it," ordered the general.

Major Lurch shook the bare shoulder of Major Little as he lay on his bunk, partially covered by a sheet that was dyed green for camouflage purposes. The air conditioner hummed a cool breeze. The lamp at his bedside illuminated the framed medals that hung on the wall above the bed.

"Go away, dammit," Major Little growled, waving his arm. "I told you in another hour—when you bring my lunch."

"Get your sorry ass out of that bunk," exploded General Hackman as he delivered a swift kick to the metal-framed bed.

"What?" slurred Major Little as he rolled over to identify the source of the roar.

"I said to get your damned, no good, lazy, lying ass out of that bed." He stood glaring as the major became fully aware of the two men. The general—unable to control his urge for physical action any longer—grasped the end of the bed and flipped it like a pancake so that Major Little tumbled onto the floor in a tangle of bedsheets.

Major Little looked up in astonishment at the face of his former executive officer. Then his eyes met General Hackman's, and he saw the two stars reflect the light of the bed lamp. He froze.

"Major Little," the general growled in a determined tone that left no room for discussion. "Major Lurch and I are going to the orderly room. I want you there within five minutes, packed up with bag and baggage and ready to leave here." He then added with acidity, "Don't be late." The two men left the bunker without further comment.

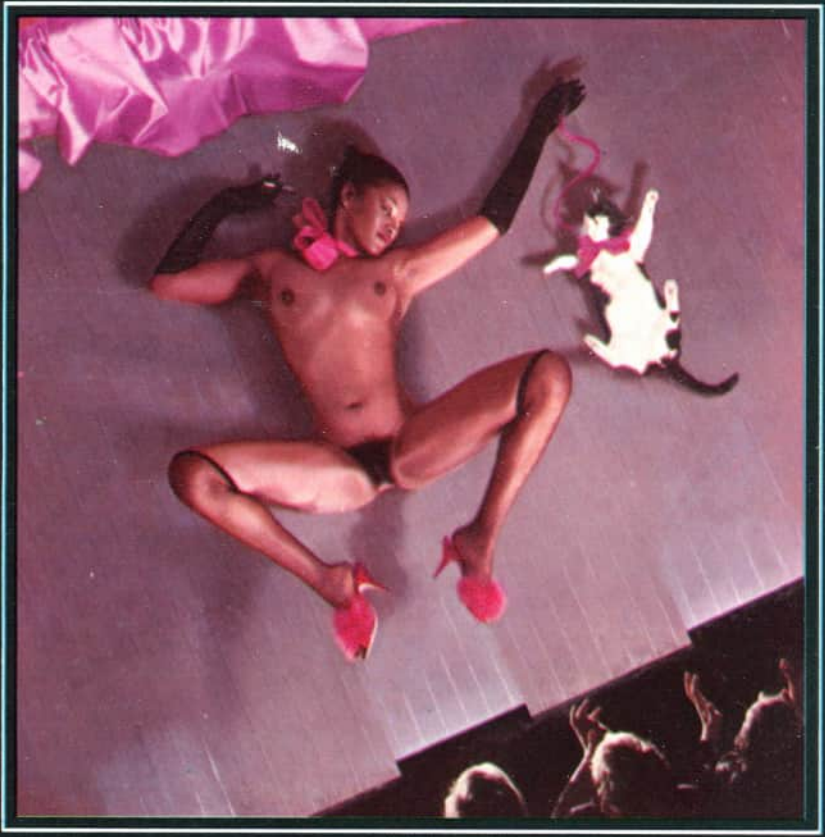
All of the officers and men who were not flying were assembled in front of the orderly room tent for the change-of-command ceremony. Major Little stood in a daze as the ceremony proceeded. Neither boot was laced, and his jungle fatigue top was improperly buttoned so that his torso appeared lopsided. A day's growth of beard peppered his face, and his fatigue cap sat crooked upon his close-cropped head of hair. His hastily packed duffel bag lay beside him. Under his left arm the sunlight reflected off the glass face of the two framed medals.

It was all over within a few minutes. Major Lurch called for an immediate briefing of pilots and door gunners while General Hackman and Major Little boarded the helicopter for Cu Chi. There the highly decorated major was honored with the newly created position of commander of the Vietnamese hooch-maids, who maintained both the officers' and enlisted men's quarters at Division Headquarters. It would be a long time before anyone from Bravo Troop would hear from him again.

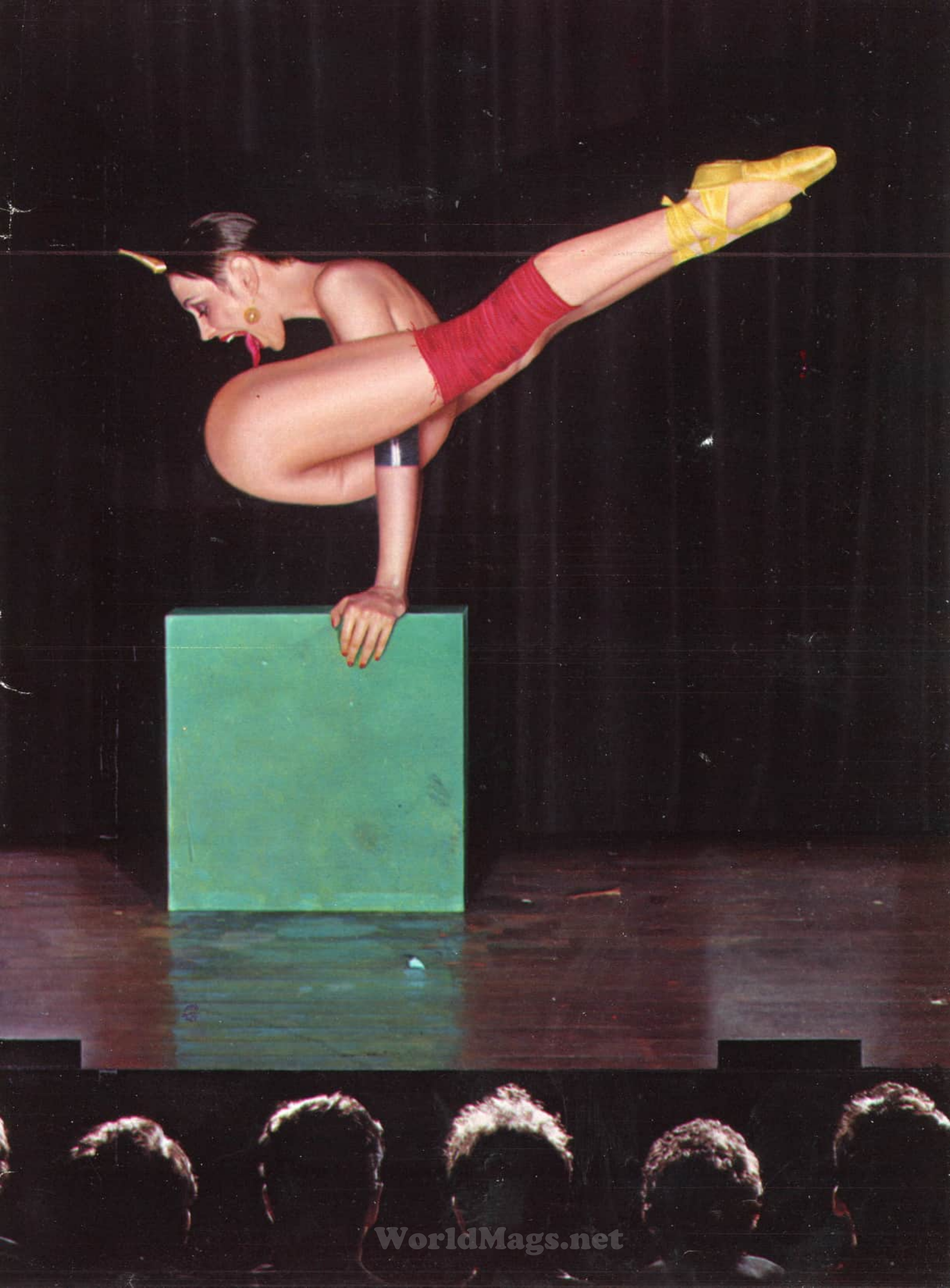
TOUGH ACTS TO FOLLOW

The closing of Broadway's
burlesque shows is an American tragedy.
Herewith, what we've lost...

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEAN-PAUL GOUDE



As the live sex shows of Times Square close down, good old-fashioned burlesque is being replaced by porn flicks and peep shows, the McDonalds of sexy entertainment. As some would have it, the vital, wriggling worm New York's mayor plucked from the Big Apple has left a gaping orifice in the city's culture. Luckily, Parisian artist-photographer Jean-Paul Goude had the foresight to capture in photographs the last flames of live burlesque—class acts like "Matilda and Her Trained Pussy" (above) and "Lady Infinity, the Orgasmic Pretzel" (right)—before they are doused forever.



In Goude's estimation, burlesque as an art form is quintessentially American. "What America gave to burlesque," he says nostalgically, "was a marvelous sense of style, great imagination. It was a powerful theatrical experience, the best of entertainment. The Pigalle in Paris was tame compared with any burlesque house in a small town in Alabama." One piece of paradise lost pictured here—the Superb Sisters and Their Humming Organs. "Take a good look, America," says Goude. "You'll never see this again. How can a peep show compare? It's so claustrophobic—sort of like going to the bathroom in an airplane."

This playful piece of Americana, burlesque, is perishing all too soon—a bygone art form whose passing is lamented by those who knew it well, regretted by those who never knew it in its prime. Says Goude, "America's live burlesque, the sex shows, were picturesque and amusing. They were fresh, controversial, and aggressive. That sort of sexual titillation was lively and healthy. It's been replaced by a gynecological approach that lacks vitality and is often, in a word, boring." Only in America could the connoisseur have caught an act like "Janet the Juicy Juggler." Now, that's entertainment! ⊶

HELL WEEK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

Smothers," then, in chorus, "Class of '71," our hands extended, trembling with anticipation. I could see the old, locked library doors. I knew the pledges were inside, freaking out, standing at attention in darkness for hours while big speakers blasted Olatunji's Mau-Mau pound at them nonstop as a prelude to God Knows What as far as they knew. But I knew. The brothers checked us out. "We're expected." Tentative howareyas, screwem, "Where's our togas?" Heads nodded toward the stairs. We scampered up three flights to the dorm floor, ran into a bedroom piled with starched sheets. It was Friday night, the physical hazing night, and all the initiators had to wear bed sheets, Roman senator style, and as we stood in our underwear, giggling like girls fumbling with the too-big sheets and the safety pins surrounded by very stoned, semicurious brothers, I thought that for those guys the three of us were living history, legend, hallowed faces of ancient hanging composites in the game room. The present Hellmaster came up and after brief intros led us down to the Hall of Circling Lights, where it was all to begin.

"See you guys downstairs," Cooper waved at the brothers.

"Who were those assholes?" Shrugs.

Like three retarded rejects from the Continental Baths, we waddled in our sheets down to the dining room, that night known as the Hall of Circling Lights, where we took our seats. Two rows of five chairs faced each other, creating an aisle to a suspended white sheet surrounded by floodlights and spotlights. I was sitting winking and elbowing with my boys and staring at the seven other seated brothers, at their faces and physiques. Christ, I was 28; they were 19, 20 tops. Did it show? Shit. All three of us were gladhanding everybody in sight. "Hi. Joe Blow, Class of '71."

Someone distributed lit cigarettes, lights went out, and we started slowly swirling the glowing butts in the air, making ten orange rings in the darkness. I heard unsteadily shuffling feet, could make out two figures standing at the entrance to the dining room. One was hooded.

"*Who goes there?*" a booming amplified bass from behind the white curtain.

"It is the pledge warden with Pledge Davis!"

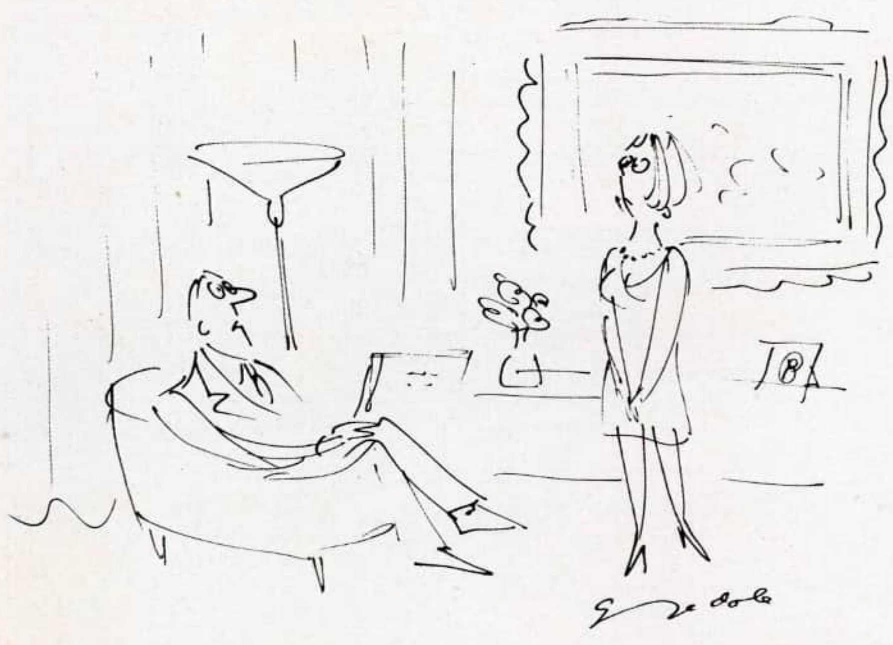
"*Bid . . . him . . . entah!*" The hood was removed, and the pledge moved slightly, staggering down the aisle of lights toward the voice.

"*Closer! . . . Closer! . . . Halt!*" *Boom!* I jumped 20 feet in the air as all the floodlights went on in the kid's face simultaneously with what sounded like a minor detonation.

The kid staggered back.

"*Don't turn around!*" He struggled to attention, trembling through his suit—staring at the white sheet and the blinding silver-foil-backed lights.

"*So you want to be a brother!*"



"I know I promised you a new outfit if I was elected—but you know how I am about campaign promises."

"Yes, I do," a peepy squeak.

Twenty togaed bros appeared in the doorway behind him, all giggling and shushing each other.

"*Sing me a song!*"

The kid half-stepped in place like he'd just shit in his pants. "Shi-ine onn, shi-ine on har-vest moon."

"*Shut up!*"

The brothers were on the floor, silently howling, holding their guts.

"*Tell me a joke!*"

"Why did the, why do chickens want to cross . . . "

"*Shut up! How big is your cock?*"

"What?"

"*Are you deaf as well as stupid?*"

"Ten inches."

"*Bullshit!*"

"Six inches?"

"*Wha-at?*"

"Four inches?"

"*Pledge warden! Get him out of my sight! You disgust me! Continue on your journey!*" The brothers at the doorway were waved out of sight.

Lights went out. We relit our cigarettes, recreated the Hall of Circling Lights, and the pledge was ushered out into the next ordeal.

We sat through three more pledges, and everyone committed self-castration. They all started out with high bids on their cock length (one kid said 22 inches), and by the third "*Bullshit!*" from the voice none of them owned up to more than 4 inches. One kid kept insisting on six and one-half inches, which made me feel that he actually measured it. But even he got down into the early part of the ruler after a few barks.

At this point let me both backtrack and jump ahead and describe the whole setup of physical hazing. First, the pledges are ushered ("No talking!") into a long room, where they stand at attention for hours in total darkness while speakers are set up outside the door, blasting African drums and chants at them. Every once in a while a brother takes a few slams at the locked door with a heavy chain—just as a nice touch. Then scared, exhausted, and night-blind, they are led one by one at roughly half-hour intervals down to the Hall of Circling Lights. The next step is that the kid is told to strip to his jockeys. He is no longer a pledge; now he's a sperm, and he has to take the sperm's journey through the uterus to the womb, which is where he is "born" into a brother.

Anyway, the three of us charged up the back stairs to the top floor, cut across the dorm room corridor, and entered the top of the Uterus, which in reality was the main staircase swathed in sheets, lit by red bulbs, and lined with brothers in togas armed with big, plastic ketchup squeeze dispensers loaded with warm water. There were three landings to the top, each with its own special treat.

We worked our way down to a vantage point, leaning on the banister overlooking the first landing. Beneath us a jockey-shorted pledge was led through a door. A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

Marlboro Lights
The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.
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LIGHTS
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FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LIGHTS
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Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SPIES ON CAMPUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Actually, the CIA-academic arrangement remained a close secret until 1966, when *Ramparts* magazine revealed that Michigan State University was secretly training South Vietnamese police officials under a $25 million program funded by the CIA. Subsequently, it was revealed that other CIA-funded secret projects were being run at MIT, Harvard, Columbia, Miami, and California universities.

Then came the National Student Association mess: revelations that the CIA had virtually taken over the National Student Association, turning it into a propaganda forum. In its wake came White House–ordered reforms in 1967, which stipulated that the CIA was to end covert funding of student groups and research centers. However, the new guidelines said nothing about the overall CIA-academia link, and business continued pretty much as before, even though many outside the intelligence community assumed that the guidelines had driven the CIA off campus. Not so, as Harvard students discovered in 1971, when they occupied an administrator's office during a protest against the Vietnam War. While in the office, they rifled the office files and were astonished to discover minutes of a private Council on Foreign Relations meeting, during which a CIA official had discussed how the agency ran covert operations overseas.

What was a Harvard administrator doing with that sort of material? The question was never answered, nor was a similar question posed by protesting Columbia University students when they found nearly identical papers in the office of an administrator of their own university during a sit-in protest. (Actually, both administrators had long worked for the CIA.)

Since then, despite occasional bursts of controversy, the CIA-academic link has remained undisturbed. Even the Harvard imbroglio has caused little change, at least publicly. But behind the scenes the CIA has been counterattacking vigorously against any attempt to control its relationship with academia.

Since last June the agency has been holding a series of "special briefings" at Langley for various university presidents in an attempt to work out secret arrangements for CIA work on campus, irrespective of whatever guidelines might eventually be written at those universities. It has also waged a furious lobbying campaign in the academic community against the Harvard guidelines, implying that if it will not recognize those, it will not recognize anybody else's, either.

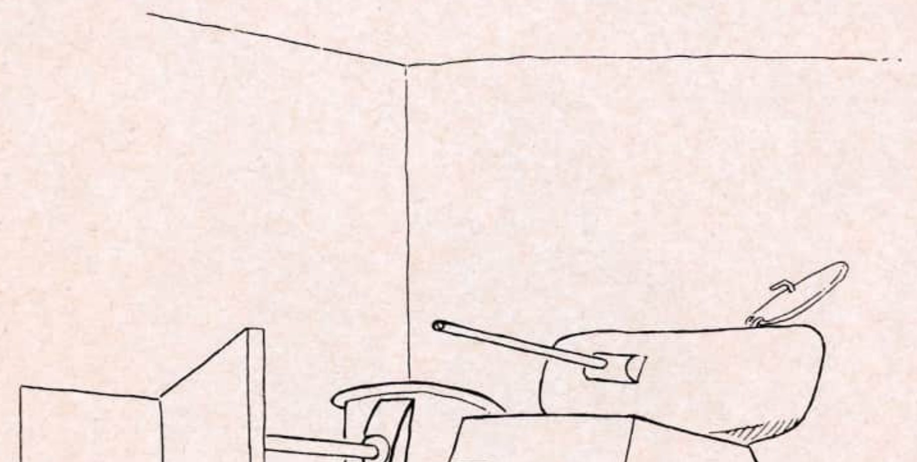
About 50 universities and colleges have been trying to work out guidelines on CIA relationships. The effort has been spurred, primarily, by the Campaign for Political Rights, a coalition of 70 groups, ranging from the American Civil Liberties Union to the National Organization for Women. Also leading the effort is the American Association of University Professors.

To date, the effort has not met with much success. Mainly, there has been a pronounced lack of faculty support, a dearth of information on exactly what the CIA is doing on campuses, and extensive CIA infiltration of many university and college administrations. For those reasons, proposed guidelines have not fared well at a number of colleges and universities—proposed guidelines were rejected by the University of Michigan faculty after only 45 minutes of debate (and after Turner wrote two personal letters to faculty members asking them not to accept them), and faculty groups at the University of Pennsylvania watered down a set of new guidelines so badly that they're virtually useless.

Those actions took place despite a number of interesting items uncovered by a new weapon used by critics of the CIA-campus link: Freedom of Information suits to uncover the scope of CIA activities on individual campuses. A suit at the University of Michigan uncovered documents showing how the CIA had tried to conceal its link to the university and had attempted to block a move to write new guidelines. As a result of a Princeton suit, a classified FBI document listing a number of university institutes cooperating with intelligence agencies was mistakenly given out.

The CIA has become very concerned about the Freedom of Information suits, and it has been waging furious court battles to block any further release of documents, arguing that such release exposes "sources and methods" of intelligence work. The extent of the CIA concern was shown recently when the agency worked to block a suit involving CIA operations at the University of California at Berkeley. "In many fields," said F.W.M. Janney, CIA personnel director, "it is absolutely essential that the agency have available to it the single greatest source of . . . expertise: the American academic community." The agency has also argued that revelations of academic involvement with the agency would expose certain academics to "shame and ridicule" of their peers—a tacit admission that at least some of these people have something to be ashamed of.

Whether the CIA-academia link will ever be brought under control is an open question at the moment, although the prospects do not appear too bright. Only a handful of colleges and universities, led by Harvard, have passed any sort of guidelines: the remainder of the 100 campuses where the CIA is strongest are either considering such guidelines, have no interest in considering them, or have already rejected them. The general lack of action and concern clearly worries the American Association of University Professors, which argues that unless the academic community learns to end its covert relationship with the CIA, it has no hope of retaining any credibility. "Secrecy," says Dr. Morton Baratz of the AAUP, "necessarily woven into the fabric of intelligence activities, is basically antagonistic to the free and open exercise of teaching and inquiry by members of the academic profession."



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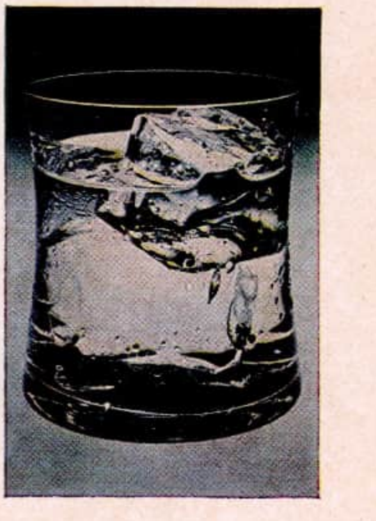

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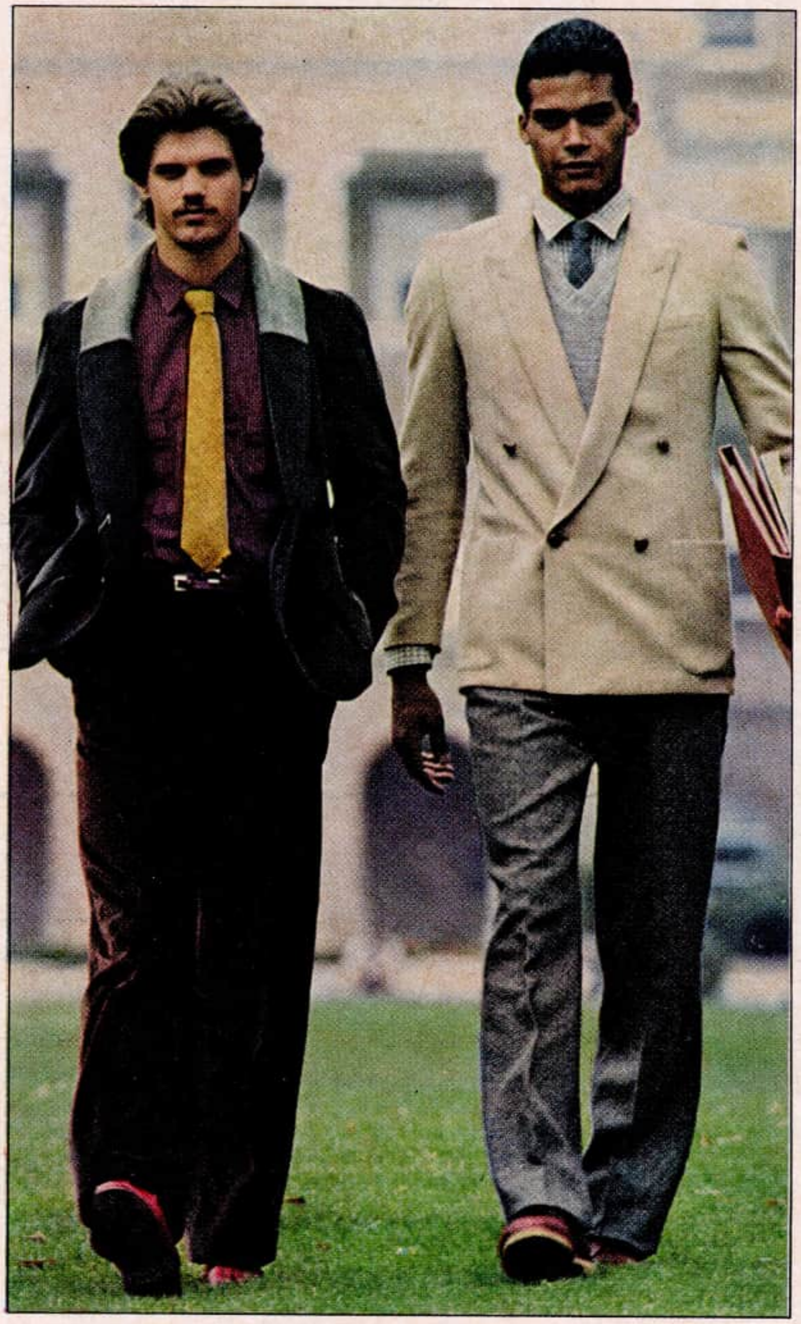
There are no dress codes on campus this year.

ELECTIVE FASHION

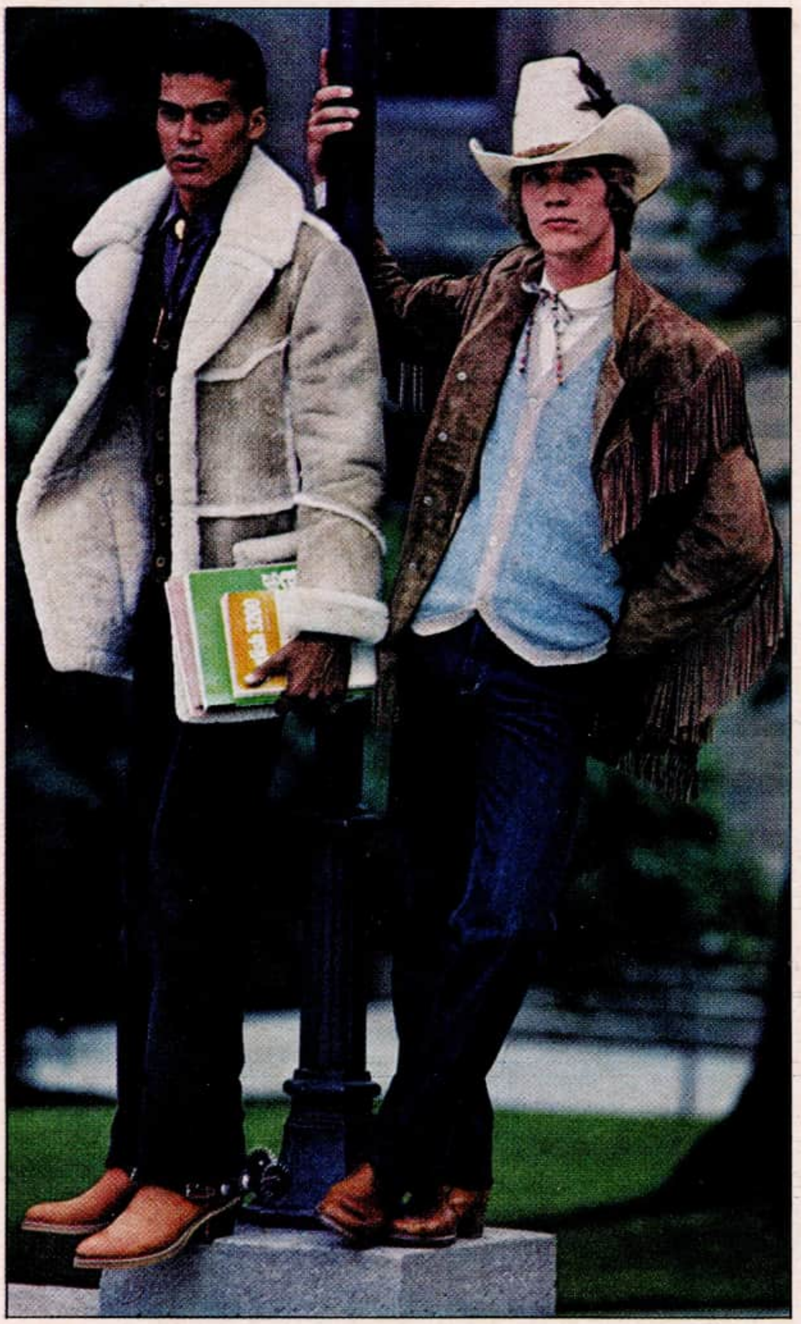
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



Today's college students refuse to be stereotyped. Rather than adopting someone else's version of the proper campus uniform, they dress to suit themselves. Sloppy 1950s sweat shirts, tattered 1960s jeans, and straight 1970s button-downs are out; instead, students choose a variety of looks as varied as a senior curriculum. Western-look outfits can be dressed down for an outing in the woods or up for an afternoon beer bust. Pleated pants, paired with oversized sweaters, are popular for college men who want to be comfortable during long hours of sitting in class. At night or on weekends, some style-conscious academics like the hipper, updated fashion look of sport coats with narrow lapels over shirts with shorter

(this page, left) **Michael Davis**, *a 21-year-old native Floridian majoring in accounting, knows about fashion: he is working his way through college at the noted off-campus men's store Rupert Cornelius, Inc. Strolling the grounds in front of Bascom Hall, Michael knows it's hip to dress up again. He wears a corduroy blazer with a knit shawl collar ($85) by Europecraft Imports and brown velvet pants (about $100) by Corneliana for Cezar, Ltd. The all-cotton shirt ($35) and tie ($10) are by Equipment by Henry Grethel. The tasseled slip-on shoes are by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia.* **Steve Allen** *(right), studying occupational therapy at Madison Area Technical College, affiliated with U.W., plans to transfer to the main campus for his next two years. He likes the neat, uncluttered look of dressing up in a camel hair blazer (about $275) by Corneliana for Cezar, Ltd. and the double-pleated wool tweed pants ($110) by Zanella for Al B. Arden. The wool pullover sweater ($26) is by B. P. Ltd.; the flannel checked shirt ($25) is by Doni Shirtmakers; the plaid wool tie ($12.50) is by Equipment by Henry Grethel.*

(opposite page) The rugged look of leather means fashion to these students who wear leather everywhere: sporting events, pinball arcades, and rock concerts. Shown here on the bleachers in U.W.'s massive stadium is **Rich Wroblewski** *(left), a transfer student to U.W., studying French and international accounting. He is currently cast as "Blue Boy" in the major motion picture* Rough Road, *to be released at year's end. Rich is aware of designer labels and shows up here in a longer leather jacket with fly-front zipper and wrap belt ($875) by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. The all-cotton corduroy pants (about $40) are by Equipment by Henry Grethel; the all-silk tie is by Oscar De La Renta.* **Steve Allen** *wears a short leather jacket with a hood ($280), a cotton-and-wool shirt ($46), a rust wool tie ($12.50), and corded-wool-flannel, army-green, double-pleated pants ($57.50); the entire ensemble is by Calvin Klein Menswear.* **Lash Fritz** *is an undergraduate majoring in zoology at U.W. and planning a Ph.D. in research. Lash wears a diamond-quilted, soft-leather zip-up jacket (about $600) by Linea Pitti. The wool-and-alpaca, bouclé-collared cardigan (about $150) is by Barrage for Al B. Arden. The wool-and-cotton plaid tie ($12.50) is by Equipment by Henry Grethel; the wool olive-brown pleated pants (about $130) are by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. All students' shoes are Streetcars by Laconia.*



collars and thinner, shorter ties. The ubiquitous army-navy store pea coat is a thing of the past; most students depend on outer garments, ranging from a leather jacket to an outsized parka to a dressy wool sport coat.

To track down the latest looks in campus dressing—and the new thought and attention students are giving to their wardrobe—*Penthouse* visited the University of Wisconsin, located in the capital city of Madison on Lake Mendota. It is the fourth-largest university in America, with over 39,000 students in 242 buildings. The campus alone covers 900 acres.

Our *Penthouse* fashion editor selected Wisconsin students as models for the contemporary campus classics presented on these pages.

(opposite page, left) **Jan Marfyak**, *a transfer student from Madison Area Technical College, is studying respiratory therapy. His interest in clothes centers around unusual fabrics and casual designs. Jan wears the green, crinkled-cloth blouson jacket (about $120) with beige, crinkled-cloth pants (about $70) and an army-green sweater with quilted shoulders (about $50); all are by Lee Wright for Monti. The wool-and-angora shirt (about $65) is by Jean-Paul Germain; the wool knit tie is at George G. Graham, New York.* **Michael Davis** *wears a big, shawl-collared, wool-knit sweater-jacket (about $120) and wool placket-front pullover sweater (about $45) by Pierre Cardin Relax. The leather jeans ($235) are by Lee Wright for Pomezia; the red, woven mohair tie ($25) is by Equipment by Henry Grethel. Both men's shoes are Streetcars by Laconia.*

(this page) The hippest look on campus this semester is the western collection—and students **Steve Allen** *and* **Jan Marfyak** *are all for it. (left) Steve wears the popular shearling coat (about $325) by Bert Paley, Ltd., a division of After Six, with navy, wide-wale-pleated corduroy pants ($85) by Bob Goldfeder for Acorn. The wool, plum-colored shirt is by Ron Chereskin; the wool-and-mohair striped cardigan ($145) is by Gorini for Al B. Arden. The western "nugget" bolo tie and silver spurs are by the Nick Philolius Western Collection, New York. The boots are by Acme. Jan wears a soft, suede-fringed jacket of finished split cowhide ($170) by Cresco. The cotton cutaway-collar shirt ($45) is by Cezar, Ltd.; the wool cardigan sweater ($32.50) is by B.P. Ltd.; the signature denim jeans ($35) are by Jean-Paul Germain, and the western string tie is by George G. Graham, New York.*

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page **184**.

CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

in',' and 'Don't laugh—your daughter's in here.' They're called fuck trucks. Some nights I've seen girls who are high enough run out into the middle of the street and stand on the hood of some car and rip off their tops. Especially in summer, when they wear bikinis out there."

"High enough on what?" I ask.

"Alcohol and Quaaludes," he says. "There used to be a lot of dust up till a year ago maybe, but that stuff is too hard to make because it smells so awful the cops can tell someone's making it a mile away."

He tells me that he and some friends used to hang around the Arco station and that a bunch of girls always came by and flashed the moon at them. "So one night," he reveals, "we got darts, you know—not the kind with little rubber suction cups on the end, either . . . "

"And so . . . ?" I ask.

"We went around the corner to a side street and got high."

"Oh," I say.

"There's a lot happening off the main drag, depending on which side street you're on. On the Mexican side streets, they're all drinking beer and smoking dope. But most of the whites and blacks are into coke now, and they get totally blasted. They'll do things like walk into walls or walk down the center line till they get caught. I guess the Mexicans can't afford coke."

"And the police . . . ?"

"The police used to be okay up to about five years ago, when the gangs started up and the Mexicans moved in. But now the cop'll give you a ticket just for driving out of Bob's Big Boy without your lights on. They hassle you all the time. That's why I don't come here anymore."

Either this kid thinks no one notices him standing there, or he is just a mass of contradictions. Anyway you look at it, though, he isn't really one of the children of the Valley. After all, the guy's 22, and what does he know? *Most* of the kids who cruise out here on Van Nuys Boulevard are still in high school and wouldn't bad-mouth the Valley for any amount of Tuinals.

Kids like Kathy and Jennifer. They're 15-year-olds and go to Grant High. Tonight they're standing in front of Van Nuys Racing Supply with some other teenagers. The store itself just gleams inside from all that chrome and the stark white of the walls and high ceiling against those heavy, thick, black tires. Both Kathy and Jennifer are wearing actual knee-length, too-tight plaid skirts and sort of velour V-neck sweatshirts. Kathy's is midnight blue; Jennifer's is mocha. Both girls have fluffy hair. Kathy wears five—*five*—gold chains around her neck, each one falling an inch lower than the one preceding, and she's carrying a purse that looks as if it came from Saks. Jennifer is much more low-rider-looking because she's not wearing a shirt under her velour V-neck like Kathy and is not wearing chains. What she *is* wearing is lipgloss, and the whole time I talk to the girls, Jennifer never speaks, so lost is she in her own reflection as she applies layer upon layer of lipgloss, on and on.

"Lighten up, Jennifer," Kathy says, and then turns to me. "She's just way wasted over this Tony. I mean, it's so intense I think she can't even talk."

"I thought kids from Grant were supposed to be rich and high-class," I say. "I didn't know any of you came out here on Wednesdays."

"That's true. I wouldn't be out here if Jennifer weren't my best friend."

Jennifer is arching her neck so that her glistening glossy lips can catch the light from inside the racing store.

"Her mother wouldn't let her go out of the house like that. She's got her blouse in her purse—or, rather, in *my* purse," says Kathy.

Kathy is the blonde, and Jennifer is the brunette, fluffy one.

Just then a silver-and-black van painted to look like a 1920 Tiffany cigarette cloisonée case, shoots out of the traffic and storms to a halt in front of us by the driveway.

Jennifer, paralyzed for a moment by the glory of it all, then dashes to the van.

Tony, as nonchalant as a low-rider is ever going to be, looks away into the ten lanes of Van Nuys Boulevard traffic as though he doesn't know why he's there. Jennifer has reached the passenger side of the van, and trying to open the door, she and Kathy and I and all the kids outside of Van Nuys Racing discover the door is locked. Jennifer fights with the door and knocks on it, but Tony is too swept up in his own nonchalance and loud radio to hear her. But finally he unbends, unlocks the door, and Jennifer flings herself in.

He pauses for a moment before going back out into traffic to lock her in a wild embrace; however, she won't do it—not till she's gotten a Kleenex out of her purse and wiped all her lipgloss clean off. Then it's tongue city.

"What do you do now?" I ask Kathy. "Go home?"

"Oh, no, I just wait here," Kathy answers. "He's got to bring her back before ten. Ten's curfew."

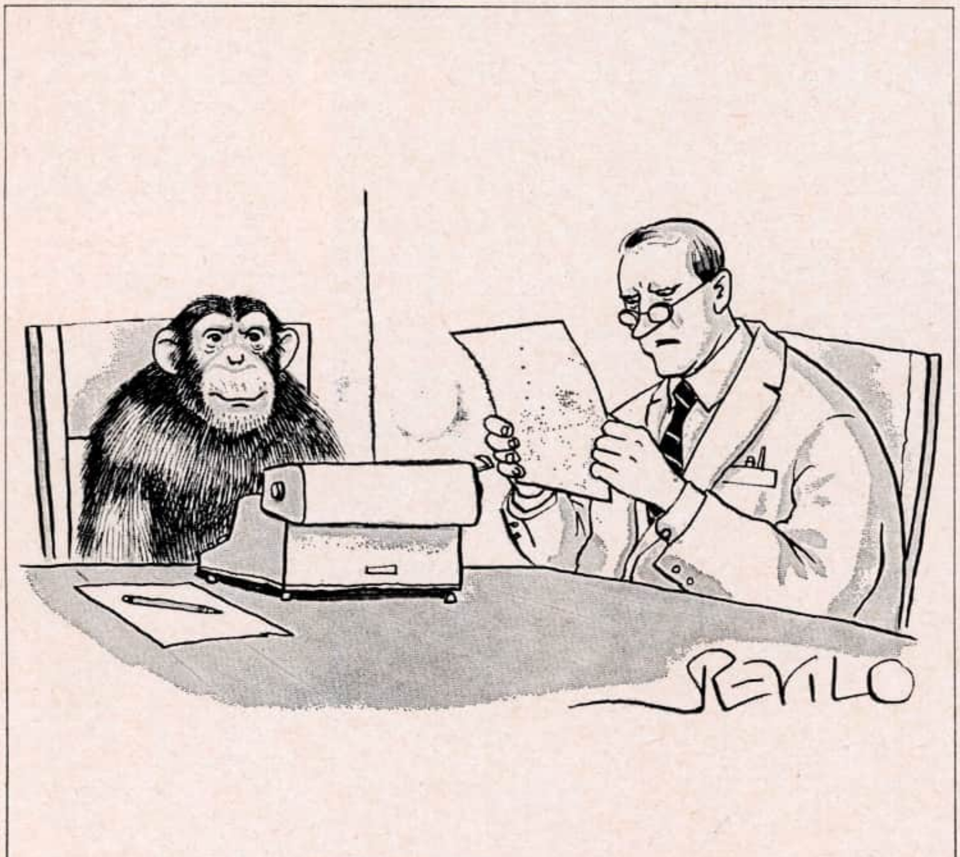
It was 8:45.

Kathy hoists herself up on a car fender and settles down as her Wednesday night begins.

Two hours later, watching Kathy and Jennifer being driven off in Kathy's sister's Oldsmobile Cutlass, Tony and I are standing around in back of Van Nuys Racing (which is closed, by the way, although it's so brightly lit that it looks open and is a year-round hangout on Wednesday nights).

"What do you want to know?" Tony asks, an on-reds attitude you could cut with a fork.

Tony is John Travolta run through a Southern California remake cleanup. When he dismounts his van, he does it with all the grace of a cowboy coming down off a trusty



"'. . . *And so, the fuzzy bunnies found the magic carrot and lived in the enchanted woods happily ever after.' What kind of bullshit is this??*"

horse. He and his van are one, and he is responsible for how "trick" it is from the fog lights and exhaust pipes from hell to the horn that'll blast to announce World War III. He wears old jeans and a KROQ radio station T-shirt and a silver racing jacket that zips up the front. Tony is pretending to be a low-rider so that when he grows up he can tell them he wasn't always only a Jewish lawyer in Beverly Hills.

"What do you guys *do* in there exactly?" I ask, nodding toward his van.

"Park," he says.

"Park where?" I ask.

"Over on the back streets like past Vesper . . ." (Vesper is the little parallel dark street that runs just to the west of Van Nuys Boulevard.)

"And then what do you do once you've parked?"

"Why don't you come with me and find out?"

"I mean, what do you do in there with Jennifer?"

"Mostly we get way hot and nasty. I mean, it gets pretty intense. But then some bob-bitchin' cops come up and shine a light in the windows—they always do if you've got a van like mine—so Jennifer and I don't. And especially with Jennifer, because she's not even sixteen. And I'm seventeen. It'd be like statutory rape. So we just get hot and nasty. It's real intense." ("Real" in the Valley is pronounced "ril.")

"Doesn't anyone ever get pregnant?" I ask, a wet blanket.

"Only up on Mulholland," he replies. "Why not just let me drive you around the block. Are you really from *Penthouse?*"

"How can you afford this thing anyway?" I ask.

"My old man's rich. He lives in Encino. He wanted to give me a Lotus for my sixteenth birthday. I told him no way! I mean, a Lotus is what *he* wants. Nobody at North Hollywood is even going to know what a Lotus *is*. Guys like my father, they kill me. A *Lotus!*"

Up in the sky helicopters with lights like lasers are pinpointing their way down into the window of a van parked near us in back of Van Nuys Racing. Everyone inside is suddenly sitting upright, looking bored.

"I used to have this girl, Linda. She'd do it anywhere, in the parking lot, you know. But Jennifer's cuter."

They are all 16, all blond long-hairs, all in one two-seater cab of a four-wheel-drive, candy-apple chartreuse Chevy truck. They are "surfers," because they call themselves that and that's what everyone else would call blond boys with white-cotton pants, tans, and all those teeth. They don't actually surf much, however, since it's very far to the beach if you're living in Tarzana.

"Yeah," Keith says, "we come every Wednesday night. And every Saturday night. And every Friday, too, except for the Fridays we go into Hollywood. Boy, Hollywood is really something. Last time we were there, we were all falling down on Quaaludes, you know, and kind of stagger-

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ing down the street, and we see this guy—I couldn't believe this guy—this guy was walking down the street, and he had a yam on a leash on top of a skateboard. Can you believe that? I mean, the Valley's pretty weird, but *Hollywood* . . . !"

"What happens out here, though? On Wednesdays?" I ask, doggedly.

"Oh, most of the time we get out there and try and pick up girls; only most of the girls are scum. In summer it's great because they'll all be wearing those tank tops."

"You mean, those little cotton sleeveless scoop-necked . . ." I begin.

"Nah!" Keith and Ritchie and Jason shout in unison.

Jason elaborates. "Tank tops are those elastic jobs that don't have straps or sleeves or *anything*. They just stay up if the girl is . . . uh . . . not flat-chested, sort of . . ."

"Oh," I say.

By this time, they're all boyishly running their fingers through their platinum-blond (somewhat bleached) hair and looking off into distances.

"Maybe two weeks ago there was this girl down at the bus stop, wearing one of them, and she was the biggest you ever saw. I mean, one guy almost crashed into a streetlight post. Guys were *dying*."

"What happens when you do pick girls up? I mean, how do they fit in there anyway?" (The inside of the truck's cab was too small for the three of them, much less an additional girl or two.)

"We go in the back," Ritchie says, "and let the one with the girl sit in front."

"It depends how high she is, what she'll do," Jason says. "I mean, like some girls are so lame they won't even smoke a joint with you. But some girls are already whacked when they get in, or else they *want* to get high. So we take 'em and get 'em high driving down Chandler." (Chandler is this beautiful street lined with eucalyptus trees and dusty thirties-ness and very romantic like Raymond Chandler, whom I always thought it was named after, but it probably wasn't.)

"Are there a lot of drugs out here tonight, would you say?" I ask.

"There's more drugs in the Valley than the rest of the world combined. The Angels got the coke thing tied up, too . . ."

"The *Hell's* Angels?" I ask.

"They're dealing pure to pool cleaners and truck drivers and other people like that who used to be Angels or friends," Ritchie says. "I mean, I gotta laugh at those people in the movie business and rock 'n' roll paying all that money for stuff that's been way stepped on like ten times. Out here garage mechanics get pure for sixty-two dollars a gram."

(Whereas everywhere else you get impure for $100 a gram.)

"How do you know?" I ask.

Ritchie looked out into the traffic and buttoned his lip.

"We got invited to one of their parties, man," Jason says. "They rented a whole motel in Palm Springs for four days, Friday to Monday. They had *every* drug. Ludes and coke and Remi Martin. They had every kind of woman, from the sluts all the way to the New York models and stewardesses. It was like what they used to do to those towns they wreck. Only this time it was all paid for. In advance. And now nobody drives motorcycles. They all drive Lincolns and Corvettes."

"Oh," I say.

"A lot of guys out here got older relatives who are into dealing," Keith says. "And, I mean, if you're asking whether there are drugs out here tonight, I gotta say, 'What drug do you want?' "

"You like China White?" Jason asks.

(China White is heroin these days.)

"Gosh," I say, "I'd love some opium."

"*Opium*," all three shout in unison.

Helen is a member of a band of teenage missionaries who work out of The Church on the Way, which is a Christian place with wall-to-wall carpeting just off Van Nuys Boulevard on Sherman Way. A group of church members set out on foot every Wednesday night to convert wretched sinners. Helen is 18, pretty, and kind-looking.

> "I started coming here when I was thirteen," Linda says. "When I was fourteen, I lost my cherry right over there. Some guy with a van. I was wasted on angel dust."

"You mean kids actually get converted?" I ask.

"Of course," she says.

"What do you tell them?" I ask.

"We tell them that their life *means* something and that they don't have to throw it all away, that somebody *cares*."

"Oh." Well, I thought, *I could see how that might capture some kid's imagination, out there on Van Nuys Boulevard bored, no future, etc.*

"We tell them that Jesus loves them," she says, looking me over.

"Never mind," I say. "I'm from L.A."

Cristina is a wallflower who spends every Wednesday night in a parking lot with other timid kids, just watching the world go by. She is 16, loath to speak, wears braces, and never smiles. She skulks into the shadowy background if someone tries to talk to her. So there we were, in a shadowy background.

"There's nothing else to do; that's why I'm here," she says. "I hate the Valley."

Lucy and Rita are acting drunker than they actually could be on half a can apiece of Rainier Ale. They are part of the mob that assembles in a large parking lot, which takes up nearly a city block, of vans and trucks parked in long rows facing Van Nuys Boulevard and fronted by about a hundred kids. Radios blast through the air; shouts and uproars sweep through the kids constantly, an atmosphere of electric promises and anticipation and lust.

Linda and Rita look cheap from the tops of their ratted, too red and too curly heads to the bottoms of their roller-skated feet. They both wear the tightest jeans on earth, both smoke and chew gum simultaneously, and both freeze in braless, backless, too-low jersey tops. Whenever Linda blows a bubble, it grows so large that I fear for her hair.

"I started coming here when I was thirteen, three years ago," Linda says, "every Wednesday night. When I was fourteen, I lost my cherry right over there. Some guy from Bakersfield with a van. I mean, I was wasted on angel dust. I didn't know anything in those days. You can get pregnant from doing that, you know?"

"If her dad ever found out . . . ," Rita interjects.

"They got this place you can go, family planning. They don't tell your parents. They put me on the pill after that," Linda says. "Now I can do anything."

Linda is skinny and nervous and a wretched sinner if ever I saw one. She seems to enjoy it, though. Each van is a bold invitation.

"Don't the police ever come where you're . . ." I nod toward a van she had just skated out of.

"Fuck 'em," she explains.

(I wondered if she did it with her skates on or if . . . Well, if she took off those tight jeans, she'd have to take off the skates to do it. Unless she only pulled the jeans down halfway.)

"Aren't you afraid your parents will get into some kind of trouble if you leave them alone at night like this?" I ask.

"My mom's home loaded on downers and zonked," Linda says, "and my dad's divorced, living over in Hawaii, Maui. Into mushrooms."

"And my parents don't get home till late. They're both in A.A.," Rita explains.

"And so this is it," I ask, "this parking lot? Nothing more?"

"Sometimes they'll take you down to Bob's Big Boy and get you a cheeseburger," Linda reveals. "Their cheeseburgers are real intense."

I stand there a moment as I gather my wits, trying to think of a nonchalant way to phrase my school counselor question. What I want to ask is *What will you do in two years*?

"Uh . . ." I finally say, "What'll you do in two years?"

"Two years?" Linda asks. "I'll be *old*. I'll be so old I won't even care *what* I do. Once you're eighteen, you know, you start losing it totally. I don't even know what guy I'm gonna be with tonight. How should I know where I'll be in two years?"

"I'll probably be dead," Rita figures. "I'd rather be dead than twenty anyway. I want to die young while I'm still a kid. Not old like thirty, when I'm too out of it to have any fun. Maybe a car crash."

Rita looks wistfully into space, lost in the romance of her own Teen Funeral.

Carlos is a member of BVN—Barrio Van Nuys, a Mexican Chicano car club that has only in the last five years become a big deal. Carlos has a red, lowered Camaro with angora dice and a garter made of black lace hanging from the rearview mirror.

"The girls out on Wednesday nights are all whores, and they all got the clap. They're all on the pill, all whores."

"Well, yes, but maybe they don't want to get pregnant," I offer.

"Sure. Whores," he says.

Carlos is a matinee-idol-handsome devil with long, black eyelashes and a soft mouth. He is 18 and works in a body repair shop, pounding out dents, which is how he can afford this Camaro.

Two all-American blue-eyed girls in a Ford ranchero drive by and shout, "Go back to Texas, Mex."

"These whores all got syph anyway," Carlos explains.

"Well, what kind of girls *do* you like?" I ask.

"My wife," Carlos says. "She's home with the kids, staying with my parents. Not like these Anglos."

Lance is standing out in front of Bob's Big Boy, licking off his fingers something that looks like Russian dressing. He looks like a stoned-out kid, a Sid Vicious look-alike with greased-back punk hair and instruments of torture attached to his studded belt. And he's been dealing since the seventh grade and getting drunk since he was five. Lance is also a high-school dropout.

"So how did you get to be a dealer?" I ask.

"My aunt is a junkie," he reveals.

"Your aunt?"

"Yeah, well, I mean, she wasn't that much older than me, and she was into dealing in a big way," he explains.

"So your aunt gave you grass and other stuff?"

"Yeah, everything but heroin. Pills and dust. But I wasn't into angel dust. I was mainly into cocaine and still am, in fact. You don't know anyone who wants to buy a pound, do you?"

"A *pound*?" (A pound!)

"Listen," he confesses, "I didn't like to deal dust. It's bad for your skin. It makes fifteen-year-old girls look like old ladies. And it makes you break out. I knew this one girl, a girl friend of mine, she had perfect skin. I mean *perfect*. There wasn't a flaw anywhere on her whole body when I was going with her. Nothing. Then she started dusting—girls like it because it makes them sexy—and her face looked like it had

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been on fire and someone put it out with a bicycle chain."

"A what . . . ?" I asked, writing this down.

"I got more girls than I know what to do with now that I'm playing in this band. Last night I was sleeping in this bed with two other guys and some girls—passed out, you know? And then suddenly one of these girls wakes me up and asks me if I'll take her to like Costa Mesa."

"Costa Mesa?" I ask. First, I think he means Costa Rica, which is thousands of miles away, but then I remember Costa Mesa. It's only 100 miles away.

"Yeah, Costa Mesa," he says. "I mean, I said, 'No way, bitch.' Last time some girl wanted to go somewhere, I passed out in this cab and she took it to Long Beach. I woke up, she was gone, and it cost me sixty dollars. I ain't taking no broads nowhere no more."

"Oh," I say, sidetracked. But then, "Tell me some more stuff about the Valley." (I was morbidly fascinated and loath to leave the subject of $60 cab fares.)

"Angel dust killed off lots of friends of mine. And one guy needed money—he was a dealer—and he sprayed a bunch of mint leaves with nail-polish remover. It put a lot of people into the hospital."

"But nail-polish remover is terribly flammable," I say.

"Yeah, well, we killed him," he says, smiling. "Anyway, what's the worst thing they can do to me if they catch me, right? Throw me in jail and have guys start fucking me in the ass. That's all they can do."

"Yeah, well . . . ," I sigh, "you mean you got busted for dope on Van Nuys Boulevard?"

"See, I'm a doper, and Van Nuys Boulevard is for low-riders. In the Valley you got your low-riders or tacos. You got surfers, hippies, greasers, punks, niggers—we're prejudiced out here—and just plain old dopers. And they all clash. Hippy dopers don't go out around low-riders. That's how come I got busted." (He was out; so I assume he wasn't busted for good.)

"Today it's punk, man!" he yells. "I'm sick of all that hippy peace and love shit *or* that low-rider car stuff. *Violence!* War and *violence!* That's what I like. See, I like to see people get *involved!*"

"Oh," I say.

His lavender-blue eyes slide into mine; his tragic-star smile turns hot with romance.

"What are you doing later?" he asks.

"Me?" I ask. (I mean, I'm cute, but I'm not *that* cute.)

"Yeah, why don't you come down and see my band?"

He takes my hand and tries even harder. "Why don't you?"

"Oh, okay," I say. "Maybe."

"You could write about us," he explains.

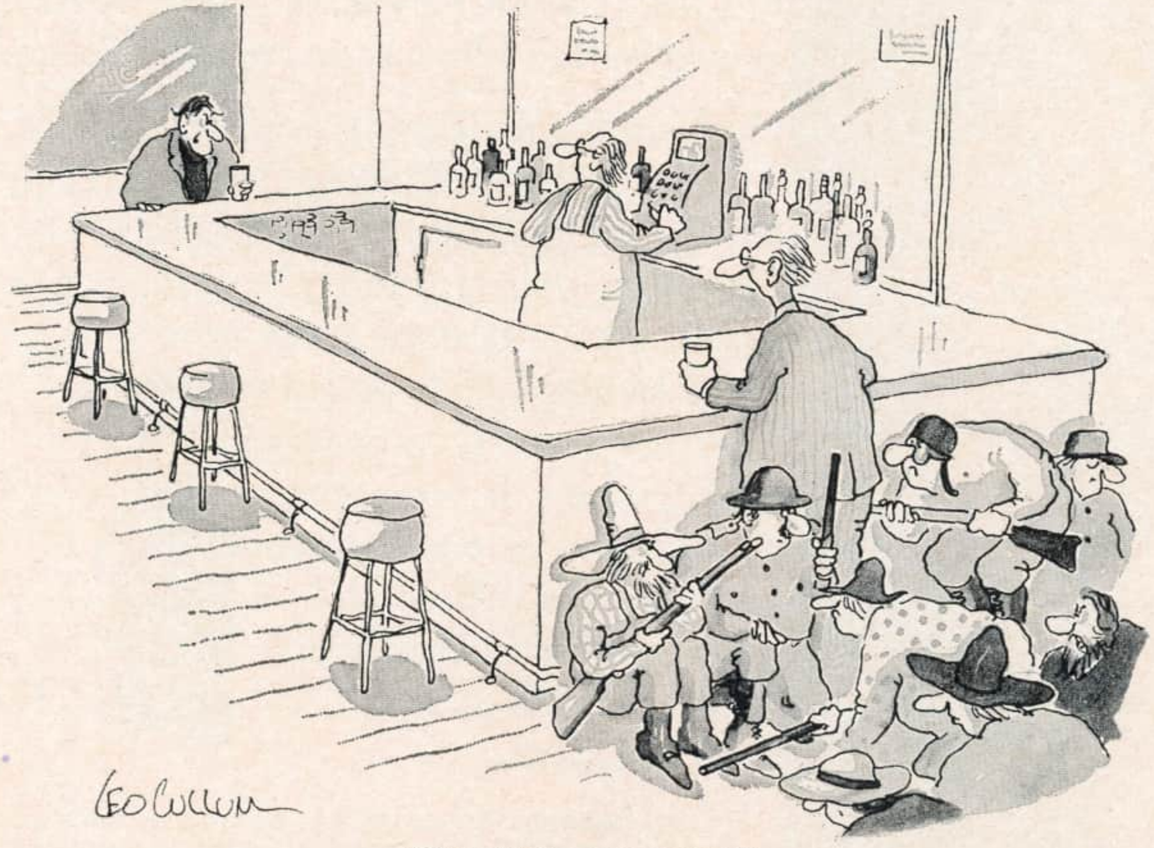
"Oh," I say, hearing the wind blow.

Out in the Valley, the summers are always 15 degrees hotter than any human being can tolerate. Air conditioners cling to the sides of every tract house and every Encino mansion. Smog spreads out in all directions, blurring boulevards into looking all the same. People who live in L.A.—people who are laughed at by those sophisticates who reside in New York City or Paris or Rome—laugh at the Valley for its provinciality and its suburban poses and winter rains. The Valley is a symbol of absolute surrender to the small-time. It's all just children and futures, with no chance for fate to glamorize one's life. The person who moves there no longer dreams of ending happily ever after in the heights of Bel Air and is making do with the depths of the Valley, resigned to lawns and hot tubs and three television sets. Even L.A. laughs at the Valley.

But some days, now and then, when the weather is miraculously clear, you can look in all directions and see the mountains crisp and purple, and across the huge landscape you can imagine you're in America and forget entirely that you're in Southern California, where things are strange and the pulse is exotic. It's a part of America that isn't too hip or sophisticated, except, perhaps, for music.

And some nights, when the sky is clear and powdered with diamonds and you're starting north on Van Nuys Boulevard into the humming thick of things—all dense with rock 'n' roll, glittering chrome, and smoldering Camaro passion in an overture to Car Heaven—you can see why awful kids would be so natural, even beautiful, out in the Valley.

As it is
As it was
As it shall be



"Oh, yeah? You and what army?"

Catherine Hiller
Sociology 63
Term Paper
December 11, 2069

A-
Well researched!

MONOGAMY: THE LAST TABOO

Helen Jamison[1] is an attractive blonde of 32. She works at a medical laboratory in the morning and cares for her little girl in the afternoon. Her husband, Tom, is a systems analyst. Their house is pleasant and tidy; their lawn is always freshly mowed. Even their closest friends and neighbors don't suspect the truth about the Jamisons, the secret that unites and ignites their lives. For Helen and Tom, that nice young couple down the street, are utterly and joyfully monogamous.[2]

And they are not alone. Monogamy—"the condition of having a single mate at any one time"[3]—is sharply on the rise. According to the latest polls, fully 2 percent of married couples actively, if furtively, practice monogamy—up "an alarming 23 percent from last year."[4] The New Monogamists may be 18 or 20. They may be found in sophisticated areas like Manhattan, Key West, and Beverly Hills. Surprising enough, however, they also flourish in places like Duluth, Oneonta, and Kansas City. It is rumored that major media personalities and politicians practice monogamy. So do pilots, nurses, mathematicians, and janitors. They belong to every class and creed, these New Monogamists—otherwise ordinary couples who revel in sexual fidelity.

'wallow' is better word

Why do they practice such curious behavior? How do they justify their aberration? What are the implications of the new monogamy for our pan-sexual society? These are some of the questions that this paper will attempt to answer. But first we must briefly examine the history of monogamy: how it began, how it functioned in the past, and how it was virtually eradicated over the past hundred years.

Primitive man was no more monogamous than the monkeys from which he descended. Ancient peoples enjoyed an active, varied sex life—as befits the only mammalian species whose females experience orgasm and who seek sexual satisfaction year-round (and not just during certain weeks when they are "in estrus"). In primitive hunting and gathering societies, young girls and boys enjoyed each other fully while their elders smiled upon (and often sampled) their activities. Midsummer, harvest, and midwinter celebrations often involved orgies as well as feasts. Only priests were chaste; only fanatics were monogamous.[5]

apes, not monkeys. Apes are monogamous

It was only with the rise of agriculture that monogamy became common. People stayed in one place; land and property were passed from one generation to the next; men became anxious that only their rightful offspring should inherit their wealth. Thus they severely circumscribed the freedom of their females—unwittingly reducing their own freedom as well.[6]

For thousands of years, while birth control was unknown or untrustworthy and while the accumulation of material goods was man's chief concern, monogamy predominated. Hymenolatry was common: many a woman fanatically guarded her virginity until her wedding day. By 1960 this charming custom was on the wane, weakened by the invention of oral contraceptives and by certain developments in the twentieth-century novel.

elaborate, please

By the mid-1960s, as every schoolchild knows, the sexual revolution had begun in earnest and in joy. Hippies marched in the streets for the cause of free love; singles

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[1] Not her real name.
[2] Jean Lynde, The New Monogamists (New York: William Morrow, 2065), p. 57.
[3] Webster's Fifth International Dictionary (Springfield: Merriam, 2042).
[4] "Monogamy Madness," Newsweek, August 14, 2068, p. 47.
[5] Allen M. Shudder and Ellen D. Mone, Sex and Society (New York: Doubleday, 2034), Vol. 1, Chaps. 2–5, passim.
[6] Shudder and Mone, op. cit., Vol. 2, p. 43.

bars became cells of revolutionary activity; and prostitutes published manuals of guerrilla tactics.[7] However, it wasn't until after the development of the Universal Venereal Disease Vaccine ("U.V.D.V./Love me fear free") in the 1980s and the Anti-Pregnancy Implant (the API) in the 1990s that today's pan-sexuality began to prevail. The API is safe, effective, and compulsory. It may be removed only after marriage, which is now solely designed for the nurture of small children. Young humans seem to need constant, reliable caretakers, such as a sim-nuke-fam best provides; so marriage partners vow to live in the same space and rear their child attentively until it is six. Of course, they are not expected to deny themselves other sexual partners for the length of the contract: indeed, by law, the wife has a new API inserted immediately after giving birth. Three months later she is given a computer printout of potential lovers in her neighborhood, and she is expected to make frequent use of it to set her child a good example.

Thus, today's child grows in an atmosphere of frank sensuality. Mother and father frequently bring their lovers home; doors are never locked; juvenile sex play is always encouraged, especially among siblings. Compulsory courses in hygiene-and-happiness teach grade-school children to masturbate themselves and each other with efficiency and finesse. (Recalcitrant children are given counseling and cocaine.) In junior high school all students prepare for their Public Pubic Initiation. By age 4 they are probably more adept sexually than their great-grandparents were at age 30. By the time they are 16, they've been tenderly and systematically introduced to homosexuality, sadomasochism, corsets, and feathers.

tedious! We already know this.

Upon entering college, the average student has had 267 heterosexual and 39 homosexual affairs. (S)he has attended 46 orgies and performed in 19 erotic videotapes[8] (some in order to qualify for college admission). For most students monogamy is as exotic and amusing a notion as virginity.

Indeed, some students are simply baffled by the concept. For instance, while I was researching this paper, my roommate had to be told, again and again, what monogamy was. "You mean one partner at a time?" she kept saying. "Like, one in the morning and another in the afternoon?" I explained that monogamy meant only one partner for months and sometimes years. "I know college is the time to hear different viewpoints," she replied, "but that's just grotesque. Your teacher must be some kind of weirdo! Monogamy? What's the point?"

For Helen and Tom Jamison, pleasure is the point. "At first, we were just curious," says Helen. "We heard that fidelity felt good; so we decided to give it a try—even though we knew it was wrong." "After all," adds Tom, "what would become of the Intercollegiate Intercourse Play-offs or the Annual Superball Spectacle if everyone acted like us? We knew it was wrong, but that was half the excitement." Helen nods ruefully. "Within three months," she says, "we were hooked. At work I'd find myself dreaming about ironing Tom's pajamas." "On the way home," says Tom, "the thought of all the sexual chances I'd turned down all day made me thick with love for Helen."

Give name + address!

Nat and Tandy Gilman, a teacher and a lawyer, have practiced monogamy even longer. I met them at a private monogamists' club in Boston and asked why they got started on their perilous path. "For kicks!" said Tandy. "Why else? Of course, we thought it was a temporary craving, a wanton pleasure we'd outgrow." "Instead," says Nat, "it becomes more exciting with every passing year. And it doesn't harm anyone—except, perhaps, ourselves."

Tandy introduced me to a striking young woman with auburn hair. "Meet Carmella, our 'cover.' " Carmella is one reason why the neighbors don't suspect Nat and Tandy of their aberration—although the Gilmans have practiced monogamy for almost seven years. It is commonly assumed that Carmella is the lover of Nat or Tandy or both. In

[7] William Patt, American Pie; Changing Sexual Mores 1950–2000 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2046), passim.
[8] Mark Johnson, Up Yours! The Variety and Frequency of Sexual Experience (Los Angeles: Pinnacle, 2067), p. 32.

fact, she is merely a cooperative friend who visits often and makes noisy and disheveled departures.

Not every New Monogamist is married. One unmarried monogamous couple may be found on this very campus. He is a young professor ~~who unknowingly inflames his students by assigning them papers on titillating subjects;~~ she is his student, a junior from a mountain state. ! Everyone knows about their affair, but few people suspect that they have sex only with each other. Professor X realizes that if his bizarre behavior were known, he would never get tenure; and, despite his girl friend's attempts at enlightenment, he still feels guilty enough about his improper liaison to conceal it carefully. Like Nat and Tandy, Professor X and his playmate are careful to cover their tracks. cliche She can often be seen caressing a girl friend in the library; he always locks his office door when he has conferences with good-looking students.[9]

Such deceptive arrangements are common among the New Monogamists. Two monogamous couples will rent a ski chalet together—only to sleep in separate bedrooms all weekend. The monogamous husband will fondle his secretary in the executive dining room, yet keep coolly aloof in his private office. The monogamous wife will don sunglasses and wig to meet her husband in a motel room.[10]

What happens next in that room? How do the fidelity freaks really pleasure each other? Odd though it seems, the monogamous couple will often make love as any normal man and woman might—with the added excitement of knowing that no one is watching and that they disport themselves thus only with each other. archaic They kiss and caress; they nibble and squeeze; they thrust and they shudder in shameless exultation. Sometimes, however, they perform a peculiar mode of sexual congress little used by the population at large. The woman lies on her back with her legs apart; the man, facing her, fits himself in her, upon her. Difficult as it is to imagine, this practice affords the New Monogamists perhaps the most savage pleasure of all.

Indeed, their general level of sexual satisfaction seems unusually high. Most practiced monogamists claim that the erotic intensity generated by long-term exclusivity is vastly superior to the "shallow spasms"[11] one achieves with passing strangers. Apparently, it is a magnificent experience to have sex with someone you "love" who knows all your individual preferences—where you like to be kissed, how you like to be stroked, what you like to hear and feel and taste. "Professor X is an expert on me!" his girl friend asserts. "How could any casual stud please me as much?"[12]

Of course, part of the thrill of monogamy comes from its forbidden nature. Perhaps its growth could be halted if monogamy were deglamorized and accepted. However, as things stand, monogamy is the last taboo, the only sexual practice upon which society still frowns.[13] For monogamy brings in its wake such dangerous emotions as passion and jealousy. It can foster those very qualities—obsession and violence—most threatening to efficient government and a peaceful citizenry.

ruined lives is more like it

However, despite such denunciations, the monogamy mania grows. Monogamists Anonymous has doubled its membership in the past five years. At any meeting one hears tales of brave defiance. Claudia and Ivan avoid common social intercourse with old friends and find themselves shunned and despised. Rick, determined to break his fidelity habit, finds himself impotent except with his wife. Most poignant of all, perhaps, is the case of Janet L.—not a monogamist herself but married to one. Hobie L. hasn't forced monogamy on Janet—yet.

"At first, I tried to help him," says Janet. She arranged for a series of attractive young people to visit Hobie at his office. Their efforts at seduction were in vain. Jan and Nan, lovely 15-year-old twins who participated in the project for high-school credit, were deeply shaken when Hobie shooed them out, insisting that he wanted only his wife. Janet feels that she has done all she can for her husband. "Hobie needs

Too informal for college level term paper.

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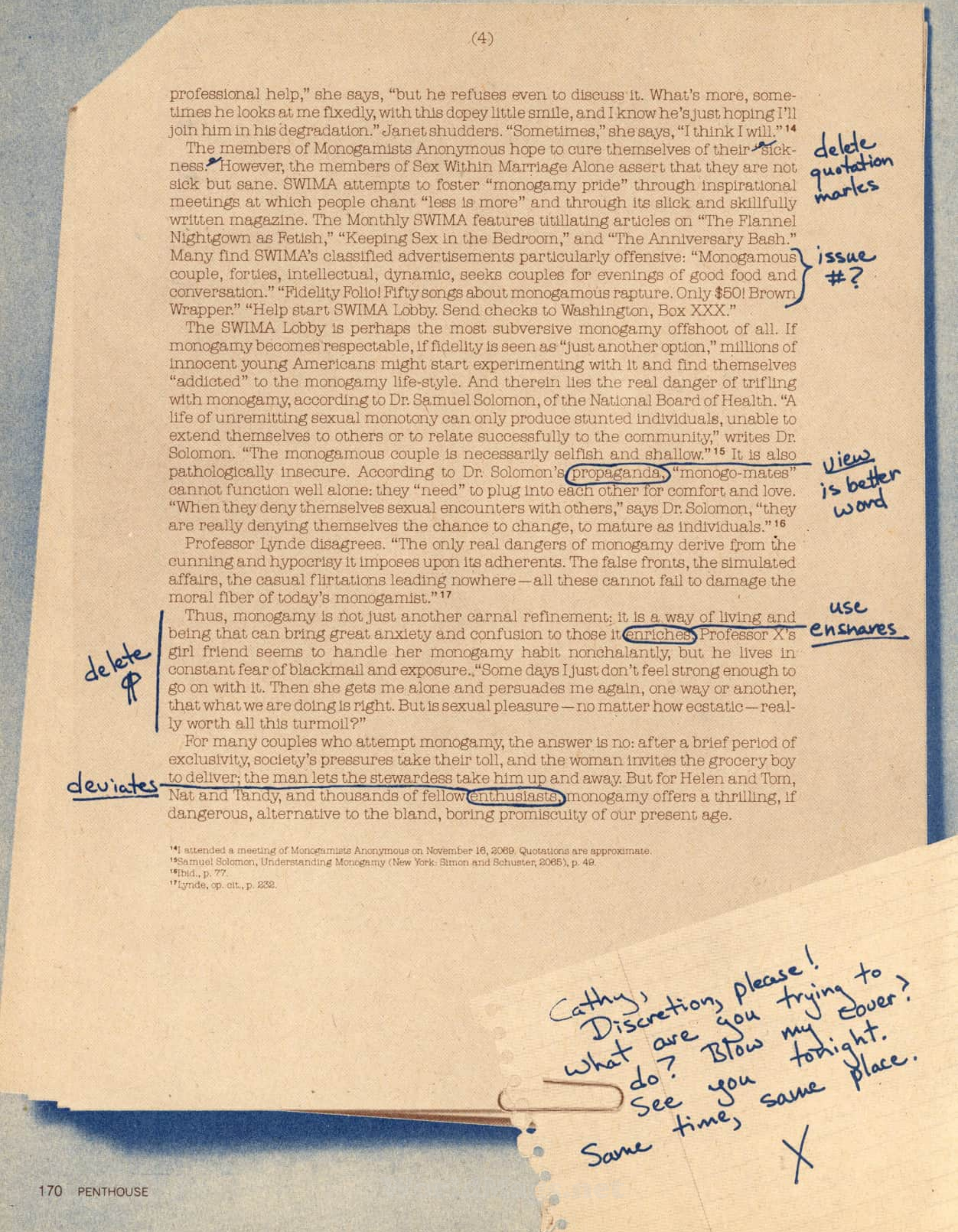
[9] Professor X and his friend are well known to me personally.

[10] Lynde, op. cit., pp. 150–155.

[11] In Professor X's memorable phrase.

[12] Private conversation.

[13] Even chastity is better tolerated than monogamy; chastity is considered the less threatening deviation.



professional help," she says, "but he refuses even to discuss it. What's more, sometimes he looks at me fixedly, with this dopey little smile, and I know he's just hoping I'll join him in his degradation." Janet shudders. "Sometimes," she says, "I think I will."[14]

The members of Monogamists Anonymous hope to cure themselves of their "sickness." However, the members of Sex Within Marriage Alone assert that they are not sick but sane. SWIMA attempts to foster "monogamy pride" through inspirational meetings at which people chant "less is more" and through its slick and skillfully written magazine. The Monthly SWIMA features titillating articles on "The Flannel Nightgown as Fetish," "Keeping Sex in the Bedroom," and "The Anniversary Bash." Many find SWIMA's classified advertisements particularly offensive: "Monogamous couple, forties, intellectual, dynamic, seeks couples for evenings of good food and conversation." "Fidelity Folio! Fifty songs about monogamous rapture. Only $50! Brown Wrapper." "Help start SWIMA Lobby. Send checks to Washington, Box XXX."

delete quotation marks

issue #?

The SWIMA Lobby is perhaps the most subversive monogamy offshoot of all. If monogamy becomes respectable, if fidelity is seen as "just another option," millions of innocent young Americans might start experimenting with it and find themselves "addicted" to the monogamy life-style. And therein lies the real danger of trifling with monogamy, according to Dr. Samuel Solomon, of the National Board of Health. "A life of unremitting sexual monotony can only produce stunted individuals, unable to extend themselves to others or to relate successfully to the community," writes Dr. Solomon. "The monogamous couple is necessarily selfish and shallow."[15] It is also pathologically insecure. According to Dr. Solomon's propaganda, "monogo-mates" cannot function well alone: they "need" to plug into each other for comfort and love. "When they deny themselves sexual encounters with others," says Dr. Solomon, "they are really denying themselves the chance to change, to mature as individuals."[16]

view is better word

Professor Lynde disagrees. "The only real dangers of monogamy derive from the cunning and hypocrisy it imposes upon its adherents. The false fronts, the simulated affairs, the casual flirtations leading nowhere—all these cannot fail to damage the moral fiber of today's monogamist."[17]

Thus, monogamy is not just another carnal refinement: it is a way of living and being that can bring great anxiety and confusion to those it enriches. Professor X's girl friend seems to handle her monogamy habit nonchalantly, but he lives in constant fear of blackmail and exposure. "Some days I just don't feel strong enough to go on with it. Then she gets me alone and persuades me again, one way or another, that what we are doing is right. But is sexual pleasure—no matter how ecstatic—really worth all this turmoil?"

use ensnares

delete ¶

For many couples who attempt monogamy, the answer is no: after a brief period of exclusivity, society's pressures take their toll, and the woman invites the grocery boy to deliver; the man lets the stewardess take him up and away. But for Helen and Tom, Nat and Tandy, and thousands of fellow enthusiasts, monogamy offers a thrilling, if dangerous, alternative to the bland, boring promiscuity of our present age.

deviates

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[14] I attended a meeting of Monogamists Anonymous on November 16, 2069. Quotations are approximate.

[15] Samuel Solomon, Understanding Monogamy (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2065), p. 49.

[16] Ibid., p. 77.

[17] Lynde, op. cit., p. 232.

Cathy,
Discretion, please!
What are you trying to
do? Blow my cover?
See you tonight.
Same time, same place.
X

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU HAVE AN ACADEMIC MIND?

ARE YOU RATIONAL OR EMOTIONAL?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to tell whether you mind the grind

PSYCHOGRAPH

The man with an academic mind looks at life in a distinctive way. He's steady and analytical. He solves problems in a rational way instead of relying on intuitive judgments. To some, he's a plodding tortoise in a world full of hares.

You don't have to live in an ivory tower to develop an academic mind (although a man with this mind-set is likely to succeed in the academic world, where intellectual orderliness counts). In fact, you don't even have to get within spitting distance of a college. You can find academicians far from the hallowed halls of dear old Horsefeathers U.

Gents with this theoretical, methodical cast of mind don't just sit behind ivy-covered walls, puffing on pipes any more. They exert a great deal of influence on today's world. They aren't the power brokers and celebrities seen on the seven-o'clock news every night, but they are advisers to those people. They write position papers for presidents, whisper into the ears of senators, and slip memos discreetly into the hands of corporate bigwigs. Academicians may not be active policymakers themselves, but they supply the theories and data on which modern industrial, financial, and political decisions are based.

If you're a college student who has just arrived on campus, you may find that this psychograph will give you an inkling of whether you're headed for academic excellence. But even if you're a trucker rolling across Oklahoma or a cop on the beat in Brooklyn, this quiz may suggest whether you would have been—or may still be—suited to more cerebral pursuits.

There's nothing intrinsically good or bad about the academic mentality. It's a mode of thought, a style of behavior, a type of personality. An enormous amount of research has been devoted to pinning down traits that mark a man who's prone to academic achievement. This questionnaire is based on that research. Don't try to psych out right or wrong answers, because there aren't any. Just give your honest response to each item.

1. Do you (a) agree or (b) disagree with the old adage, "It's better to be safe than sorry"?

2. Do you:
   (a) lose interest in projects once you've worked out the major points and you know you can handle them
   (b) follow projects through to the very end, making sure that every detail is correct

3. On the eve of an important test or business meeting do you feel
   (a) anxious
   (b) relaxed and/or resigned (often saying to yourself: "Well, I'll either do well or I won't, but it's too late to worry about it now")

4. When you were in high school, did you date
   (a) more often than average
   (b) less often than average
   (c) about average when compared with other members of your class

5. Which of these two statements would you agree with?
   (a) a man should be able to achieve at a consistently high level without working very hard at it; the harder I have to work for something the less I enjoy it
   (b) superior achievement requires hard work; if you don't do the grueling groundwork first, you'll never achieve anything of real distinction

6. Did you have a good relationship with your father when you were a child?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. When you're searching for a solution to a problem, do you usually trust your intuition and follow it?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Are you the oldest child in your family?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Which of the following statements do you agree with?
   (a) half the fun of going on a vacation is planning it; I enjoy organizing the details: looking over maps, comparing travel brochures, reading books about my potential destinations
   (b) if I'm going on vacation, I like to leave the details to a professional who knows what he's doing; the travel agent can do the work while I enjoy the vacation

10. When you have to write a report, are you usually satisfied with the first draft?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. Would it bother you if people thought you were lazy?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) no, not at all

12. Will you do unpleasant chores only if you are nagged?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Does it bother you when things are out of place?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) sometimes yes, sometimes no; it depends upon how I'm feeling
    (c) no, not usually

14. Does it bother you if you have to work with a group rather than being left on your own?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Which one of the following assignments would you choose?
    (a) the one that's a lead-pipe cinch you could do with your eyes closed
    (b) the most difficult one, even though you're not positive that you'll succeed
    (c) the one that's moderately hard but that you can probably handle

16. Here are some statements about child rearing: "Children should be seen and not heard." "Children should not interrupt adults' conversation." "Children should not bother their parents with trivial problems. They should only come to their parents with serious problems." Do you think that your mother would be more likely to (a) agree or (b) disagree with these statements?

17. When you take a test, is it more important for you to
    (a) not make any mistakes even if it turns out that you don't have time to answer all the questions
    (b) make sure you've answered every question even if you have to guess

18. Which of these attitudes would be more characteristic of you?
   (a) I love the way new situations make my adrenaline flow; I may be very nervous, but I'm also excited
   (b) I'm a homebody and prefer familiar places and people I know I'll be compatible with; there's too much emphasis these days on change and novelty and not enough on quality and permanence
   (c) I'm somewhere between those two extremes

19. Does it bother you if you lose your composure and self-control and publicly show emotion?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

20. With which of these three statements do you agree most?
   (a) It's important for a society to have rules—you may not always agree with them, but they serve a useful purpose and generally should be followed; otherwise, there would be chaos
   (b) Rules are ridiculous; I'm the only one who should regulate my life
   (c) A rule may be good or bad; it's up to the individual to examine each one and decide whether it makes sense for him to follow it

21. Do you (a) agree or (b) disagree with this statement: "I have to be in the mood before I can study or do important work."

22. When you were a child, did your parents often object to your friends?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

23. If you had to choose, which would you rather be?
   (a) consistent, even if it meant being slightly dull
   (b) extremely inconsistent, but highly creative

24. Are you more likely to (a) agree or (b) disagree with this statement: "People who enjoy dangerous sports, such as skydiving or hang-gliding, are crazy; you wouldn't find me doing anything stupid like that."

25. Imagine that you have to choose between two college professors who teach the same subject. You know nothing about either of them except that professor (a) encourages independent thinking in his course and does not emphasize memorized knowledge, while professor (b) has his course and his subject matter extremely well organized. Would you choose professor (a) or (b)?

ANSWERS

Here are the answers that men who achieve highly in the academic sphere are most likely to choose:

1. a	6. a	11. a	16. a	21. b
2. b	7. b	12. b	17. a	22. b
3. a	8. a	13. a	18. b	23. a
4. b	9. a	14. b	19. a	24. a
5. b	10. b	15. c	20. a	25. a

SCORING

Give yourself four points for each of your answers that agree with those listed above. If you scored:

80–100 points:

It seems that you have the quintessential academic mind. You may not be the most brilliant man in the world, but you thoroughly utilize every talent you have. You persist. If you don't remain in academia itself, you may end up as a top staff adviser in the corporate or political world. Your answers seem to indicate that you resemble members of Phi Beta Kappa studied at Johns Hopkins University by psychologists Robert Hogan and Daniel Weiss. According to the researchers, these men "were characterized by unusual conscientiousness, industry, and dependability." Despite their enviable academic records, however, these men were not geniuses. The study notes that "among these students high achievement seemed as much a function of attention to details and the rules of the academic games as it was of intellectual talent." The study concludes that men in this category tend to be "stodgy and unoriginal. . . . While the level of their achievement was praiseworthy, their relentless pursuit of socially defined symbols of academic success was somewhat disquieting." There you have it: the good news and the bad news.

52–76 points:

You probably share many characteristics with the above group, but you may not exhibit them with the same dogged intensity. You're likely to be stable, task-oriented, pragmatic, and (in the words of Hogan and Weiss) "in harmony with the rules and conventions of society." But you are also a little more flexible and less single-minded than higher scorers on this psychograph. You're likely to maintain a respectable B average in college and then slip easily into a managerial or administrative career with a large corporation or institution.

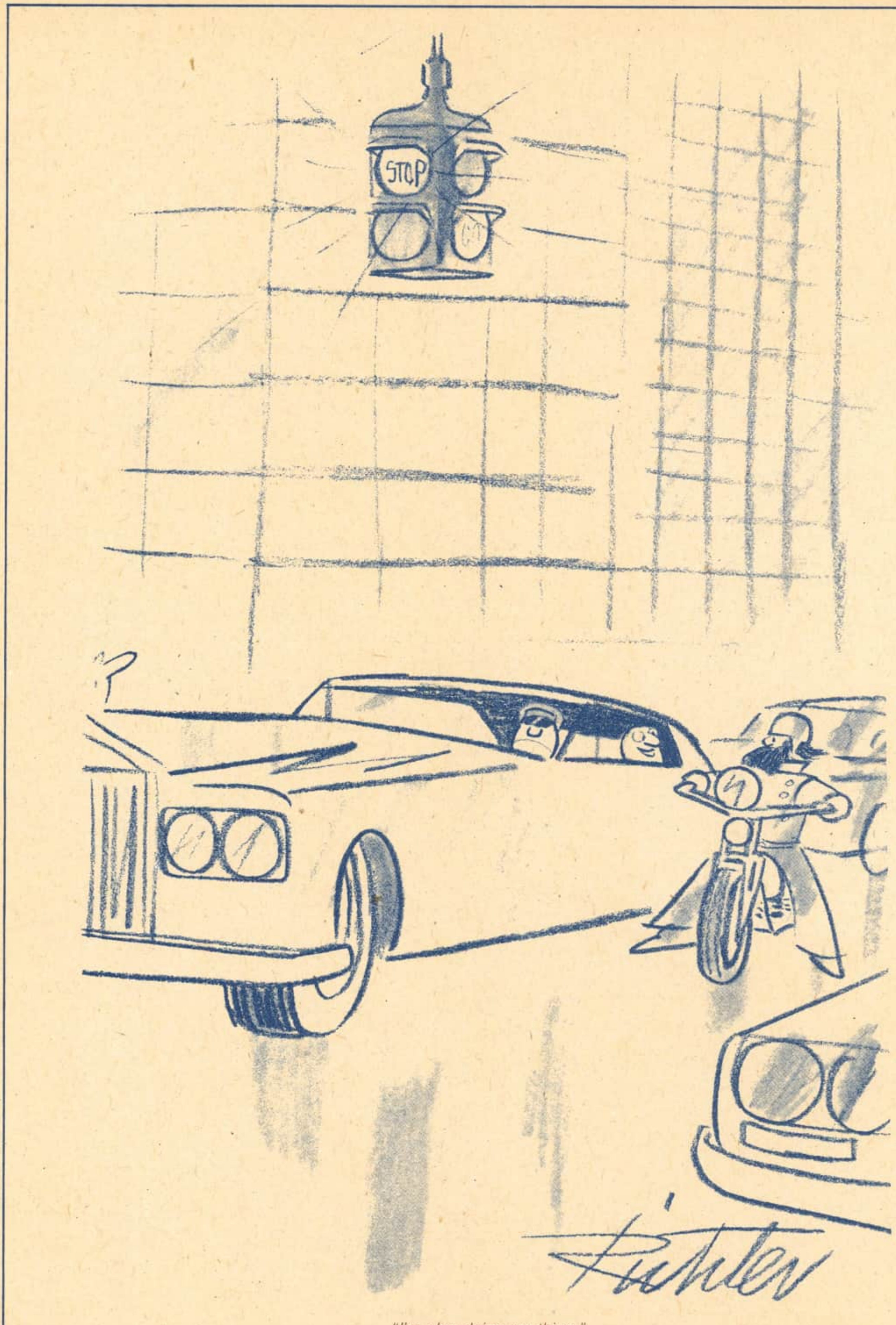
24–48 points:

It's probably true that you don't have an academic mind, but it's also probably true that this fact doesn't disturb you. Although you may get through college with a "gentleman's C," your interests tend to lie elsewhere. You do what you have to in order to get by academically, but you're too independent to thrive in the scholastic atmosphere. You're attracted to action, variety, and change. For instance, if you were in the brokerage business, you'd be more likely to prosper in the visceral realms of floor trading than as a financial analyst. You like to be out there on your own; being a team player doesn't attract you (for that reason you might be attracted to such sports as tennis, squash, and jogging). You're more likely to have your own business than are men who scored higher on this quiz. Sometimes you may regret not following your instincts more fully than you do. You want to be bold, but you don't always have the courage.

0–20 points:

If by some freak chance you landed in an academic institution, the place would never be the same again. You seem to be the complete antithesis of the academician. You're a student who can make a shambles of a classroom and leave the average teacher in a state of whimpering confusion. You have a streak of creativity, independence, and adventurousness that chafes under the rigidity of academic discipline. This trait can be good or bad. You may simply be an aging juvenile delinquent. On the other hand, you may be our next Thoreau, Mark Twain, or Einstein (all of whom had their run-ins with academia). Tyrants and saints or starving poets and billionaires are likely to emerge from this category. After studying graduates at Johns Hopkins holding Phi Beta Kappa keys, psychologists Hogan and Weiss came to this conclusion:

"We may have to look elsewhere for the sources of originality, innovation, and change that contribute to a vital and interesting society." Those sources are most likely to turn up here.


STOP
GO
Richter

"I'm also doing my thing."

FOOTBALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

taining performers: flanker Preston Brown is a 9.3 100-yard dasher, and if untested quarterback Van Heflin can get the football to him, the Commodores will stay close in several games. Frank Mordica, the team's top ground gainer in 1978, is back for his senior year, and that's good news.

The bad news is Vanderbilt's defense, which surrendered 418 points last season. Tackle Ricky Dean, strong safety Ronnie Myrick, and 320-pound tackle Ronald Hale can play with anybody, but without them matters quickly grow calamitous. MacIntyre will probably start six sophomores on defense, which presages another season of long Saturday afternoons. About all that one can say for Vanderbilt is that it's the SEC's finest academic institution and that its football players can probably beat all the other guys in SAT scores.

(5) Idaho

In his debut as a head coach last year, Jerry Davitch had the misfortune to field a team that gave up 401 points, scored only 163, and finished with a 2-9 record. Idaho is awful by any measure, but give Davitch time, and mediocrity may not be far away. There are several steps that Davitch might take to turn things around quickly. For instance, he might try a new recruiting approach by asking a few high-school all-Americans whether they'd like to go to Moscow in 1980; if they agree and sign national letters of intent, they will indeed be sent to Moscow—Moscow, Idaho. Too obvious, you say? Fine. Perhaps Davitch can get the school to change its nickname from the Vandals to—well, almost anything else would do. How would *you* like to tell a 17-year-old kid that he can be a Vandal from Moscow? On top of that, you have to explain to these kids that Idaho is a state and then haul out a map to prove it, and that's a *hassle*, you know?

Davitch's more pressing problems, to be sure, include replacing his two top ground gainers, his starting offensive tackles, and his two leading pass receivers, all of whom have graduated. Defensively, the Vandals are rather hopeless. Davitch's short-term solution has been to import junior-college beef on a wholesale basis, which may enable Idaho to give up less than the 36 points a game that it yielded in 1978. That's not saying much, but it's about all there *is* to say for the Vandals.

(6) Texas Christian University

Ever since T.C.U. coach F. A. Dry came over from Tulsa University two years ago, he has steadily upgraded the school's football team to the point where, although T.C.U. is still a patsy, the players no longer have a sense of humor about it. "When I came to T.C.U.," says defensive tackle Wesley Roberts, "you could automatically start if you had *any* ability. Now you see good players having to fight to keep their jobs." In the past two seasons, T.C.U. has finished with back-to-back records of two wins and nine losses. And what with players now actually having to compete for starting spots—and with the addition of soft touches like Tulsa and Texas-Arlington—the Horned Frogs can be expected to win two and lose nine until the real jocks come along. Defense will again be the Froggies' short suit, but the same can be said of their offense, which last season checked in with only 109 points. Still, there's been some progress, which will again be T.C.U.'s most important product this year. One could almost say that Texas Christian University is on the rise. Almost, but not quite.

(7) Virginia

Danny Sheridan, a fellow pigskin prophet from Mobile, Ala., usually delivers his forecasts in a newsletter that has made him a rich man, but since he's my friend, Danny volunteered to give me his opinion of a southern team that he thinks is as bad as Wake Forest. Danny's report: "The University of Virginia is rightfully known for producing presidents, lawyers, prominent educators, and totally inept football teams. The Cavaliers will finish out the 1970s without having had one winning team during the decade. Last year coach Dick Bestwick had 18 returning starters—nine on offense and nine on defense—and that usually indicates that a team will be far stronger than it was the year before. Wrong: the Cavaliers gave up 232 points, scored only 139, and finished up 2-9. In the last four seasons, Virginia has won a total of six games. The team is really bad news. I look for the Cavaliers to beat James Madison this year. (When you find out where *that* school's located, let me know.) And that's about it. Roll, Tide!"

(8) Columbia

Columbia may be the gem of the ocean and all that, but this year it will also be the doormat of the Ivy League. In 1978 the Lions gave up more points and scored less than any other Ivy team, and they were really quite lucky to finish with a 3-5-1 season record. However, they won't be so fortunate this fall. It won't be a picnic trying to replace all–Ivy League receiver Art Pulsinelli and the team's second-leading pass catcher, Frank Sullivan, and with the departure of seven seniors from the offensive line, there's very little experience around on the forward wall. If you can't score, you can't win.

(9) Oregon State

Oregon State's last winning season came in 1970, which is why fourth-year coach Craig Fertig's head will probably roll if the Beavers don't do a lot better than the 3-6-1 record that they compiled in 1978. Sad to say, even though Fertig's a comer, O.S.U. football will again be a loser. If Oregon State is to make any kind of move at all, something has to give in the way of a running game. Last year's Beavers gained less

IN THE OCTOBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

SEX AND JOCKS

Athletes have always been known for scoring. In fact, some jocks score so much that they seem to have one eye on the game and one eye on the stands. Reggie Jackson, Paul Hornung, and Larry Kenon discuss the effects of sex on athletic performance.

YOUR CHEATIN' HEART

These days more women are deciding to open up their marriages. The only problem is that they're not telling their husbands. Lillian Africano finds out what drives women to cheat—and what they're getting out of it.

THE NEW RULES FOR PLAYING HOUSE

The Lee Marvin–Michelle Triola "palimony" case has stirred up a hornet's nest of legal hassles between "live-in" lovers everywhere. We sent Ed Kiersh to talk to top divorce lawyers, who tell how to avoid losing your shirt to your ex-lover.

I'M GONNA BE IN PICTURES

Everyone who has suffered through a disastrous blind date can now take heart. Video dating is here, a marvel of technology enabling you to see videotapes of potential lovers. How does it work? "Great," says one satisfied customer.

LOVING A BLIND MAN

If you think blind people are handicapped in bed, you're way off. In fact, the heightened sensual awareness that blind people need in order to survive also makes them sensational lovers. Cauley Barnes describes the unexpected erotic delights of living with a blind man.

from scrimmage, and the offensive line doesn't appear to have been significantly strengthened during the year. If junior-college transfer Daryl Minor can break out for a few of the long gainers that O.S.U. drumbeaters are predicting, the picture will change in a hurry. The quarterback situation is just as precarious. As we went to press, no fewer than three challengers were threatening to take away the starting spot from Steve Smith, a rugged competitor but an erratic passer. The Beavers scored only 125 points last year, and if they stage a repeat performance, there's no way they'll be able to better their record in 1979. Fertig may not be around Corvallis when next season begins.

(10) West Virginia

John Denver notwithstanding, almost heaven is not West Virginia. However, it is almost heaven to *play* against West Virginia, a losing football team indeed. In 1978 the Mountaineers finished 2-9 (this included losses to such orphans of the football storms as Richmond, Syracuse, and Virginia Tech). Head coach Frank Cignetti is still searching for a quarterback who can throw the way Dan Kendra did a couple of seasons ago, and now he's also searching for a defense: seven seniors are gone from last year's defensive platoon; so you can color the Mountaineers green. This will probably be West Virginia's last appearance in the worst 20 for some time to come: the state legislature gave the school $20 million with which to build a new football stadium, and even though its inaugural season will be less than a beautiful memory, high-school athletes always have an edifice complex. The Mountaineers will begin getting their share of blue-chip players quite soon and should show marked improvement within the next couple of years.

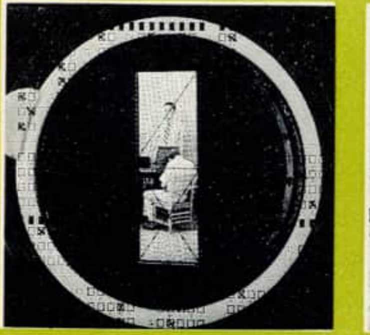
(11) Rice

In the last three seasons, Rice has won 3 games and lost 29, a record that prompted Ray Alborn, who took over as head coach last year, to state that the immediate aim of the school's football program was "to save the equipment, the women, and the children." This year matters will be a little better, but the lifeboats will still have to be hauled out. The team's bright spot centers around its passing attack and quarterback Randy Hertel, a 55 percent throwing machine who has taken over where all-American Tommy Kramer left off two years ago. Unfortunately for Hertel, his two leading receivers of last season have both graduated; so a new brace of pass catchers must be trained if the Owls are to escape being stuffed this year. Rice's biggest hurdle is what may laughingly be called its defense, which took some enormous pastings last season, including a 66-7 loss to Oklahoma and a 58-0 wipeout at the hands of Southern Methodist. The Rice defense will again give up twice as many points as the offense can score, which is why the Owls can be expected to check in with a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 24


INTELLIGENCE

LANDSCAPES

ROCKET

HEINLEIN

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE—A computer at MIT is conducting psychiatric examinations by analyzing patients' words and phrases; incorporating his own experience as a model, a physician at the University of Pittsburgh is programming a computer to make clinical diagnoses; a robot system recently developed at SRI International sports both eyes and a sense of touch, enabling it not only to see what it's doing but also to sense when a bolt isn't screwed in properly. We are now in the Age of Artificial Intelligence, in which machines can talk, see, and reason. Next month *Omni* details breakthroughs that are moving us beyond the Computer Age.

EAST MEETS WEST—Robert A. Heinlein, the dean of American science fiction, offers the first installment of his latest novel, *The Number of the Beast*, in the October *Omni*. Stanislaw Lem, the most widely read European SF writer, is represented by a recent short story. Ursula K. LeGuin presents a funny, biting short tale of time, energy, and anxiety. And Walter Tevis, author of *The Hustler* and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, rounds out the issue with a haunting and romantic urban fantasy.

ROCKET IN HIS POCKET—Around the world for $100 a pound. It's no longer the good old county fair, but rocket expert Robert Truax is planning to open a new era of barnstorming—in space. Truax is assembling in his front yard the first privately owned and financed spaceship. Made mostly from government surplus parts—engines from the Titan missile, a guidance system from the X-15—Truax's "bomb with a brain at the top" is just about ready to lift its astronaut 80 kilometers straight up. *Omni* takes you to the final countdown to the edge of the earth's atmosphere.

ALIEN LANDSCAPES—Science-fiction worlds are more than mere settings for fantastic adventure. Often they become central characters of the story. Frank Herbert's *Dune*, for example, is a world of deep desert where water is poisonous to the principal local life form—giant sandworms. Brian Aldiss's *Hothouse* depicts a distant future in which the moon has become stationary and giant spiders spin their webs between the lunar surface and Earth. Then there is the broodingly effective vision of a dying world suggested by H. G. Wells's *The Time Machine*. An exclusive gallery of interpretive landscapes, rendered by the world's finest SF artists, will transport readers of our anniversary issue into the classic novels of science fiction.

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FIAT Strada

HIGH FASHION AND HIGH TECH

BY WADE HOYT

According to the car ads, General Motors practically invented front-wheel drive last summer. GM's new front-drive cars are very nice indeed, and their ad campaign is the most technical and informative to come out of Detroit in decades. But it must be viewed with amusement in Torino, Italy, where Fiat began its own "down-sizing" program in the 1930s. Fiat's front-drive model 128, introduced ten years ago, won eight different car-of-the-year awards, more than any other car before or since.

You don't see many Fiats in America; Europeans snap up nearly all the cars that the massive Italian factories can churn out. So it's tempting for North Americans to dismiss Fiats as the outré products of some rinky-dink cottage industry. Nothing could be further from the truth. Fiat is one of the largest corporations in the world and has long been famous for advanced technology and engineering. Its newest economy car, the Strada, is not only a virtuoso engineering package but also the product of a highly automated assembly plant, where the car bodies are virtually assembled by robots and untouched by human hands.

This may conjure up visions of the old joke about the first totally automated airline flight, in which the prerecorded message to the passengers ends with the words: "Don't worry, nothing can go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong." But a bunch of *Star Wars* droids are infinitely superior to the typically lackadaisical and strike-prone Italian labor force.

Fiat's robot assembly line is a spooky scene. Partially assembled car bodies quietly glide across the deserted floor on hovering pallets, following a wire buried in the concrete. The pallets slide from stall to stall, where mechanized arms zap the body panels together in a shower of welding sparks. Two men, monitoring a control panel, supervise the assembly of 60 cars an hour—one a minute.

On the road, the final product has all the attributes of a fine Italian car—sprightly performance and economy with style. And unlike most economy cars, the Strada is quiet, thanks to extensive wind-tunnel testing, careful isolation of the mechanical components, and a judicious use of insulation. The Strada is not one of those noisy little boxes that many people have come to accept as the price of economy but is rather a small car that a big-car driver can learn to love. It's not so quiet as a Cadillac, but it isn't like living in a shooting gallery, either. You've got to rev the willing little 1.5-liter engine up to nearly 4,000 rpm before you can begin to appreciate its typically feisty Fiat exhaust note. Sixty-nine horsepower moves the 2,000-pound hatchback along smartly—if you're willing to rev it over 5,000 rpm in each gear.

Although the Strada's performance is not in the same class as Ferrari's (which is now a division of the Fiat conglomerate), it is outstanding for an economy car. Top speed is over 105 mph, a mind-boggling accomplishment at a time when many a gas-guzzling V-8 can't top 95 mph. Acceleration from zero to 60 mph takes about 12 seconds. The standing-start quarter-mile takes 19 seconds, with a terminal speed of 75 mph. As we said, that's hardly Ferrari territory, but it is extraordinary—even in spirited driving—for a car that will deliver over 30 miles per gallon.

Long hills take their toll and require some rowing around with the five-speed shift lever. Like many front-drive cars, the Strada's shift linkage is a bit vague and rubbery, and it takes practice to make smooth shifts every time. The disc/drum brakes are excellent; you've got to apply a bit of weight to the pedal, but at 60 mph the Strada will stop in less than 150 feet, which is better than many sports cars do. The handling is fun, but the steering wheel is more horizontal than most, and it takes a while to overcome the feeling that you are aiming a Greyhound bus down the pike.

There are a few traces of the traditional Italian arms-out, knees-up-close driving position in the Strada, but its trendy burlap-covered seats couldn't be more comfortable. The rear seats fold forward individually, and the package shelf is quickly removed to open up a vast, 23.5-cubic-foot cargo area under the back hatch. In fact, the EPA, which classifies cars by interior volume, lists the Strada as a compact, along with the Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville, and Rolls-Royce Camargue. But if you use the traditional auto-industry method of measuring wheelbase and overall length, the Strada becomes a subcompact, being roughly the same size as a VW Rabbit, Dodge Omni, or Ford Fiesta.

One reason for all this felicitous design is that Fiat has been building front-drive economy cars for ten years. Fiat engineers had already devoted four years to perfecting a second-generation car when other companies were just beginning to investigate the potential of front-wheel drive.

The Strada is designed to require 15 percent less servicing than its predecessor. Its body is made largely of zinc-coated steel that is virtually corrosion-proof. The unique "safety-shield" bumpers are impact-resistant panels that form a major portion of the front and rear bodywork. Design proposals were "built" and "rebuilt" by computer simulation before any metal was actually bent, and the body was "styled" in the wind tunnel for minimum wind noise and maximum fuel economy. Only then was the inviolable shape enhanced by Italy's famed stylists.

From the uniquely styled wheels and round door handles to the red and green rocker switches on the dash and sunburst design of the rear-window defroster wires, it is obvious that this is no plain, pipe-rack economy car but rather a piece of modern design, from the land of the Olivetti typewriter and the Cesarani suit. And all of this high fashion and high technology is available at the low-rent price of $4,496.

Photograph by Pat Hill; Letterforms by Craig Carl

FOOTBALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

record that will approximate last season's 2-9 performance.

(12) Army
Lou Saban, Army's new head coach, is a fascinating figure. Saban's specialty—as he has proved in the past with the NFL's Patriots, Broncos, and Bills and at the universities of Maryland and Miami—is to take a hopeless football team and make it a winner, after which he gets bored and leaves. Saban says that West Point will be his final coaching outpost, and if that turns out to be true, he'll surprise most people who know him well. In any case, he'll have his work cut out for him at West Point, because over the years—and with major assists resulting from developments in Korea and Vietnam—the Black Knights of the Hudson have gradually turned into the Sweethearts of Sigma Chi.

To tell the truth, very few outstanding high-school athletes are turned on by the thought of spending four years at West Point and four more in the service. As a result, Army, with one of the richest football traditions in the nation, has been turned into a second-class school that has had only one winning season since 1972. Worse yet, the Cadets have beaten Navy just once in the last six years. Neither situation will turn around until the 1980s. Saban desperately needs a skilled quarterback, a stand-in for graduated all-East tight end (and now Lt.) Clennie Brundidge, and a bit of a miracle to replace the eight starting seniors who helped man the fort on defense last season. The Cadets will improve under his expert tutelage, but Saban is no miracle worker.

(13) Illinois
What do you get for a coach who still thinks that the forward pass is some kind of flash-in-the-pan gimmick to be avoided at almost all costs? Why, you get him a head coaching job in the Big Ten, which helps explain why Gary Moeller is running the antiquated show at Illinois. It also fully explains why Illinois bores its fans to tears.

The Fighting Illini are not only boring but also lousy. In 1978 they finished with a 1-8-2 record, and they can look forward to a similar season in 1979. The sad part is that Illinois has a potential superstar in sophomore quarterback Rich Weiss, a 54.5 percent passer during his freshman year. But even in the pass-poor Big Ten, Illinois distinguished itself by putting the ball up only 109 times all season. It is not surprising that enemy defenses were able to key on Illinois ballcarriers, nearly destroying them in the process. As a result, the Illinois ground game went nowhere. Wayne Strader, the team's leading returning rusher, picked up all of 389 yards last season, and he won't get many more unless the offense really opens up. There's talk that it will, but we heard the same words after the 1977 season, when Moeller masterminded Illinois into last place in Big Ten offense. In 1978 opponents outscored the Illini better than three to one, and there is really no reason to think that they'll do anything different this year.

(14) Boston College
Hollywood producers could do worse than to study Boston College's 1978 football season for possible adaptation as a movie comedy. Before the campaign began, head coach Joe Yukica received from Dartmouth an offer that he couldn't refuse. In his place came Ed Chlebek, who had directed Eastern Michigan to an 8-3 mark in 1977. Chlebek's first move was to install an option offense so complicated that the Eagles managed to fumble the ball 28 times in their first three games. His players never really quite got the hang of it, and by the time B.C. lost to Temple in Japan, the team had somehow contrived to go 0-11 for the season, thereby outgrossing even Northwestern, which at least managed to tie a game last year. At that point Chlebek was fired—and then rehired after his players pleaded with B.C.'s athletic director to give him a second chance. One more chance is all he'll get, and unless the Eagles take off this year, it'll be back to the boonies for Ed Chlebek.

> “It's easy to diagnose what ails the Tigers: their defense has as much muscle as Bianca Jagger.”

Boston College *will* improve, although not dramatically. In 1978 the Eagles' anemic offense scored only 129 points all season, and unless highly touted freshman running back Shelby Gamble performs as advertised, don't expect any fireworks. B.C. led the nation in pass defense in 1978, and the entire secondary returns intact. If Chlebek can scrounge up a decent defensive front wall, the Eagles will be in business. In any event, Chlebek is no longer in a state of shock, and he can now look upon last fall with a degree of detachment. "It was one of those seasons when everything that could possibly go wrong *went* wrong," he says. May the farce no longer be with you, Big Ed.

(15) Kansas
After several losing seasons, the Jayhawks hit bottom last year when they finished with a 1-10 mark and actually lost to Kansas State, which is roughly equivalent to the New York Mets being routed by those Taiwanese kids who always win the Little League World Series. That showing was enough to finish Bud Moore's career as head coach, and his replacement, Don Fambrough, is hoping that things will pick up in a hurry. After watching his charges in spring practice, he noted, "They don't have a defeatist attitude. They think they can win." They won't.

In 1978 the ever-popular Jayhawks may have been first in the hearts of their countrymen, but they were last in the Big Eight in offense, defense, and scoring. Former Kansas all-American and all-pro quarterback John Hadl has been brought in as offensive coordinator, but he'll have very little to coordinate. Last year's leading scorer, kicker Mike Hubach, rang up a puny 22 points, and Mike Higgins, the team's leading ground gainer, ate up all of 270 yards, which is what Oklahoma's Billy Sims picks up in a single afternoon. The outlook on defense is so brutal that we'll spare you all the gory details. The Jayhawks are a decent enough college team, but unfortunately they're playing in a murderously tough conference.

(16) Syracuse
Until recently, Syracuse, along with Pittsburgh and Penn State, was one of the East's three traditional football powers, but those days are now gone. One reason why they have vanished is that Syracuse used to turn out a succession of all-American running backs, starting with Jim Brown and continuing on with Ernie Davis, Floyd Little, and Larry Csonka. That tradition hasn't entirely disappeared, for this year's Orangemen will be led by Joe Morris, a five-foot-nine dynamo of a running back, who last season rushed for 1,001 yards. He's a tough little cookie, and if he and red-shirted quarterback Bill Hurley can stay healthy, Syracuse will field an interesting offense. On defense Syracuse has a long, long way to go. Last season's crew gave up 4,325 yards in the course of being outscored 295-192. Significant defensive help has not been forthcoming.

When you also consider the fact that Syracuse will play all 11 of its games on the road—a new stadium is currently being built—you wind up with the distinct impression that this year the Orange will be mostly black and blue.

(17) San Diego State
Unaccustomed as San Diego State is to losing, it nevertheless managed quite easily to slip from identical 10-1 records in 1976 and 1977 to a 4-7 mark in 1978. Last season served as the Aztecs' introduction to life in the Western Athletic Conference, which proved to be a harrowing experience. S.D.S. developed acute stage fright on the road, losing all six of its away games, including a 31-24 defeat to otherwise winless (and truly pathetic) University of Texas at El Paso.

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San Diego State ought to be more poised when it goes on the road this fall, but the team has been so depleted by graduations that its chances of finishing near .500 seem very remote. Only four offensive and four defensive starters will be returning, with defense being the team's major headache. The Aztecs gave up 23 points a game last season and didn't seem to know anything about stopping a running play. However, the offense won't grind to a halt, because quarterback Mark Halda will be around for one final fling, which is something he does quite nicely. Overall, though, the Aztecs will probably be pounded throughout the 1979 season.

(18) Tulane

Try as Tulane may, it can't get no satisfaction. This once-great football power last saw a winning season in 1973, and since then Tulane has tried almost everything to reverse its losing ways. A new head coach was hired, more and more junior-college jocks have been recruited, and the schedule has been watered down—but the Green Wave continues to lose. One reason for Tulane's protracted decline is its somewhat stodgy offense. Quarterback Roch Hontas is one of the finest passers in the nation, but he doesn't throw nearly as often as he ought to. Two years ago Hontas led NCAA quarterbacks with a 63.4 percent completion average; yet Tulane's ground-oriented offense has had him tossing less than 200 passes a season for three years. If coach Larry Smith doesn't give him the green light to throw more often, Tulane will really take it on the chin, for in order to win, the team will have to score its points in bunches.

Since 1978, graduation has claimed seven of Tulane's finest defenders. As a result, the defense won't be able to stop a sneeze this fall. If Hontas doesn't put the ball up early and often, the Green Wave will be swept right out to sea.

(19) Washington State

Last season, even with the nation's finest collegiate quarterback, Washington State could finish only with a 3-6-1 record, and now that Jack Thompson has graduated and gone to the NFL, the Cougars may well fall flat on their faces. Steve Grant will try to help W.S.U. fans forget all about the departed Throwin' Samoan, but the word on Grant seems to be "adequate" rather than "outstanding."

The Cougars' offense won't be completely stagnant, however, for in place of Thompson another gentleman from Pago Pago, running back Tali Ena, can be expected to schlepp the football close to the 700 yards that he gained in 1978. A six-foot-two 200-pounder, Tali is quite capable of seriously squashing anyone who gets in his way. "I try to play the game like Franco Harris," he says. "I don't run people over unless I have to." After Ena the offense gets leaner, and on defense the Cougars tend to play like pussies. Since Washington State was the PAC Ten's easiest team to push around last season, look for their conference foes to really stick it to the Cougars this season.

(20) Memphis State

It's never fun to report that a school's football program is about to go into the toilet, but that's what appears to be happening at Memphis State these days. Last year the Tigers were 4-7—their first losing slate since Richard Williamson took over as head coach in 1975—and this fall will seem like a replay of 1978. It's easy to diagnose what ails the Tigers: their defense has as much muscle as Bianca Jagger has. Last time around opponents averaged 27 points a game against the Tigers, and the same situation will prevail during the 1979 campaign. If Memphis State had an offense that could generate four touchdowns a game, the downhill slide wouldn't be quite so steep; but the team's big guns have all departed, and we're now talking about collegiate superstars. Quarterback Lloyd Patterson was the school's all-time leading passer; Ernest Gray, its all-time leading receiver. And running back Eddie Hill was last year's leading ground gainer. The only way the Tigers will salvage even a respectable season is if several of the freshmen recruited come through immediately. Don't hold your breath.

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

his eye when he realized that the ivory-billed woodpecker, which he loved so much on the South Carolina coast, is disappearing due to the fact that he was making profits on his lumber companies. And that's why Mr. Yawkey is now a raven somewhere.

Penthouse: A raven?

Lee: Well, some say he became a pigeon. Some say they saw him at Fenway Park on the last day of the 1977 season—there was a pigeon that dove headlong into the bleachers and just committed suicide. See, everybody is immortal. Mr. Yawkey is just destined to go through life now as some kind of bird. And he can change form. There's no reason for him to stay at Fenway. The season is over, so now he's probably heading for Florida. He probably changed into a Canadian goose and migrated south so he could see spring training.

Penthouse: Do you really believe in reincarnation?

Lee: I do. It all has to do with Einstein's theory of energy and relativity—that energy cannot be created or destroyed, that it can only change forms. And Einstein's theory of a continuous universe . . . like you and I are sitting here right now, but somewhere in time we were doing the exact same thing somewhere else.

Penthouse: Do you think that a belief in reincarnation might be a response to the desire people have for immortality?

Lee: It is. That's the burden that humans have. We all have these bodies that are just burdens to us. They wear out, they get older, gravity pulls on 'em, and they get saggier. The whole purpose is to try and defeat gravity, but you can't. Gravity will just wear you down. The process of being is the process of changing and getting older. You gotta realize that, do the best on this life, and be as protective as you can be to nature so that this planet will exist for future generations. The Indians believed you could not own land. You could only have the hunting and fishing rights to it. That's the same as my theory. But the people who are veggies tell me all the time that you shouldn't even hunt. But I love to eat duck!

Penthouse: We can't all be perfect.

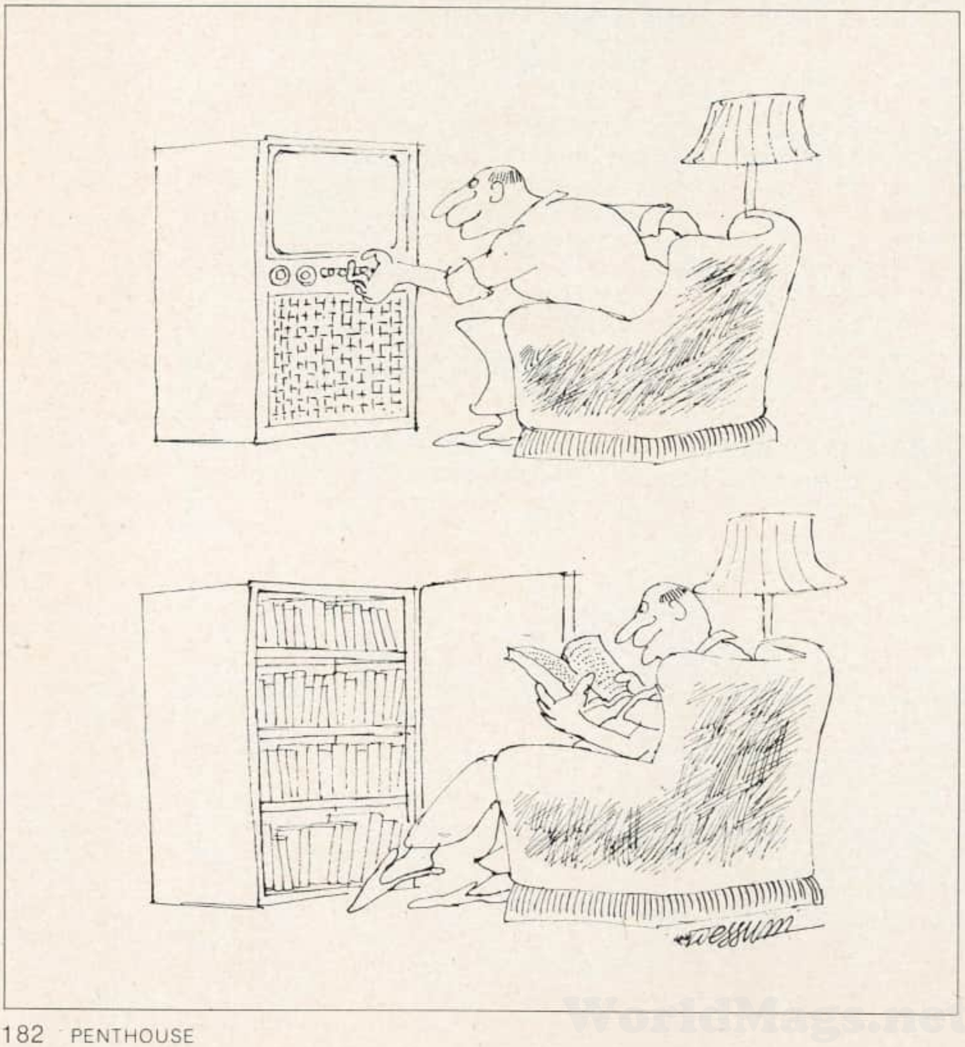
Lee: That's right. I don't think I've ever killed for no reason. I put a deer out of its misery once because a hunter had shot it in the leg. It was a doe. I was about eight years old at the time. Sad day.

Penthouse: You don't hunt now, do you?

Lee: Not big animals, no. Not mammals. I mean, not large mammals.

Penthouse: How about cockroaches?

Lee: I love cockroaches. In fact, when I was in China, I learned that the Chinese study cockroaches to find out when an earthquake is coming. The cockroach will crawl into a space, spread his legs out, and sit real quiet. They're survivors.



Penthouse: Most people don't like them surviving in their homes, though.

Lee: Guess not. But you can't spray them. You gotta get them in the little roach motels.

Penthouse: But they don't always go in those little motels.

Lee: They're getting smarter. They'll adapt to anything.

Penthouse: How did you happen to go to China?

Lee: I was asked. Some people knew of my "politics," my concern for the adaptive thing, to blend the world together more or less, and they thought that going to China would be a good thing for me, to see how things work over there. I was glad I went, except for getting coal-dust pollution in my lungs and coming down with bronchial pneumonia. It was all because I was taller and the Chinese are short: the coal dust settled in my lungs first.

Penthouse: Did they practice Chinese medical techniques on you?

Lee: Sure did. An acupressurist worked on me. He came down, and I was feeling bad, and he massaged me, gave me a tremendous rubdown in certain areas, trying to help my elbow—my elbow was sore then; I hadn't hurt my shoulder yet. And the next day I had a fever of 103. And they called him up, and he asked, "Is Lee right-handed or left-handed?" And they said, "Left-handed." He goes, "Oh, that was the problem! I yinned him when I should have yanged him!" And that's a true story! One hundred and three! And I was laughing, laughing and throwing up. He didn't fix me—he yinned me when he should have yanged me.

Penthouse: Did you intend to be a baseball player when you enrolled at U.S.C.?

Lee: I was going to be a forest ranger. The way I was raised, I never worried about what I was going to do. My uncle was a locksmith, and I learned to be a locksmith when I went to college. I worked with him on weekends and spent all the time at the beach. And I played baseball, too. So I got graduated. I knew how to play baseball. I knew how to be a locksmith. My grandfather had a ranch, and I knew how to pick peaches, and I knew how to pick walnuts, and I knew basically how to irrigate. I knew generally how to take care of a farm. So I had that to fall back on. And I worked as a counselor and other things.

So I could deal with people, and I liked people. I could communicate. I was the player rep for years with the Red Sox. So I could do that. I could adapt. I believe in that: "Be as general as possible. Don't be specific. Adapt." So I really never worried about what I was going to be—or what I am. And I don't know what I am. But I'm having fun, whatever it is I'm doing.

Penthouse: How did you wind up playing for the Red Sox?

Lee: All of a sudden I got a letter saying I was drafted by the Red Sox. "Oh, the Red Sox. That's Boston. That's way over there on the other side of the country. Wow, that's something!"

So I signed, and they gave me a ticket to Waterloo, Iowa—now there's a weird place. Hot. I remember coming back after a road trip, when there'd been a tornado in Waterloo, to find my shower shoes floating out in center field with these two ducks. "Guess we aren't going to play today!"

Penthouse: According to Carlton Fisk, who was also at Waterloo, you were different from the other players because you were older, had been to college, and seemed more sophisticated.

Lee: Right. The coach didn't like me, because he thought I was a fat, out-of-shape, smart-aleck college kid. And he wasn't going to pitch me, because I was out of shape. I had just got finished throwing 180 innings in college ball. I pitched 27 innings in ten days in the college world series. My arm was tired, and he wouldn't pitch me. We got in a big blowout fight, and we were going to go dukes right there. He wanted to show who was boss. But nothing came of it. Finally, the general manager of player development says, "Pitch him. Let's see what he's got." And I threw a one-hitter. And next day I had a plane ticket going to Winston-Salem, a fast Class A-league club. "Good-bye!"

Penthouse: How did you learn you had been traded from the Red Sox?

Lee: Don Zimmer called me on the phone at home. The conversation went like this. He goes, "I'd like to speak to Bill Lee." I went, "No kidding, Don, huh? Really. Who else do you think's going to be answering my phone? I don't have no agents or lawyers or nothing like that." He said, "You've been traded." I said, "That's good, Don, that's good. Merry Christmas. 'Bye." Happy Pearl Harbor Day. He's a sick man. He'd never look me straight in the eye when he was talking to me.

Penthouse: Did he look other people straight in the eye?

Lee: Just the writers. He gave them a whole song and dance.

Penthouse: Do you think Carbo was traded because he wasn't liked by management?

Lee: That was part of it. Plus they knew that he was real close to me. It was their thinking that "we'll teach that prodigal son he can't do these things." Plus they hated his agent, and they didn't want to deal with him. But they wouldn't put it out in the press or anything, because it's a question of unfair labor relations; and if there was proof that they were refusing to negotiate in good faith, there would have been an unfair-practices suit against the Red Sox.

So that's why Carbo was traded. Carbo wanted to stay—he wanted a multi-year contract. He just wanted to be paid equitably along with everybody else. No more, no less. And they wouldn't even make a counterproposal. They said, "Your proposal is outrageous, and we won't even honor it with another proposal." Which is wrong.

Bernie is the greatest pinch hitter that Boston will ever have. And he's the greatest to have around. It's like Luis Tiant and myself. We're from all-different walks of life, but we all blend together and make people not take life so seriously. It's the de-emphasis of the individual ego that creates the team. Management doesn't understand that. They want everyone to march the same way, just like army training films.

But there's got to be an underlying bitterness when you leave a place you didn't *want* to leave, when the fans still like you and want you there but you have no say-so. I have no control over my destiny. People say I'm fatalistic. But at least I'm logical, because everybody dies, and that's about as fatal as you can get.

Penthouse: Did you like your teammates in Boston any better than you liked management?

Lee: Sure. We cooexisted because we had a mutual love of baseball, which seemed to supersede everything else. But they didn't really know me; they couldn't understand me. They thought I was crazy and weird. But deep down inside they had the feeling that I was always happy. So there must be something there.

Penthouse: Did you do "crazy and weird" things in the locker room or on the bus?

Lee: Never—not what I would call weird. There was always a method for my madness. I didn't throw cans on the bus. I didn't throw things out the window. I tend to recycle things like that. I didn't do all the obscene things that a lot of people did. I

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kind of frowned on it.

Penthouse: Do you find your fellow ballplayers boring?

Lee: I don't stay around them that long. I sit back and listen to the birds and people working. I hardly know which way we're heading. I think we're heading towards a giant black hole in space that's sucking us towards it. That's why everything is speeding up and why inflation is increasing. It's like water when it spins in a drain or a toilet bowl—the closer it gets to the bottom, the faster it goes.

Penthouse: That accounts for inflation?

Lee: Yeah, the black hole.

Penthouse: You've said that Pete Rose is the antithesis of your idea of a hero. Why is that?

Lee: I think he was just a little fella, a small kid when he was growing up, and he had to be tough because he was smaller than anyone else. He worked harder. You have to give him credit. But once he achieved his status, then he began to exploit the system. He's overly carnivorous, mean and vicious. It's just not a good way to conduct your life. It's harming the planet. He's the kind of person who goes out and shoots 500 passenger pigeons because it's fun. If you like passenger pigeons and can eat three, then shoot three. No more, no less.

Penthouse: Is he mean and vicious when he plays ball?

Lee: He gives that appearance, yeah. He's getting a little old now. Like an old pointer. His teeth are starting to fall out now.

Penthouse: Who are some of your other antiheroes?

Lee: Oh, Billy Martin, Eddie Stanky. All the people my dad likes for their tenacity and stuff. I still believe you have to be kind and nice.

Penthouse: Are you kind and nice when you're pitching?

Lee: Yeah. I let 'em hit the ball. Actually, the more self-centered and egotistical a guy is, the better ballplayer he's going to be. You take a team with 25 assholes, and I'll show you a pennant. I'll show you the New York Yankees. I'm no saint. I just talk a nice ballgame. I'm pretty vicious on the field. I just have the ability to be a human being when I take my uniform off. Most of them can't do that.

Penthouse: Do you brood about your performance after a game?

Lee: I don't believe in carrying any excess baggage through life. Cut it off. Who wants to go through customs every day of your life?

Penthouse: What kind of goals do you set for yourself as a pitcher?

Lee: Perfection. Being able to materialize the ball into the catcher's glove without throwing it.

Penthouse: How are you coming along?

Lee: Not too good. You have to be a total yoga priest and sit in the Himalayan Mountains to be able to really beam it, to rearrange the molecular structure of the baseball in one place, transport it, and reassemble it.

Penthouse: When can we expect to see this?

Lee: Soon. My wife's going to have to divorce me and marry a Tibetan priest who likes baseball. The offspring would have to have an uncanny desire to meditate and pitch at the same time. Now, if Uri Geller would become a ballplayer . . .

Penthouse: How does your relationship with your wife hold up under the pressures of being on the road so much of the time?

Lee: Fine. We've been married 11 years because we communicate. She knows what's going on. And she's my best friend. As long as we keep it that way, everything's fine. Guys mess around on the road all the time, and mostly, their wives don't know. The guys get off on the thrill that they're doing something wrong. Once you're open and honest about it, then you aren't doing anything wrong. The thrill ceases to be there, and you cease to do it.

My relationship with Mary Lou is completely open. She doesn't go out with men. She doesn't want to, really. She thinks men are a bore! She's got a good point there, in more ways than one. She's got her head together. She's secure with herself. She knows that I love her, and I know she loves me. Since we're both basically secure, that allows us to be honest and straightforward with people. We don't use sex as a chain or anything like that, or an anchor. It's a small part of each person's life, not the most important thing in the world. It might have been when we were 22. Time marches on! My whole life is like an army training film.

Penthouse: What's your part of the bargain in your relationship?

Lee: I call every day just to say hello and talk to the kids and find out if there's anything I can do. But other than that, I just conduct my life. I don't chase people down the street or anything like that. I just walk around and treat everybody equally. That's exactly how relationships start and finish. I don't pursue. Besides, I'm asexual.

Penthouse: Since when?

Lee: It's when you reach your thirtieth birthday—you become numb from the waist down. Or maybe it's because I've altered my diet. It could be all the vitamins—maybe I'm taking the wrong pills. Or maybe I've just seen it all.

Penthouse: You mean the groupies?

Lee: Yeah. Hard-bellied airheads, vacuum-sealed. "Oh, hi! I buy for Jordan Marsh! What are you into? Jewelry? Rings? Bondage? Really? You've got such a great curve ball!" "It's due to gravity and the mediallateral rotation of the humerus. Extension, changing of pace and stuff." "Oh, you say such funny things!"

Penthouse: Do you think there's much chance of a players' strike next year?

Lee: There will be contract negotiations taking place, and the owners have hired a General Electric publicity man who wears white shoes and doubleknit pants. So you know where he's coming from.

Penthouse: What are the issues?

Lee: Baseball is going to try to repeal free agentry. I say, "Yeah, why not go back? Go back to the 1930s, when players used to

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share in 38 percent of the revenues. That's what their salaries used to be. Right now we're only about 27 or 28 percent." The owners want to go back; so let's take them back to that era. They'll say overhead has gone higher. But their TV contracts have gone up to 115 percent. And baseball players are entitled, by being part of the system, to share in that 115 percent. And all we want is corresponding benefits as far as cost of living goes—just like everyone else. Everything should have a cost of living escalator.

Penthouse: How do you think salaries should be decided?

Lee: According to years of service. I believe in the complete redistribution of wealth. As you get older, you're entitled to more things. When you're younger, you don't need 'em. You enjoy climbing mountains and doing things like that. You don't need the substitutes of money. Economically, there should be total redistribution. Then there wouldn't be guys walking around, derelicts and stuff. There shouldn't be as much poverty as there is and as many hard breaks.

Penthouse: Do you think players with different salaries play differently?

Lee: Yeah. Hunger is a motivating force. It's always been said that hungry ballplayers play better or play more up to their potential. Of course, hungry ballplayers may not be as good as the super ballplayers. The superplayers got the huge salaries and multi-year contracts for a reason.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the money you make?

Lee: I don't think about it much. It's a waste of time. I just take what management offers. I don't care. Doesn't bother me.

Penthouse: Would you play for free?

Lee: Probably. If they allowed me to work on a ranch all the time in the off-season, I would. I'll probably be playing for free in the future. I play for enough now. Enough to keep me in tapes and stereo equipment.

Penthouse: Is that your biggest extravagance in your life off the field?

Lee: My second-biggest.

Penthouse: What's your first one?

Lee: I don't know. Hallucinogenics. Think I'm going to go out there by myself?

Penthouse: What is your idea of an ideal management situation?

Lee: None at all. The players run everything, turn it into Orwell's *Animal Farm*.

Penthouse: Have you thought about how much longer you want to play?

Lee: I don't think about it. I'm just getting healthy again, feeling good, and it's a nice feeling. I always said I'd sell my soul to the devil just to pitch one year without pain or to pitch the way I used to when I was younger. And I said I didn't care if I won anymore, as long as I could go out there and just feel good, enjoy the game. And so far this year my wish has come true. I'm still winning.

Penthouse: When the time comes for you to quit, what would you like to do?

Lee: I'm going to be a teacher and a subsistence farmer—growing all types of fruits and vegetables and herbs. And live in the Pacific Northwest. Fish, hike, become a naturalist. I just want a ten-speed bike, jogging shoes for the rest of my life. And I'll trade in my only cow for 20 seeds of the greatest, most mature hemp stock I can get. Twenty acres, a mule—that's all I need. One cash crop.

Penthouse: Why the Northwest?

Lee: I like the climate. You can grow anything there. I like the greenness of it. It's green like in the East, but it's different. Just a nice, fresh smell . . . the rhododendrons and wild flowers and pine. It is a little rainy and depressing, but I squint a lot and can't handle bright sunshine anyway.

New Zealand also sounds good. Great fishing in New Zealand. The fjords, lots of pastures, a good place to jog. I don't think they've got any good Szechuan Chinese food places there yet. I don't know if I could handle that.

Penthouse: Have you ever done a television commercial or product endorsement?

Lee: No. I sat in a chair once for a hi-fi ad. They wanted me to express how great their hi-fi system was, and after I had talked to them for a half-hour they realized that I didn't think it was that great! They couldn't edit anything out to make a commercial.

Penthouse: Would you endorse a health-food product or something you believed in?

Lee: Oh, yeah—something I truly believed in. But the things I like are usually nonprofit things; so they never come to me. They don't need endorsements, because they make a quality product that appeals to a marginal market.

Penthouse: Do you think ballplayers should endorse products?

Lee: Advertising's not good for the planet. Advertising is the worst thing in the world, in some respects. You never see an ad for Hershey candy bars, do you? It's a good product. It sells itself. Word of mouth.

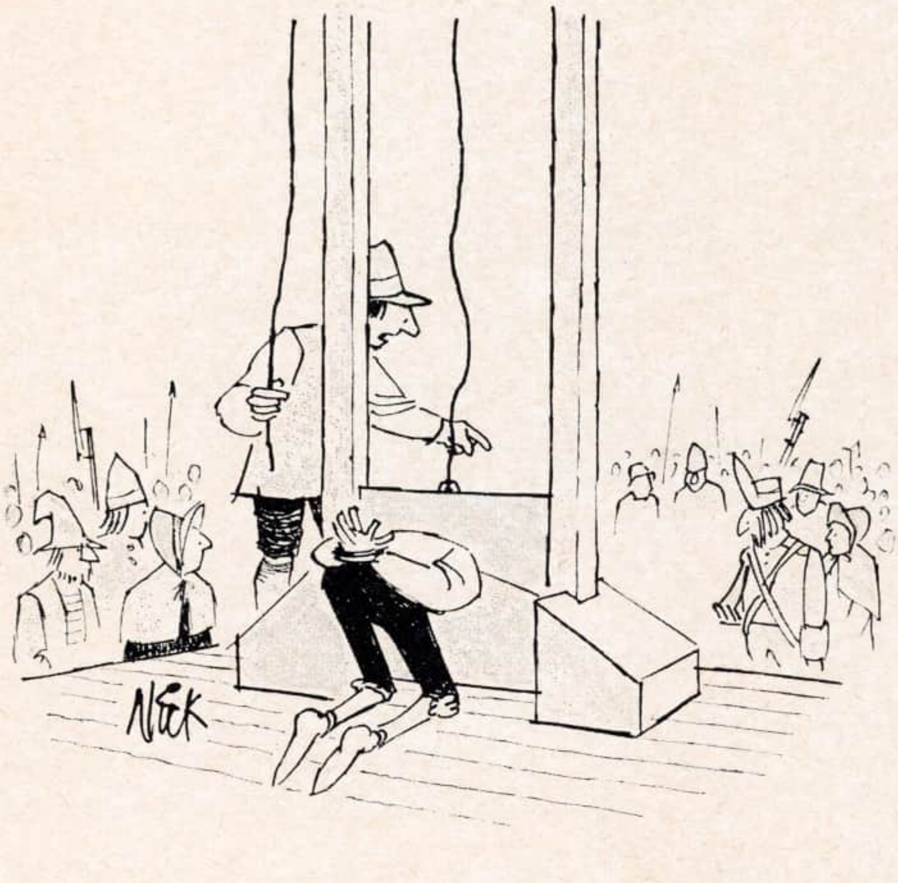
The problem with ballplayers doing advertising and just getting as much money as they can from anyone is that it alienates them from the rest of the world. They cease to grow and expand and learn. They become entrapped in the system, and they're not free anymore. "Stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again." That's exactly where they are. Or, as Pink Floyd says, "Did you trade a walk-on part in the war for a lead role in a cage?" See, freedom is an amazing thing. I am free, relatively speaking. Hanes doesn't tell me what to do. Munsingwear doesn't tell me what to do. Shell Oil doesn't tell me what to do. I just put my jogging shoes on and run.

Penthouse: You could be richer, right?

Lee: Oh, sure. I don't want to be. I'm wealthy. Let's see, how does that quote go? I forget what it is. I always misquote everybody . . . "It's easier for a camel to get through the head of a pin than to get a rich man into heaven." Something like that. I don't think that's the way it goes either . . .

Penthouse: What does that mean?

Lee: Beats me!



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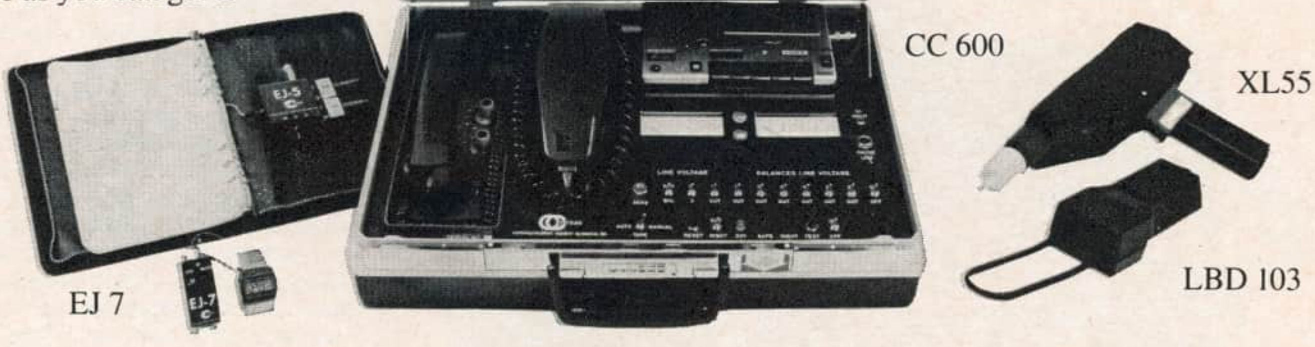

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ROCK 'N' ROLL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

impressed. In 1978 he let Dante direct *Piranha* ($800,000), with Davison producing; it went to number five in the country and became the biggest-grossing picture in New World history.

It took Arkush four years to get *his* movie; the trouble was that *Rock 'n' Roll High School* was a cheapie, and cheapies weren't all that profitable anymore. For most of its corporate life span, New World had specialized in small pictures, but with the '70s drawing to a close (and a $2 million overhead), the company was moving into million-dollar disaster pictures like *Avalanche*. With that kind of money at stake, Corman was less inclined to gamble on untried concepts or first-time directors.

Arkush took on several tough second-unit assignments for Corman, for virtually no pay, and waited patiently. In the end, his persistence paid off—sort of. Corman offered him half of what he needed. It was an impossible budget, but by now Arkush understood that most New World pictures were impossible. The only question was: could he do it?

GREAT TV DINNER

The school lobby is crowded with cables, light stands, camera dollies—the effluvia of a working film crew. Crude wallposters read PUNK IS BEAUTIFUL and JOEY RAMONE FOR CLASS PREZ. There's a pay phone on the wall.

Ring-ring goes the bell, and producer Mike Finnell picks it up. "No," he says after a moment, "we don't have your records; the school's closed. We're using it to shoot a movie." He listens again. "*Rock 'n' Roll High School*. No, it's contemporary—the kids take over the school and blow it up." A pause. "Punk rock. The Ramones."

Simple as it sounds, that's the movie. P.J. Soles, from *Halloween*, plays Riff, the sexy rock-'n'-roller who leads the rebellion. Mary Woronov (*Death Race 2000* and *Hollywood Boulevard*) plays Principal Togar, strict disciplinarian in high heels. Paul Bartel (director of *Death Race 2000*) is Mr. McGree, a square music teacher who turns punk. Bartel has been moonlighting as an actor lately, with parts in *Hollywood Boulevard* and *Piranha*—and he's very funny as a modern Gale Gordon type. Finally, Vince Van Patten (*Eight Is Enough*) plays a virginal jock, trying desperately to get laid.

The shoot is nearly a week gone, and Arkush is working at a dead run—but he's still full of energy. "Hell, it's not so bad," he remarks. "I got six hours of sleep last night, and I ate a great TV dinner." Nobody works for Corman unless he loves to make movies; Arkush, despite his tales of woe, is clearly having the time of his life directing this picture. Nor is he alone. Despite the pressure of time and speed, the crew (mostly young, mostly hip) seems to be having fun, too. Most of them have worked for Corman before, and there's a lot of ritual bitching about how cheap he is—but there's also an unusual blend of professionalism and film-school enthusiasm. The crew acts like a family.

Part of it is because everyone is exploited equally. Take Jon Davison. Davison is directing the second unit for $20 a day, exactly $5 more than an extra—*if* the extra gets paid. Of course, Davison has never directed before; he was head of New World's publicity department for several years, and he produced *Piranha*, but that doesn't count. Strategic use of second unit is a favored Corman technique; with two crews shooting simultaneously, there's a much higher probability of actually finishing a picture in four weeks. Total second-unit cost, including equipment: $200/day.

Finnell is still on the phone, his eyes wide with surprise. "That's incredible," he gasps and raises his voice to cut through the noise. "Hey, listen to this," he yells. "I got a guy on the phone who went to school here in '55, and he says they were shooting a movie then, too. Wanna know what it was? *Rock around the Clock*!"

AWFUL GARTER BELT

"If I have to get whipped," reads the note on the bulletin board, "I want Mary to do it."

"They bought me an awful garter belt," announces Mary Woronov defiantly, stepping into the crowded room. She's six feet tall. She's wearing a gray suit with padded shoulders. Her hair is pulled into a tight beehive, she's got cheap pearls and gold glasses on a chain, and her lipstick is hard, bright red. Not too long ago she was the queen of the New York underground in whip and black leather; now she looks like Joan Crawford on a bad day. She glances around defensively. "I'm not gonna be pretty in this picture," she says, "but I'm gonna be pretty funny."

Director of photography Dean Cundey signals a go-ahead on lights and camera. It *is* an RKO-type shot—an expressionist exercise for two lights and Woronov, featuring menacing shadows and a crane shot that starts up near the ceiling. Hot stuff for $200,000; it takes time to set up fancy shots, and time is not on Arkush's side.

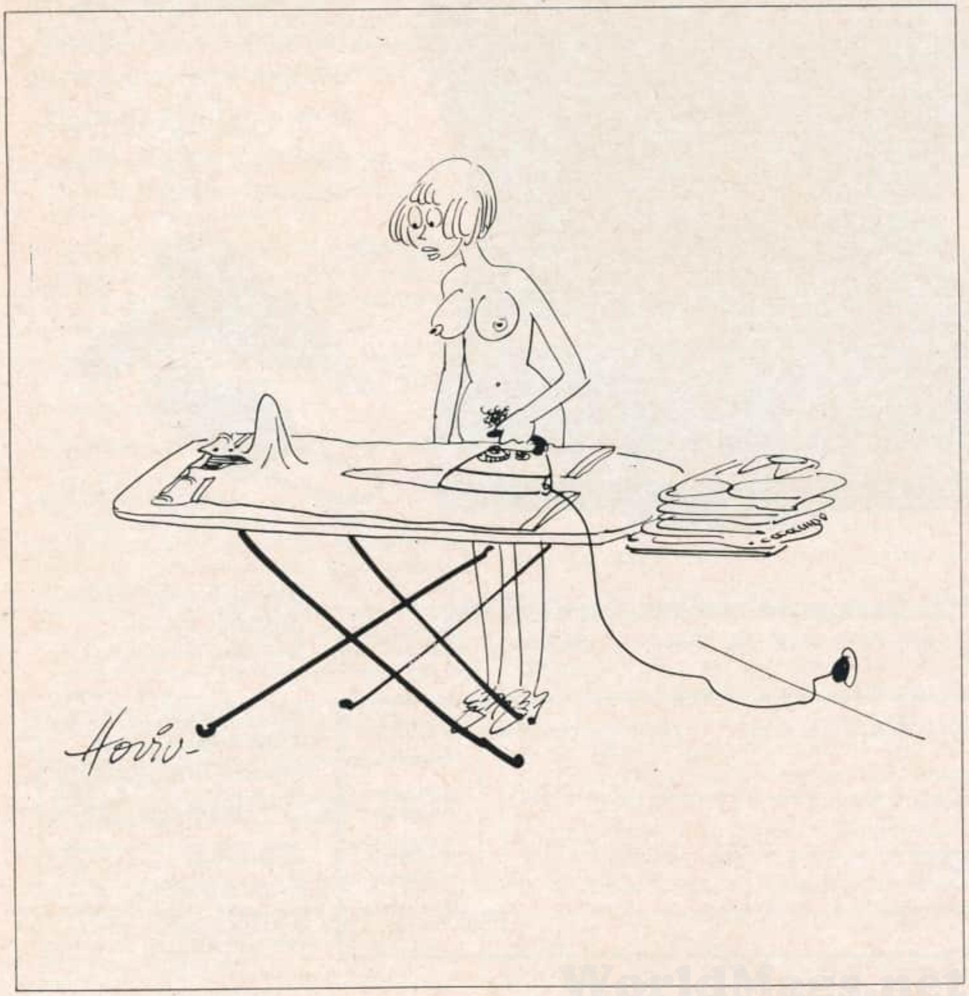
The camera swoops down on Miss Togar, catching flashes of her scary, spinsterish beauty as she paces past the lights. "I've made a list of new school policy," she says, smiling with evil anticipation. "First, I think it would be tidy if all the students wore neckties. Also, lunch hour is cut in half, because I am *doubling* ... " She savors each word. " ... silent study hall."

DEAD PIGEON

"The woman who serves lunch really hates me," says Joey Ramone, a tall, skeleton-looking type with thick lips, big nose, and long, stringy hair that he twists and untwists.

"No, she doesn't," says Johnny Ramone, putting down a pamphlet titled *Drugs—A Primer for Young People*.

"Yes, she does. She wouldn't give me a



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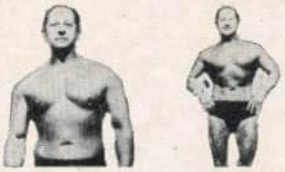

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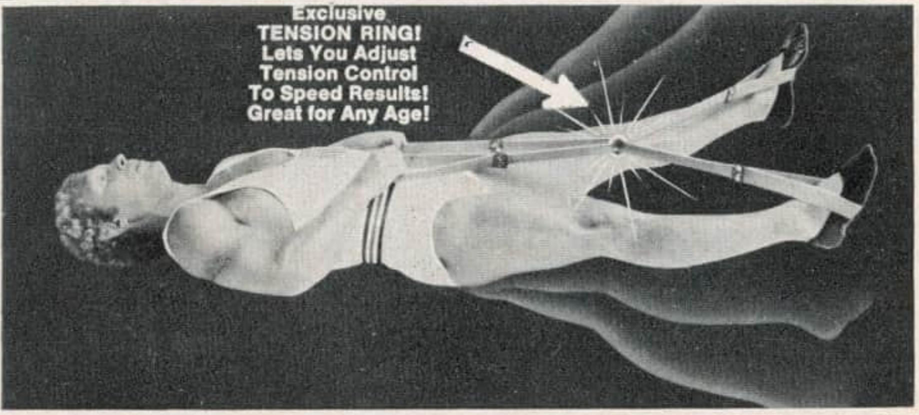

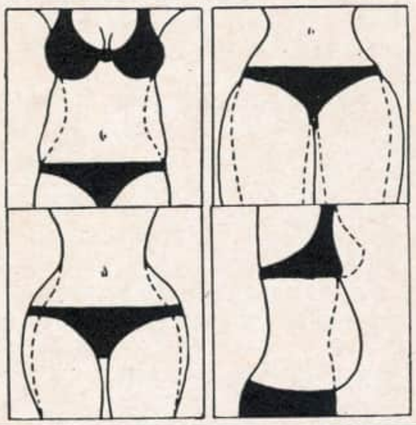

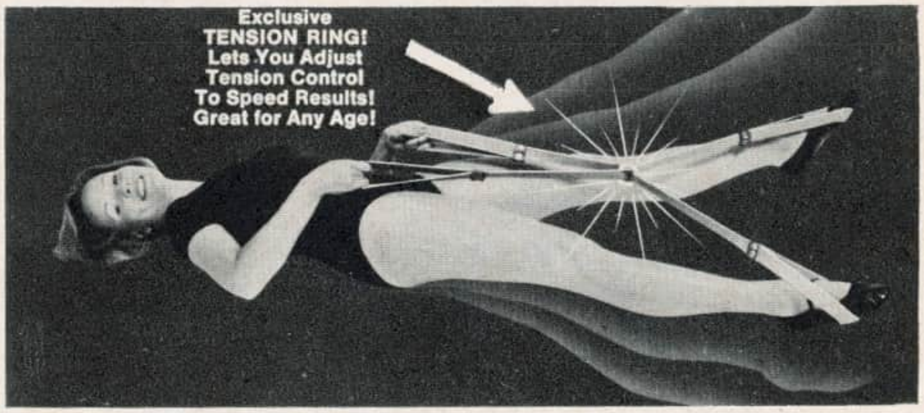
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fork when I asked her, and she looks at me funny. Just because I said the chow mein looked like worms." Dee Dee and Marky Ramone cast meaningful glances at each other.

The Ramones are not exactly punk-rockers, despite their leather jackets, torn jeans, dark shades, and chains. Prototype punk-rockers, maybe, because (along with television) they started the whole cycle back in 1975. But they think of themselves as rockers, they play an occasional oldie, and they demanded that all references to "punk rock" be eliminated from the script. Famous rock critics consider them the best American band going, but the big time hangs just out of reach.

"We can't get on *Midnight Special*," complains Johnny. "We can't even get on Kirshner. It's a miracle we got this movie!" In fact, he's right; the producer wanted Cheap Trick, but they asked for too much money.

"I hear you got trashed again," says a *Creem* reporter.

"Yeah, in Phoenix," says Johnny, without rancor. "The second ten rows loved us, but the first ten rows hated us. One guy just missed me with a bottle. They didn't start throwing garbage until 'Surfing Bird'—that seemed to provoke them."

"Why do you put up with this abuse?" asks P.J. Soles, looking blonde, foxy, and ten years younger than she probably is in a red, skintight body suit, shiny purple shorts that come exactly halfway down her ass, and fluffy hair ribbons adorned with musical notes.

"We love to be humiliated," says Joey.

There's a tense, uncomfortable relationship between the movie people and the Ramones. For one thing, the film folks are disappointed with the Ramones, whose line readings come out in flat, uninflected monotones; everyone was expecting the Beatles. On a deeper level, the filmies are threatened by the rockers' doomsday-deadpan style. Only Arkush, rock freak and cartoon fanatic, understands that the Ramones are playing a cartoon rock band and don't know how to stop.

P.J. is the only actor who hangs out with the band. "Are you playing any dates out here?" she asks.

"We're playing the Whiskey Christmas Day."

"You'll get turkey dinner, huh?"

"At the Whiskey we'll get hamburger dinner."

"Maybe you could come to our house for turkey," says P.J.

"Turkey?" says Joey, intense longing in his voice.

"Punk-rockers deserve dead pigeon," stage-whispers Bartel, eavesdropping through an open door, "not necessarily cooked."

GLOWING HEART OF THE EXPLOSION

"We have a big ball of fire coming out of the doors and windows," says the head pyrotechnician, a calm, businesslike man with an angry red burn across his face. "Everything shatters. All we do is set the bombs in these steel pots—we call 'em mortars—and fire 'em on cue. After that we have controlled fire—firepans and propane, and we can raise or lower the flame at will, like a big gas stove; we pump smoke in, and it looks just like the real thing. Special effects developed the smoke machine a long time ago—you put oil on a big hot plate, just under the flash point, and it comes out as smoke, not fire."

"Ten minutes!" yells Arkush. It's 2:30 in the morning. Fatigue cracks his voice, but his eyes are burning; on some level, this is *his* high school he's blowing up. People emerge dreamlike from the school, crossing the lawn in sleepy silhouette against a blaze of spotlights. Four automatic, high-speed cameras are placed up close, focused, anchored with sandbags. Long hoses and propane gas lines snake across the lawn. Big metal gas burners sprout from the earth. Pyrotechnicians load oversized black-powder charges into the iron mortars and aim them at the sky.

"There are three rules," says Arkush. "One, nobody sits down. Two, nobody takes their eyes off the sky, because stuff comes down for a minute. Three, nobody gets into a position where they can't back up if something falls on them. On *Deathsport*, one of those mortars took off and landed right where I was; I ended up sitting in a mud puddle."

"Roll cameras!" he yells, grinning. They fire up the automatic cameras, start two manned cameras, too, and check all of them for steady roll; this stunt will not be repeated. "Action!" yells Arkush, the Ramones sock into the middle of *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, the kids start dancing.

Flat on the beat an angry, roiling fireball, red-orange and smoky black, explodes through the walls of the school, advancing, engulfing trees in flame, incinerating bushes, setting fire to the flag over the bandstand, looming over the kids. Sudden, intense heat, a roaring blast of sound, and, incredibly, the fireball *keeps coming*, well past the bandstand now and reaching toward us until, all at once, the glowing heart of the explosion darkens, the firecloud collapses from within, falls back, dies.

The lawn is an inferno of flame—trees blazing, flag burning, shrubbery afire. The sky is full of sparks. The crew moves up with fire extinguishers to save the trees, but it's too late for the flag—an accidental metaphor.

Arkush walks over to scriptwriter Russ Dvonch, who looks slightly shaken. Neither of them wants to admit that the fireball was twice as big as anticipated. "Well, Russ," says Arkush, "is this consistent with your vision?"

BURGER BUMPERS

"Is this meat or an old saddle?" asks Arkush, rhetorically, in between bites of chicken chow mein from the lunch table.

ABC
WIDE WORLD
OF
RICH JOCKS

"We couldn't afford a good caterer—Roger would have said, 'No food,' or, 'Get pizza.' You think I'm kidding? On *Grand Theft Auto* he decided, 'No food for the second unit,' like, 'They're not human—no food.'

"It was the first day. We had been shooting car crashes all morning, and they got us Burger King for lunch. It was horrible. So we piled all the burgers in the middle of the highway, turned on the high-speed camera, got a car, and ran 'em over. We sent the footage in with the dailies, and then we nailed the burgers to the front of the Winnebago. So we had burger bumpers.

"Corman looked at the dailies, saw us running over the burgers in slow motion, and thought about how much the film cost. The next day we got food."

IT EATS PEOPLE AND BURPS

"The worst Corman monster was in *The Beast with a Million Eyes*," says an ex–New World editor. "It was a little puppet with five eyes, posed against a tea kettle that was supposed to be the spaceship."

"Yeah, but in *Attack of the Crab Monsters*," replies an ex–New World publicist, "you can see the sneakers on the guy who plays the monster."

"*The Wasp Woman* is worse," insists a big-time screenwriter who got his start writing Corman quickies. "It looks like they made it out of pizza and golf balls. They had to shoot it real close, out of focus, and shake the camera."

"Come on," argues a successful producer, a graduate of the Corman School of Filmmaking, "*Creature from the Haunted Sea* has the worst monster in the history of the movies—it eats people and burps, its eyes are made out of Ping-Pong balls, and it's covered with steel wool!"

THE WORST DAY YET

"Fuck you!" yells a girl in slave chains and too much eye makeup. "It's not fair to charge people for this!"

The Roxy, on Sunset Strip, is a large club with a big dance floor—and it's packed with angry punk-rockers getting ready to take the joint apart. They paid big money to see the Ramones, and all they've seen so far is a film crew shooting endless angles on a bunch of actors and a six-foot-tall white mouse. Arkush is too busy to be scared, but the cast is terrified; real violence is not in the script.

It's the end of the third week, most of the days have been 16 hours long, and early high spirits have mostly given way to grim determination. The film is still on schedule, but Arkush is paying the price. "If only we had one more week," he sighs, "it would be so easy . . . ten-hour days . . . "

This is the worst day yet. Usually, you hire extras for scenes like this, but someone came up with the Cormanesque idea of selling tickets over the radio, thereby paying the rent on the Roxy *and* getting a free audience. The only trouble is that punk-rockers are hostile to begin with, and *these* punks have paid to sit for hours while the crew shoots dull pickup footage accompanied by taped music.

"Yeah, it said on the radio they were shooting a movie," whines a young punk with a meat hook hanging from his belt, "but charging money for *this* is a rip-off!"

"Playback!" yells Arkush. "Action!" Giant loudspeakers blast out "She's the One" for the fifth time, and Arkush and his cameraman plunge into the dance scene boiling around the stage. Most of the dancers are real, out of the audience: girls in butch haircuts, black lipstick, and mesh stockings; crew-cut boys bouncing pogo in identical Schott black leather jackets.

Hours pass, shot by shot. Arkush has no choice; despite the tense situation he *has* to get coverage. The Ramones are onstage at last, but they haven't played a note for 45 minutes; the punks are ready to kill. There's one last scene where P.J., luscious in ponytail, tight leather pants, high-heel boots, and mesh gloves to her elbows, pushes through the crowd with a note for Joey Ramone. Somewhere in the middle of the mob she's hit with fists, elbows, knees. She reaches the stage bruised and crying.

Joey Ramone grabs the mike, an unlikely hero. "We don't want any pushin' around," he says laconically.

"These guys are just jive filmmakers making a chintzy movie," snaps a kid in stained blue jeans.

"We wanna get paid!" screams his girl friend.

"Give us our money and give us our drugs!" yells *her* girl friend.

Dee Dee Ramone steps to the mike, glances at Arkush, looks around the room; perhaps he's wondering which side he's on. "The actors are real scared," he tells the crowd. "They don't understand you. So you have to be real nice to them."

"Eat me!" yells someone, but the crowd cools off, and when they take the scene again, P.J. makes her traverse unscathed. Presently, the Ramones are roaring into "Teenage Lobotomy," mythic at last in full flight. The camera is rolling through the crowd, and the punks are screaming, "Lobotomy! Lobotomy!" in high, tense voices.

"You know," says a bearded gaffer, "the thing about shooting low budget is you still have to pay for everything—you just don't pay in money."

Arkush steps over, looking dazed. "Why are these people so hostile?" he wants to know. "When I was their age, I was dodging the draft. I didn't dodge the draft for them. I didn't stay up ten days for them."

WHY DO YOU MAKE THIS GARBAGE?

Corman hates to be called King of the Bs. Right outside his office is a framed letter from Ingmar Bergman. "How grateful and satisfied I am with your excellent work with *Cries and Whispers*," it says. The letter and the art films it represents clearly mean a lot to Corman. In some sense they buy off his guilt about making exploitation films.

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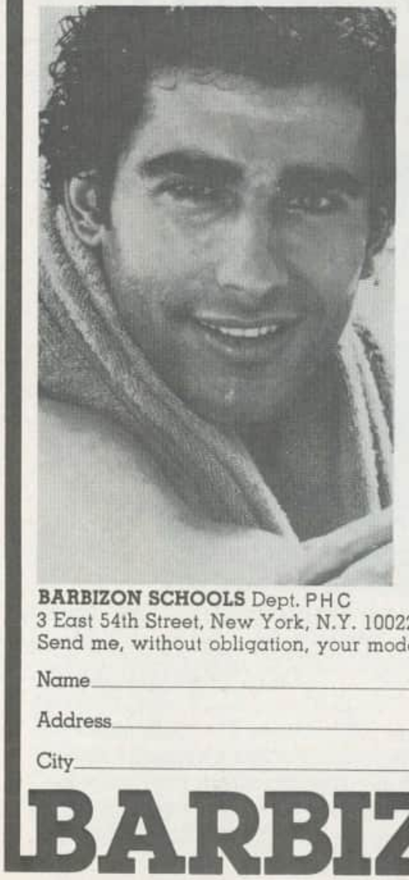

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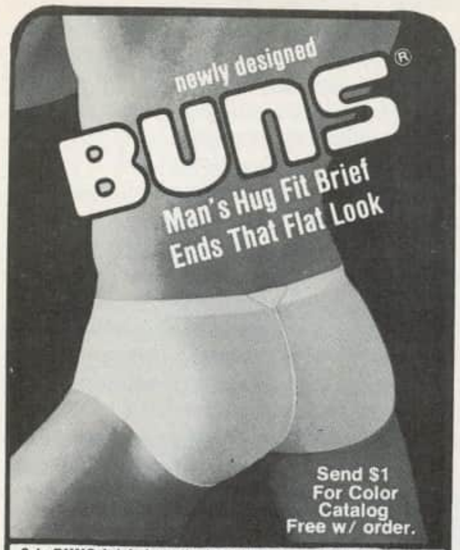

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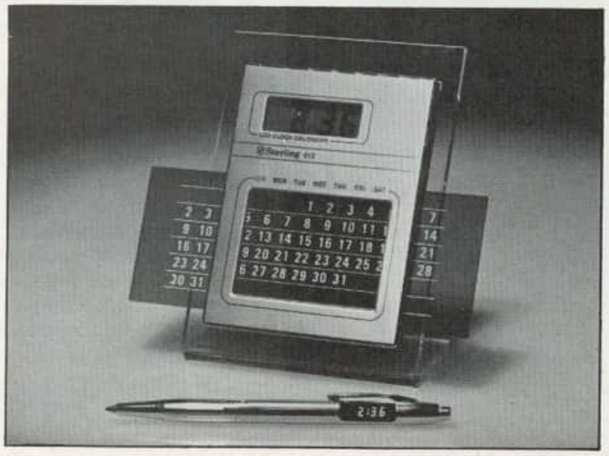

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Guilt? What guilt? Corman is fabulously successful, and he's always been proud of his legendary feats with short schedules and low budgets. And yet his closest associates feel he's deeply troubled. Perhaps that should come as no surprise; Corman embodies the most basic Hollywood contradiction—the one between money and art.

He's a tall, handsome, dignified man with short, graying hair, casually dressed in gray slacks, open-neck sport shirt, and blue sweater. His eyes are sad, but he smiles a lot. And he's too smart to give very much away.

We talk about the changes in the marketplace that make small, inexpensive films less attractive these days: escalating advertising costs; theater play-dates growing tougher to find; rising overhead at New World; and, most of all, the competition from television ("Charlie's Angels" is really a Corman nurse movie) and big-budget exploitation pictures like *Jaws*.

"When I did *Monster from the Ocean Floor*, people came because they wanted to see that *kind* of film," he says. If *Jaws* had been there, people wouldn't have come to see *Monster*. Same thing with *War of the Satellites* if *Star Wars* had been out. The exploitation business has become respectable because now there's more money." He smiles a sweet, sad smile. "You buy respect," he says.

We don't talk about the sadness in his eyes, but there are clues—like the stories about the guilt attack he suffered after a very successful screening of *Big Doll House*. Reportedly, he broke down in the cab, crying, "How can we do this? This is shit, it's all shit, it's terrible . . . "

Then there's *The Trip*, which Corman directed in 1967. Peter Fonda plays a talented filmmaker who's given up "serious" cinema to make television commercials.

"What do you think of when you think of television commercials?" asks his pal (Dennis Hopper) in one scene.

"Lies," says Fonda.

"Why do you make this garbage?"

"It's a living," says Fonda. "It's all I can do."

Later on, we see him directing a commercial. The camera pans hurriedly past a slate; the director's name is Namroc—Corman spelled backwards.

INTENSIVE CARE

Halfway through the last week, with three shooting days left, the film is running behind, everyone is dead tired, and Arkush is in intensive care with tubes up his nose.

It's been a bad week from the start. The new location, Van Nuys High School, is right under the Burbank Airport landing pattern, and planes roar over every 30 seconds, ruining takes. It's December and freezing. Everyone's got the same terrible cold. Each day the sun goes down earlier. Each day a few more scenes go unshot.

As the week begins, Arkush is driving himself at top speed, but he seems termi-

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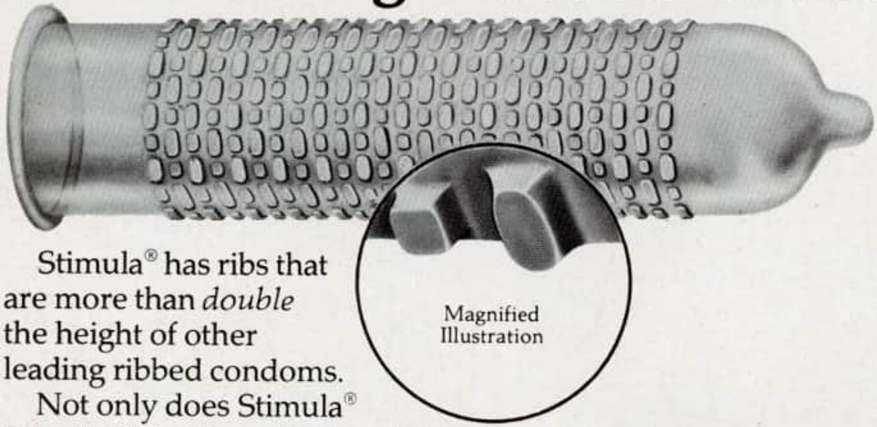

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nally distracted. His eyes wander when he talks to you, he paces a lot, and the shoot falls inexorably behind. "I'm so tired," he sighs. "If only I had more energy, I could be more creative."

Tuesday morning, Joe (*Piranha*) Dante steps in (for no pay, of course) to help out his pal by directing second unit. While Arkush is filming actors on the front lawn, Dante is out back, building human pyramids of football players under the girls' locker-room window. He's a short, slight 30-year-old with shoulder-length hair, delicate features, large-lensed Italian glasses, and a sardonic sense of humor that can't hide his passionate love for film. He only saw the script last night; he's improvising.

"Let's try a rehearsal on film," he tells his jocks. "That's all New World pictures are, anyway—rehearsals on film." The kids scramble into their pyramid, Vince Van Patten climbs up and peeks into the steamy locker room, girls scream, the pyramid collapses. It's pretty sloppy. "Print it," says Dante. He glances at me. "If John Ford were directing this sequence," he adds, "he wouldn't print *any* of these takes."

Suddenly, at dusk, Arkush is literally overcome with exhaustion; he heads for home, and Dante finds himself directing the first unit. It's a tough scene in which the kids take over the cafeteria, tie up the cooks, and make them eat their own lousy food—and Dante is totally unprepared. He has Arkush's shooting notebook, but he can't decipher the scribble. He wanders around, desperately cobbling together a shooting plan. "What would Hitchcock have done?" he mutters for my benefit.

He checks with cinematographer Cundey, he paces, he pounds on tables. "This is where all those years of making New World pictures in ten days pay off," he notes. He looks around at crew, actors, extras—all waiting for him to set them in motion. "Actually, this is where you learn the rotten habits that keep you from getting good jobs later."

Finally, he walks over to the actresses. "Hi," he says, smiling sweetly, "I'm the director. I'm sure this scene will be very humorous. Now, which of you wouldn't mind being force-fed some hamburger?" Fifteen minutes later, they're ready—more or less.

"Slate it!" yells Dante.

"This is scene 66, take God only knows what—maybe!" shouts the camera assistant.

Dante looks around. "This ought to be fun," he mutters. "So why isn't it?"

The next morning, Arkush drags his ass into the high-school gym at 6:30 in the morning. But he's hurting; he can't stand up; he's got the shakes. "I'm dying," he says, knowing the film dies with him. "Get me a doctor." They get him paramedics instead, and an ambulance takes him away.

But the film doesn't die. Producer Mike Finnell gets Dante out of bed, and he stumbles onto the set at 10:00 A.M., grabbing script pages as he comes in the door. The pressure is on; minutes count, and they've already lost three and one-half hours.

Dante looks around at athletic equipment, a gym teacher, 30 high-school girls in shorts and tank tops. "The next setup is . . ." Where *is* the next setup? "Over there, by the climbing ropes." Raggedly, the crew shuffles over with lights and camera. Slowly, Dante pushes the shoot back up to running speed, but everyone is worried about Arkush. Details filter in—intensive care, hypoglycemia, exhaustion, dehydration, . . . Between Dante's lack of preparation and the general grogginess, people begin to make silly mistakes; the mood is half desperate, half euphoric.

Jon Davison stops by to watch and to lend a hand. "Joe won't finish the picture exactly like Allan," he says, "but on a $200,000 budget the issue isn't style—it's finishing the film at all. If you can shoot a picture on a four-week schedule and *do* everything, get coverage, actually get it in the can, that's a real achievement. The quality may vary twenty percent between directors, but that's all—because there's no time on the set to *do* anything. If Roger gets a finished picture for $200,000, he can make a profit, no matter what the quality."

There's a short lunch break, and Dante draws Finnell aside. "If we hurry, we can get those exteriors," he says. "How much light do we have left?"

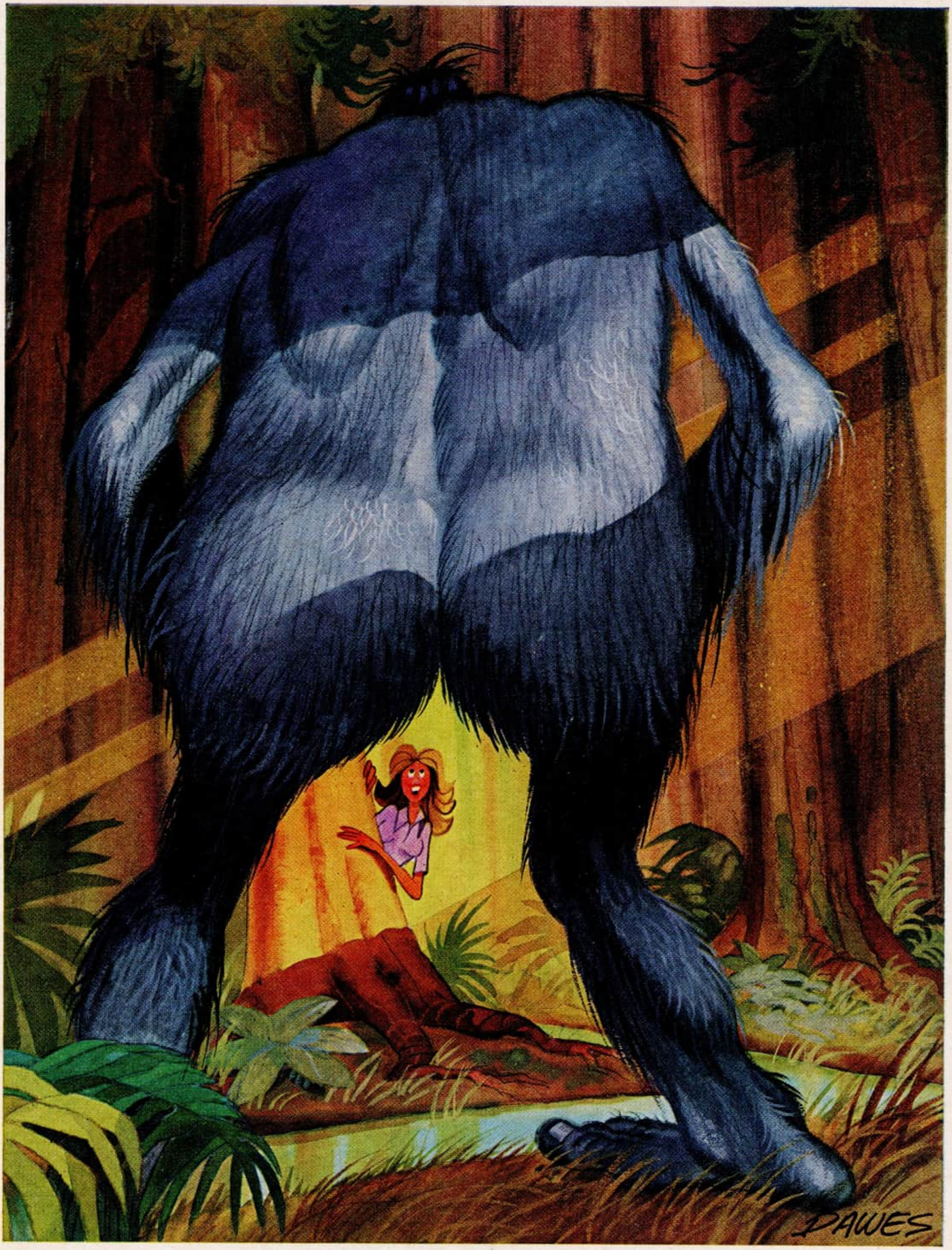
Finnell looks unhappy. "It's the shortest day of the year," he says.

BEAT THE CLOCK

They finish the picture, of course—that's what families are for—and everyone sleeps for a week. Arkush gets out of the hospital, editors get to work, and in five weeks it's done. Bartel, Dante, and Davison help out with the cutting—for no pay, of course. Warner Records (the Ramones' label) loves it. Arkush is pleased. Now it's time for Corman to see it. He sits through the screening without a word. He gets up. "Good job, Allan" is all he says. It's not enough.

Corman leaves, and Arkush just sits there shaking his head, looking like a man who's seen things he'd like to forget. "It's real hard to make movies in the first place," he says. "In fact, it's nearly impossible, and Corman makes it even tougher. Then he throws in what I call the blindfold factor. Did you ever watch 'Beat the Clock'? They'd give you some impossible thing to do, and Bud Collyer would ask you if you thought you could do it. You'd say, 'Well, yeah, I can walk backwards down the white line in the street, juggling two eggs,' and Collyer would say, 'Okay, blindfold him!' The blindfold factor on this film was the tiny budget and the ridiculous schedule.

"Afterwards, when you've busted your ass to make it work, Roger says, 'See, I told you so.' And mostly it *does* work. But it's always a fucking miracle. Corman teaches you how to do miracles by making sure a miracle is the only thing that'll save your ass!" ⊶



"Wow! I don't know why they call you big foot, baby!"

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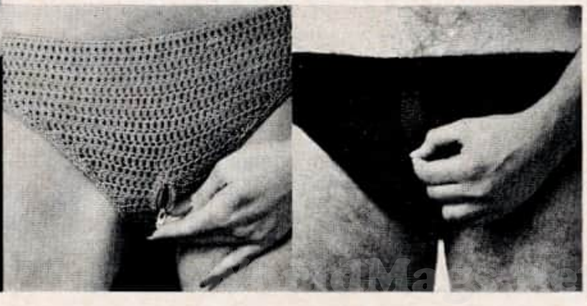

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

that when I bumped into my husband I blurted out, "I've just been screwed." I must say he took it well—he laughed and said, "You must have enjoyed it." I think he only half took me seriously at that stage.

Carl got sidetracked again, and I started to look around, this time deliberately hunting up another fuck. I went back into the pool and flirted with a gorgeous stud of a guy, rather younger than me. I told him I wanted him to fuck me. Although he was a little put out at first, he nobly rose to the occasion when I got hold of his big fat cock. I was back in that same bedroom twenty minutes after I had left it. Again I sucked the guy off before having intercourse. He mounted me with great enthusiasm and briskly fucked me. I had just one continuous orgasm. I had never enjoyed sex so much—this was pure sex for sex's sake.

I had sex with six other men that night, fellating them all. When Carl and I went home, I was floating, still tasting semen on my tongue and finding it hard to believe that it was little ol' me who had done all those outrageous things with eight men. I didn't feel guilty, just good. Carl told me he didn't mind what I had done, and we had the greatest sex we'd had in years. I was amazed at my own sexual capacity. I was quite sore the following day, but I didn't mind, and sex has been my single most important activity ever since.

Carl and I have come to an agreement whereby we allow each other to fuck around as much as desired as long as neither of us hides anything from the other. Although we both have fairly regular outside affairs, we have also ended up getting involved in the swinging scene, particularly group sex. There is a lot of that here, and in the past four years I have had intercourse with hundreds of men.

Don't think that I am the only woman here in this Australian town who discovered the joys of sex in those heady days immediately after the cyclone. One of my girl friends, in fact, is so desperate about getting sex that she has taken to blatantly telling everybody that she is available. Her husband has no idea that his demure, shy little darling is actually a raving, sex-hungry siren who spends most of her days on her back while he is at work, getting herself fucked three or four times every day.

As far as Carl and I are concerned, we are having the time of our lives. At 35 I'm not old, but I am getting to an age where I feel that a man fucking me is a compliment. I enjoy the flirtations, men looking at me knowing that I am sexually available. In the past I met so many guys I secretly would have liked to have intercourse with but didn't, because I was a faithful little wife. I wish I had known then what I know now. There is nothing wrong with making love to as many men as you can. In fact, I firmly believe it's my duty to myself. After all, life isn't that long, and every time I feel a nice, *hard cock slipping into me, I feel grateful that I am a woman and that I found sex while I still have time to enjoy it to the hilt—as many hilts as I can scabbard! Don't you agree?*—N.S.

I swear that small towns are where all the action is. Everybody knows everybody else, and you've all had time to fantasize about what's in, say, your friend's husband's pants. You're all in the ball game together; and so when you swing, there's little problem with someone being told about your activities, because when he's told, it generally means you'll be getting into *his* pants next. Who needs blackmail in a small town?

I'm always glad to hear from people in faraway places. It just reminds me that sex is the one staple in life: it's the same everywhere.

FANTASEX

Risa and I have been married almost ten years. Our sex life was always very good but not what I would call great. She doesn't like oral sex in any way, shape, or form. This has caused a number of arguments between us over the years. I once became so frustrated by her lack of interest in cocksucking that I had an affair with a very attractive young girl who didn't like anything but oral sex. But that's another story.

Our current problem started about two years ago, when Risa decided to go back to work. She was very happy, and our marriage grew stronger because of her newfound freedom. Our sex life improved because Risa felt more like a "real woman."

One night, after an especially good session of straight fucking, we began to talk about fantasies. Risa told me about her two greatest fantasies. First, she wanted to have a torrid fuck session while watching some really dirty porno films. Second, and this was a surprise, she wanted to be screwed by two guys at the same time.

A friend of mine—I'll call him Jason—had some porno films and let me borrow them for a few days. Risa and I sat for hours watching every kind of sex imaginable on the movie screen. We got to this one scene where this beautiful chick was taking on two guys at once. One guy was pumping away from behind while the chick was sucking the life out of the other guy's cock. I thought Risa was going to go crazy. She dropped her shorts, kneeled doggie-style on the bed, and begged me to fuck her. Since I was very turned on, I was ready to oblige my wife. I eased into the wettest cunt I had ever felt and started pumping away. We were both watching the film as the chick continued to suck and fuck the two guys,

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and Risa was moaning like never before. I looked down at her and saw her licking and sucking her thumb as if it were the other guy's cock. Finally I came, and I was so excited by all the visual effects that I remained rock hard. I thrust my cock in her face and she took it in her mouth without a second thought. She was sucking so hard I was sure she would pull the head off my cock any minute. Then the film stopped, and so did Risa, leaving me seconds from my second orgasm. She informed me that she had had enough, great as it was. I asked her to finish what she started, but she told me that she didn't like to do things like that and that I knew it—I don't think she even remembered that I was ready to shoot my wad down her throat only seconds before.

I was so impressed by her first fantasy that I couldn't wait to fulfill the second. I asked her if she had anybody in mind for our threeway, and she suggested my friend Jason. I was very surprised, but I agreed and said I would ask him. His wife is nice but very ugly, and he had told me many times that sex was a rare thing with them; so I was sure he would be interested. I told Risa I would ask, but Risa decided she should ask.

The next week I came home from work and found Jason and Risa sipping a drink in the living room. She smiled and said, "Tonight's the night, honey." We had a very quick dinner, followed by several drinks. Risa was getting bombed. Several times during dinner she reached under the table to rub Jason's crotch. I was amazed but happy. We went to the bedroom, where Risa had set up the projector and the films. Jason and I sat watching the first film while Risa slipped into a nightgown.

Jason wasn't a bit nervous. In the time it took me to put on a new film, he was nude and in Risa's arms. She was acting like a woman who hadn't been fucked in years. Jason knelt on the bed with his cock inches from her mouth. "Suck it!" he said. I didn't think she would, because I knew she didn't like it. But she took his thick but very short cock into her mouth and gave him the most professional blowjob. His juices were dripping from the edges of her mouth. Then she looked up and asked me to join the fun. I took off my clothes and joined in.

Risa had a cock in each hand and was stroking us both very hard. Finally, when we were both at attention, she again went down on him. She motioned to her ass, which she proudly stuck in the air. I knew what she wanted. It was fantasy time. I took her behind while she sucked at his root. I was so turned on that I came in a very short time. She didn't even notice as I pulled out and sat down to watch. Risa stopped sucking and straddled his face. "Eat me, Jason. Eat me like you did before." I couldn't believe it.

This was not the first time they had done it! My wife and one of my best friends!

After the session was over, they told me they had been seeing each other twice a week for the past two years. They said they loved each other but that Risa didn't want to leave me, because she loved me, too. It was too much for me to take. About a week later I decided to leave. I was playing the martyr. Jason had more to offer Risa. He drove a Lincoln Continental and wore $300 suits. I drove a beat-up Ford and didn't even own a suit. I told Risa I didn't want to stand in the way of her happiness and that she was free to leave. I left the state, relocated where I found an incredible job, and bought a newer beat-up Ford and a suit. I had a couple of brief flings with a couple of local chicks. All in all, I was miserable without Risa. I really loved her. Jason filed for divorce, but Risa never did. After seven months she flew down to see me and asked me to take her back. It seems that Jason started to drink, and the money we thought he had was his wife's. He wanted to live off Risa's income and the money I was sending her.

Now Risa and I are together again. Our relationship is stronger than ever—except in bed. I keep thinking about how sexy she looked sucking Jason and how she looked when he was eating her. All I can think of is her lips around my cock. Every time I try something like that, she starts to cry because it reminds her of her awful experience with Jason. She says she knows how important oral sex is to me, but she can't

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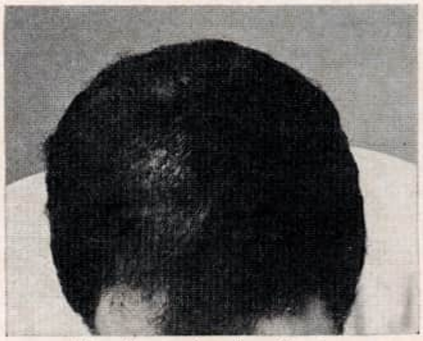

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bring herself to do it. She says I'm a better lover than he, but she freezes up whenever we try oral sex. What can I do, or what can we do together, to drive this memory from her mind and go on with a normal, happy, exciting, and oral life? Please advise.—S.C.

Well, sucking isn't everything. She takes it up the ass. You fuck together a lot and, I imagine, do everything else except blowjobs. In time she will come around. If not, it might be wise for both of you to see a marriage counselor. Your wife may not want to go at first; so don't make it seem as though you want to go just because she has this little problem with blowjobs. The problem is obviously deeper than some oral fixation.

Does this mean that threeways are wrong? No, but dishonesty and secrecy are definitely not the best policies. Your wife had been having an affair behind your back for two years, and now she feels guilty. How much wiser she would have been if she would have been honest about her fantasies from the beginning! Your marriage would have been more secure—and I bet she would have been blowing your cock off right to this day.

WOMAN WANTED

I'm twenty-three years old, tall, and have long black hair and a nice body. I'm not flabby and haven't any stretch marks, even though I have three kids and the youngest is only five months old. I also have a problem that is driving me insane. It may not seem like much to you, since you've never had this trouble, but can you imagine what it's doing to me? You see, I've always wanted to make love to a woman. Just the thought of kissing and sucking someone else's soft breasts and eating someone's pussy can make me come. But I don't know how to make this happen. My husband loves the idea of a threesome; so he's no problem. The problem is that everywhere I go I have three children under five years old with me. So no woman is going to look at me twice, even though I dress skimpily each time I leave the house.

The man I've got is the best ever, and believe me, I have fucked many, many men. Andy (my husband) has even thought about hiring a hooker so that I could satisfy these feelings, but I'm scared that she would be a hard, abusive bitch. I'd like someone really nice and gentle for my first time.

How do you approach a woman? I'd do almost anything to love a woman and have her make love to me in return. With Andy joining us, it would be heaven on earth. Please help!—P.S.

If you read my book *The Happy Hooker,* you must realize that not every hooker is a hard and tough bitch. Call girl, by the way, is a better term and refers to the nonstreet kind of woman you're no doubt looking for.

You might try a lesbian club, but I doubt that they'll let your husband in. Most of these women really don't want to bother with a man. They'll want just you alone.

A three-way, actually, might be the best solution. It would introduce you to lesbianism in a heterosexual ambience. The woman may not want to feel you up or lick you out, but no doubt there will be a lot of touchy-feely going on. I mean, there are only three of you on that little bed! If the woman is willing, however (and lesbianism is very much accepted among most swingers), you'll know after a few minutes of foreplay whether the woman will submit to some real hard-core girl play. You'll have your husband there to protect you, too, just in case you decide to chicken out. It's worth a try.

BEDROOM BUDDY

I'm eighteen years old and have been reading Penthouse *for some time. I really need advice. My boyfriend, Charles, and I have been having a lot of sexual problems. He's also eighteen. I love making love to Charlie, and since we live together, we can hop into bed whenever we want. Recently, Charlie has been saying he's too tired or too sick to please me. This happens about 10 percent of the time, and when we discussed it, he told me he thought sex was boring. I've never found it boring, and if it were up to me, I'd get it three times a day. Besides that, I always try to think up new and exciting sex games.*

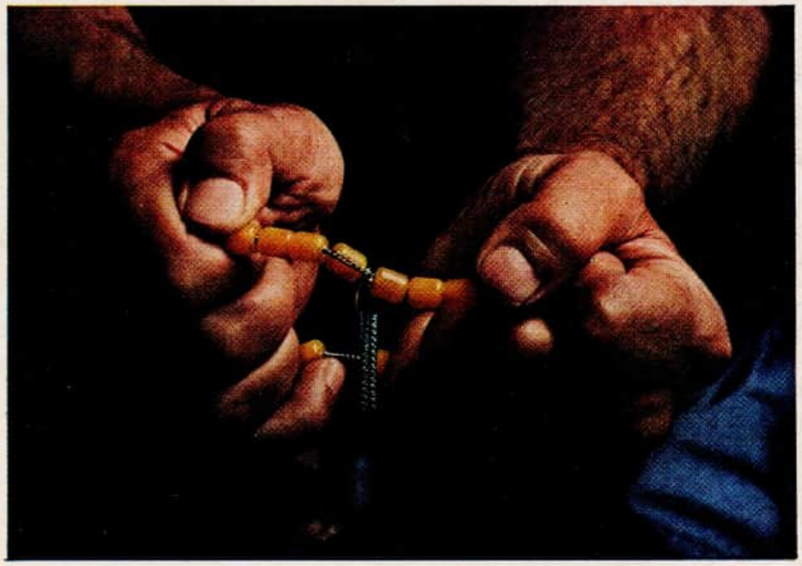
Charles has a nine-inch cock that can really turn a woman on. However, he has no imagination at all. He just directs the nine inches into me and expects it to do all the work for him. But twelve out of fourteen times that we get into bed, he says he wants to go right to sleep.

I've had sex with one other man since I started living with Charlie. Things were just going so poorly I didn't know how to cope. So I ended up in Eddie's bed, and I really enjoyed myself. When I was with Eddie, he played the man's role, and for the first time in months I felt like a woman. He's married now and loves his wife and won't screw around on her. I think that's a healthy attitude, but I can't help wishing that he hadn't gotten married, because I really felt that Eddie knew what to do when our bodies were together. Charlie has no idea that I've slept with someone else. I know he would leave me if he did.

We plan to marry soon, and I do love him, but I can't handle his attitude toward sex. As far as I'm concerned, it's not normal for someone his age to be bored with sex, especially when he has a girl friend who will do anything sexually. How can I get the man I love interested in my body?—T.M.

If things are wrong now, why in the world would you want to get married to him? Read some of the other letters in this column. If your sex life is rotten now, it will probably be less than ashes ten years from now. Sex isn't everything, but please don't let your boyfriend turn it into zero for you.

LOSING STRESS



Living with stress

You face a certain amount of stress every day. You're under stress when you're late for work, when you get stuck in a traffic jam or in the slow line at the bank, just as you are when someone you love dies—or when you take off for a Tahiti vacation. Joy, sorrow, heat, cold, pain, worry, trauma, all induce the same physiological manifestations of stress in your body. You may sweat, your heart may race, you may frown, tense your muscles, perspire, cry. During stress your body works to readjust itself so that it can go about its normal functioning. Stress is a fact of life. Everyone must face it. What makes you different from somebody else is not the amount of stress you face, but the way you deal with it.

The high cost of high pressure

Not handling stress well takes its toll on your physical and mental well-being. High-pressure people are more likely to suffer heart attacks, strokes, and mental breakdowns than are people who can recover more easily from stress situations. High-pressure people set deadlines for themselves. They're impatient when things move slowly. They talk fast, walk fast, eat fast. They often have higher cholesterol levels than others. People who can handle stress well have a quiet inner reserve that allows them to recover from the effects of stress rather quickly.

If you're a high-pressure person who needs a drink or a tranquilizer in order to calm down, who can't take it easy or stop pushing even on weekends and vacations, you may be afraid to change. You may think that if you let up, you'll lose your ability to compete. And you may not understand what relaxation means. You need to learn to build that quiet inner reserve. And you can. How?

Don't be afraid to relax

If your approach to life and to work is extremely fast-paced, look for ways to tone it down. Plan your schedule realistically, allowing time for unexpected phone calls and interruptions so that they don't knock you off balance when they occur. Force yourself to take time out. Find a quiet place where you can sit uninterrupted for ten minutes. Listen to some calming music and let yourself flow with it. Tighten your muscles one at a time and let them go. Feel them relax. Taking time out, even for a few minutes, renews your energy and equips you to tackle the jobs at hand in a more efficient way.

Why meditation helps

Another excellent way to build a protection against the effects of stress is through meditation. To the surprise of skeptics who just a few years ago thought that meditation was a kooky cult, medical researchers have turned up evidence that meditation and relaxation techniques bring about distinct physiological changes that slow down the nervous system.

How to meditate

Want to meditate on your own? It's not difficult. And any kind of meditation technique will help you build a calm reserve that will, in turn, help you improve the way you deal with stress. You need a quiet place, a comfortable sitting position. Keep your back straight. Do whatever's comfortable with your hands and legs; just be sure you feel relaxed. Set a timer for 20 minutes. Close your eyes. Clear your mind of thoughts. Concentrate on your breathing—in-out, in-out. Don't slow it or hurry it. When a thought flits through your mind, allow it to pass. Don't dwell on it or let it distract you. Keep focusing on your breathing. If you have trouble concentrating, count your breaths, one to ten, and start over. Don't break your concentration. If you meditate regularly (preferably twice a day, morning and evening), you'll get the best results. And your overall ability to relax will increase the longer you continue to practice meditation. Want to learn more about meditation? Bookstores are jammed with books about every kind of meditation technique.

Facing depression

It's perfectly okay to feel depressed sometimes. Any sensitive man is bound to have days when he feels tender, insecure, lethargic, just plain blah. The feeling may last for days or even a couple of weeks before you return to normal. But if depression lingers or begins to interfere with your normal life pattern, there's something wrong. You won't begin to get rid of what's bothering you until you're willing to take a good, hard look at what it is.

You're not Superman

This may not be easy. As a man, you've been conditioned not to look at your vulnerabilities—to tough it out instead.

When depression needs help

This kind of ostrich, head-in-the-sand attitude is very dangerous. When you bottle things up, you place a heavy burden on your emotions. If you continue to do this for too long, your emotional machinery can break down altogether, resulting in a deep, incapacitating depression.

If you need help, get it

The idea of getting professional help frightens many people, even today, when being in therapy is fairly common. You still may feel that to be a "real man" you've got to handle your problems alone. That, of course, is nonsense. Not getting help for problems you can't handle successfully on your own is as foolish as not asking for directions when you're lost in a strange town.

How a therapist can help

What can a therapist do for you? He or she can help break emotional blisters that have formed and provide you with a place where you can spill emotions, fears, and conflicts without fear of judgment. A therapist can give you support as you learn to examine your values, your needs, your view of society, your behavior, and the behavior of those around you. A therapist can help you to gain a perspective that works for *you*. It may take weeks, months, even years, for you to feel that your therapy is complete. But most people who go into therapy begin to feel better about their problems and about themselves right away.

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Destroying the English
language is a primary job requirement
for college professors.

CERTIFIED ILLITERACY

BY DONALD HOLDEN

When I was in college, we had a sociology professor who was famous for manufacturing sentences like this: "With regard to the determining factors in this activity, one will clearly ascertain the desideration of a pecuniary nexus." I remember struggling with that sentence. The closest I could come to a translation was "People do it for money." Somehow, it sounded so much more important *his* way. I could see that my version was hopelessly inferior. He (and many of his colleagues) graded us on our ability to translate such scholarly language and play it back in our papers. I was obviously no good at it.

Now I'm a publisher, and it's my job to grade the professors. There are only two grades on *my* campus: pass or fail. If you pass, you get published. If you fail, you get a polite rejection note. Most professors fail. Their manuscripts are unpublishable.

Publishers are good at writing cordial, evasive turndown letters that say something like this: "We regret that your book does not fit into our current publishing program." We're not cruel enough (or honest enough) to say what we're really thinking: "Good God, another pompous ego trip from academe! Why don't you guys learn to write?"

Academic writing hasn't changed much since my days as a student, teacher, and college administrator more than two decades ago. I force myself to wade through the scholarly journals, the doctoral dissertations of professors-to-be, the book outlines, and the thick manuscripts that arrive in my morning's mail. Most professorial prose is still as pretentious and hollow as that sociologist's profound insight about the "pecuniary nexus."

Why has this grotesque, inflated diction become the standard language of academic writing?

Over a few beers, I once asked a group of graduate students to concoct the title of the ideal doctoral dissertation—the hefty manuscript that a Ph.D. candidate must deliver in order to prove that he can write like a professor. As we went around the table, each student presented his nomination. Then they all voted to pick the best one. The title that brought down the house was *Textual Variations Due to Broken Pen Nibs in Some Medieval Estonian Manuscripts.*

People do it for money.

What made this the undisputed winner? Everyone at the table agreed that the subject was so arcane that nobody on campus—except the writer—would know anything about it; thus it would be virtually impossible to form a doctoral committee whose members could poke any holes in the writer's research. In fact, if the prose was impenetrable enough and the subject tiresome enough (with plenty of quotations in Medieval Estonian), the members of the committee probably wouldn't read the dissertation at all. They would just check to see whether there were enough footnotes to prove that the doctoral candidate had spent tedious months in the library, *pretend* that they'd read the manuscript, ask a few perfunctory questions about "research methodology," and then back off. And the subject was so obscure that some scholarly journal might publish a segment of the dissertation simply because the editors (who were professors, too) had never seen any research in this "neglected field."

In short, the future professor had pulled off a scholarly coup. By default, he'd become the ranking authority in an "area of inquiry," as it's called, where there were no other authorities. He had the field all to himself.

Make no mistake: *Textual Variations, etc.* was more than a joke. Those young professors-to-be were bitter. What they were really saying was that most scholarly writing serves no genuine purpose beyond the professional advancement of the writer. They were exposing the fundamental cynicism that produces the hideous, pseudo-intellectual lingo that's called "dissertationese."

For dissertationese is, above all, a language that's consciously designed to deceive. Embarrassed by the insignificance of most professorial research and writing, generations of scholars have labored to perfect a literary style that will make the unimportant sound important. Dissertationese also has obvious psychological benefits: those opaque sentences might just manage to hide the author's self-contempt. All that verbal claptrap serves the same function as the colossal machinery that magnifies the small, quavering voice of the Wizard of Oz.

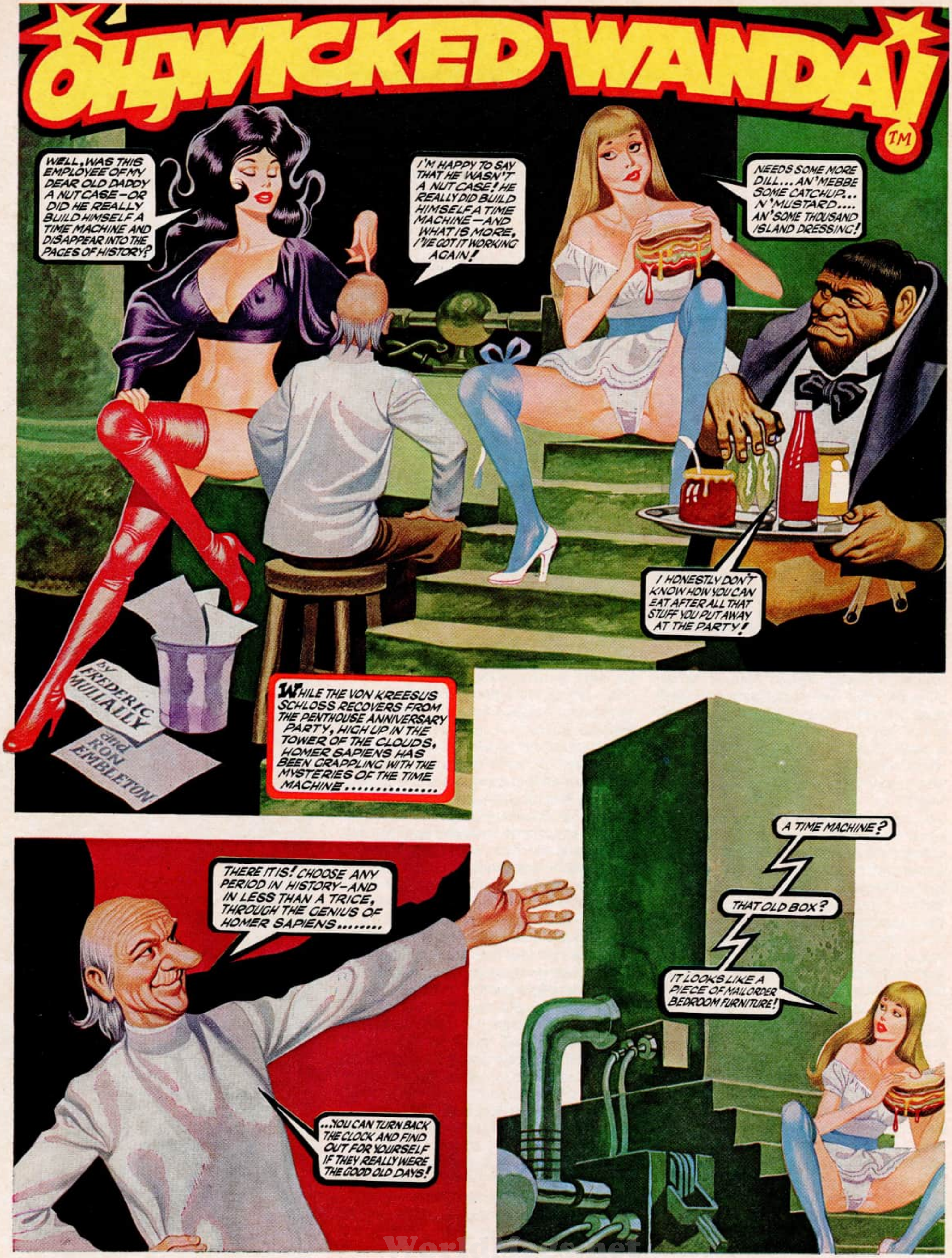
Professorial bafflegab is particularly effective when the author isn't sure of his ground. If you haven't done your homework, don't know what to say, or don't know whether you're right, the solution is to construct a verbal maze in which the reader will be as lost as you are. Prof. Richard Mitchell, who dissects the horrors of academic writing in his newsletter *The Underground Grammarian,* published this mind-bending example:

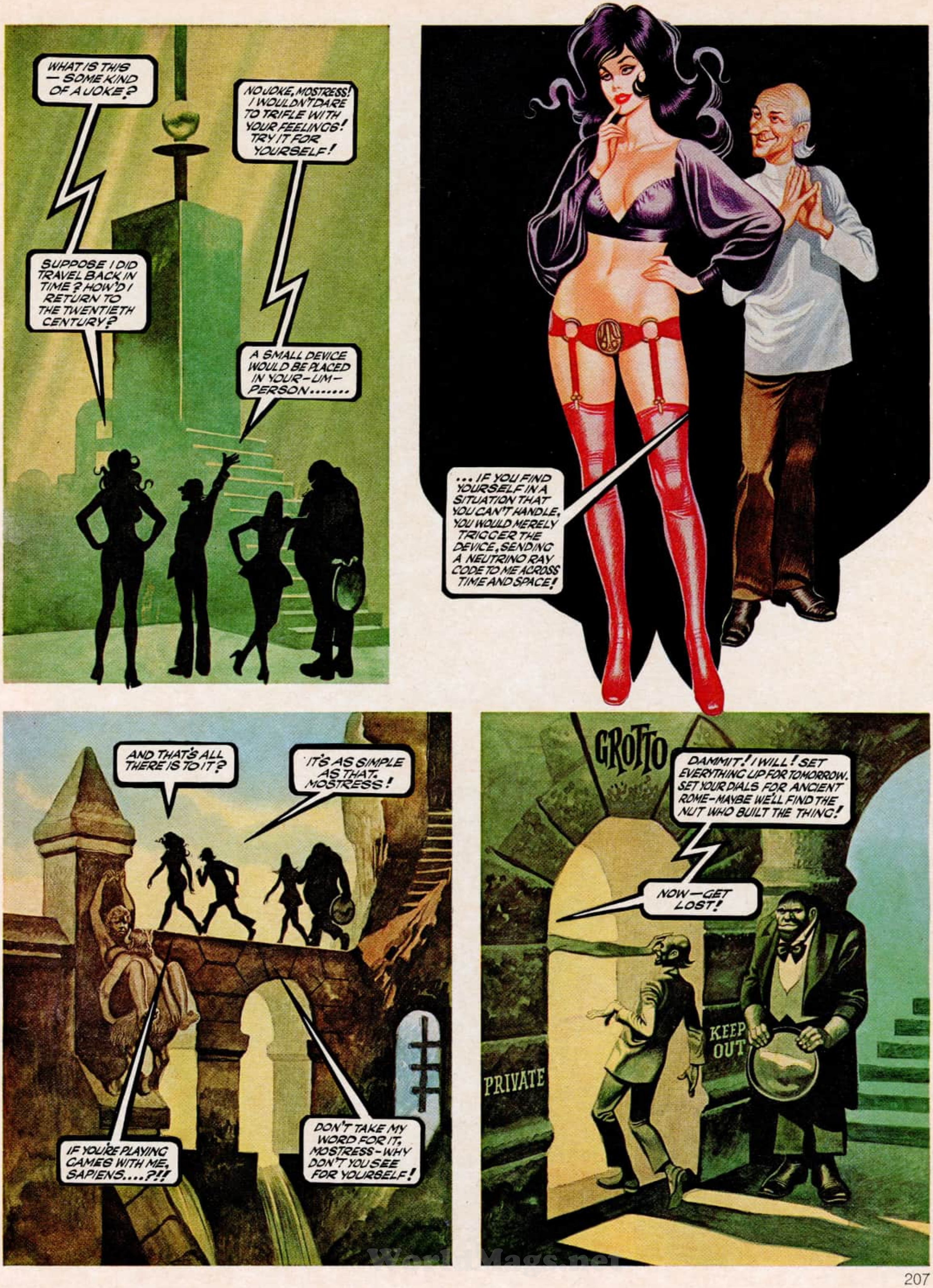
"The general 'classroom culture' and 'school system culture' are in the majority programmed with prescribed perceptions, attitudes, and values which characterize a quasi-stationary culture or, at best, a metaphorical industrial model. A topian educational system of values and its existing isomorphic, formulated goals and means can be traumatically challenged by EE and its evolving, diverse-goal system as EE functions as a catalytical nondiscipline to prepare and facilitate people to move through a meta-transition into the phase of nonstationary culture. . . ."

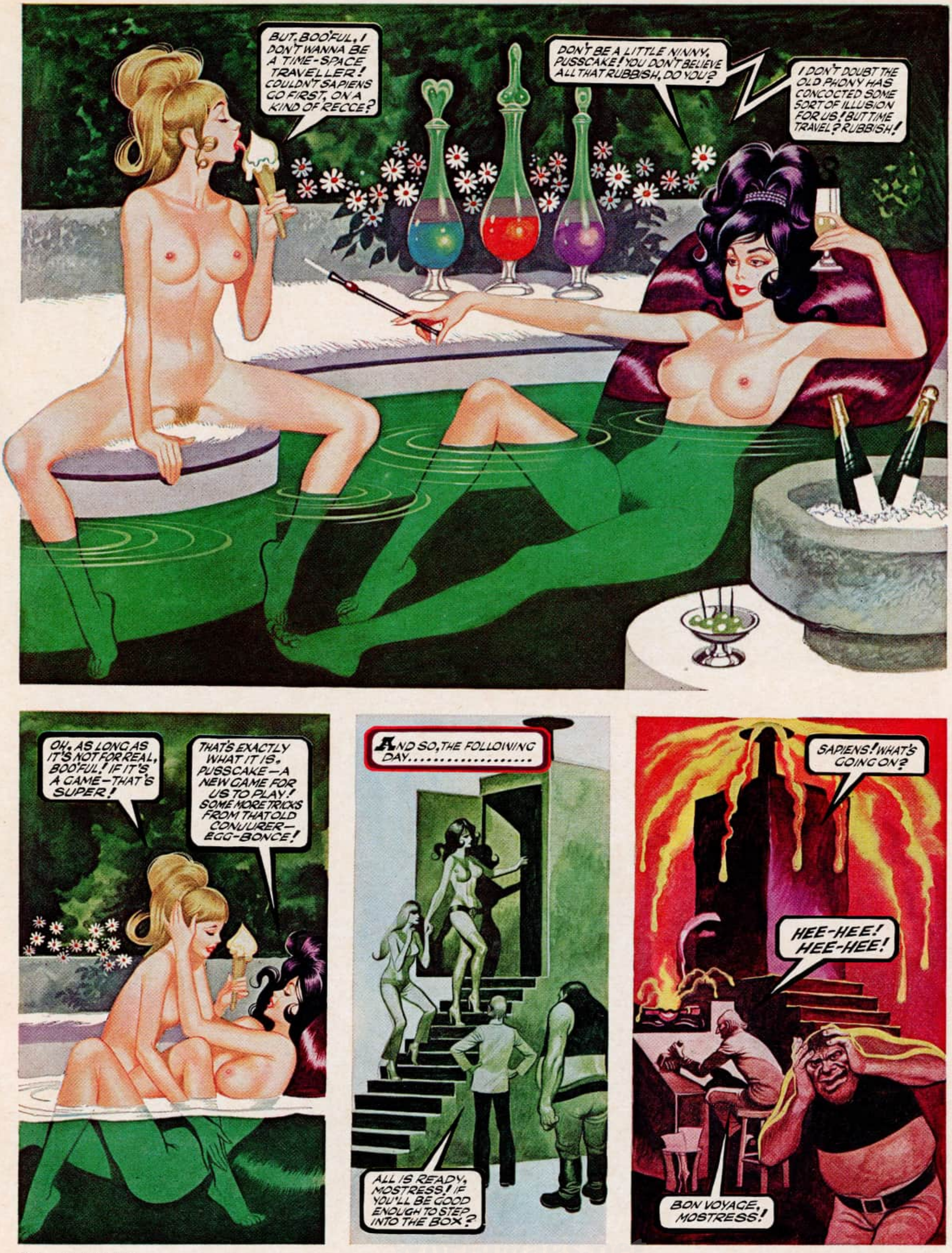
Struggling to find the right track through this labyrinth of pomposity, who can possibly judge whether the author himself is on the right track?

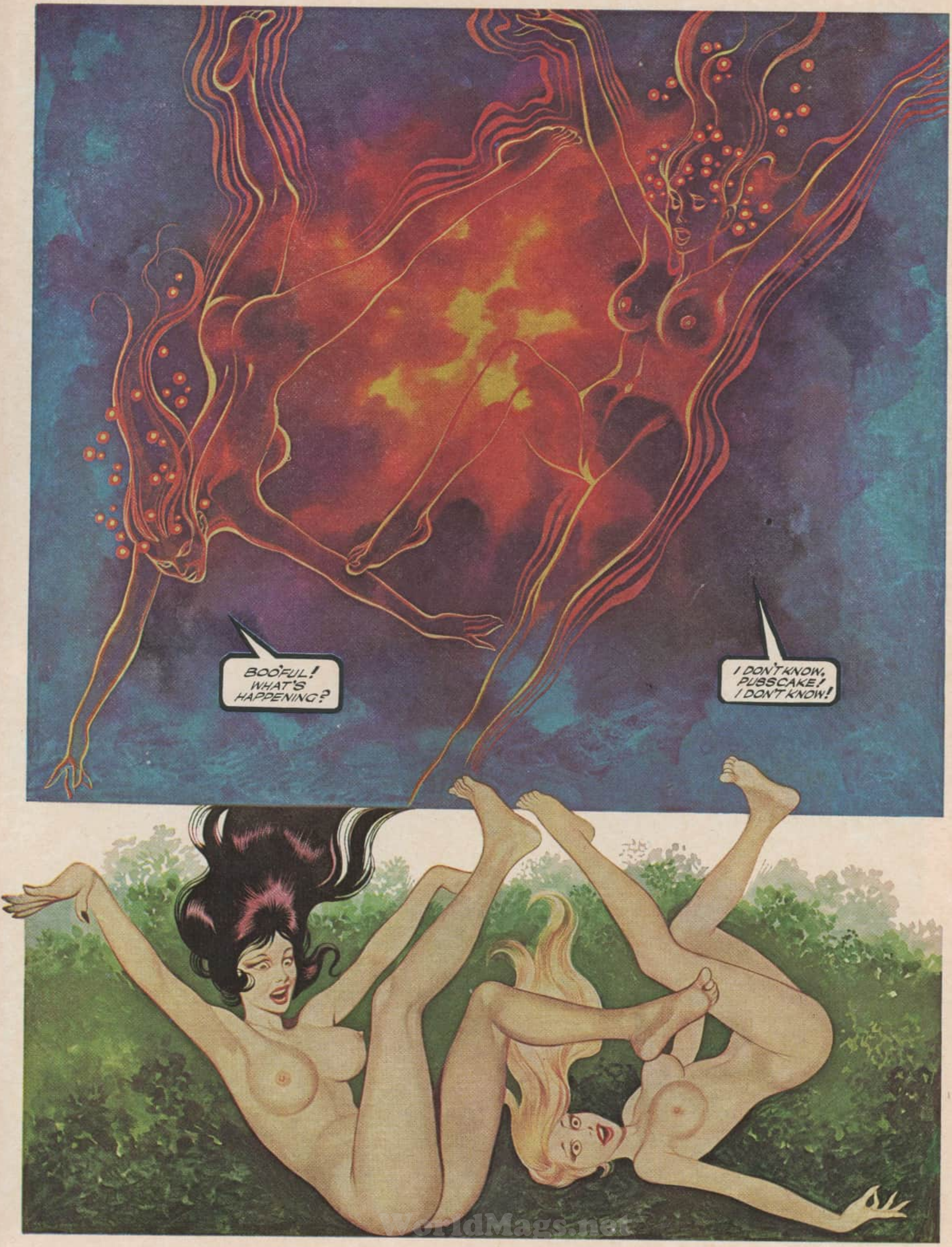
But that's the real purpose of the labyrinth: to protect the writer from being judged. Academic writers have carefully developed a private language that protects the writer from the prying eyes of the educated layman who might ask awkward questions about what the professor really

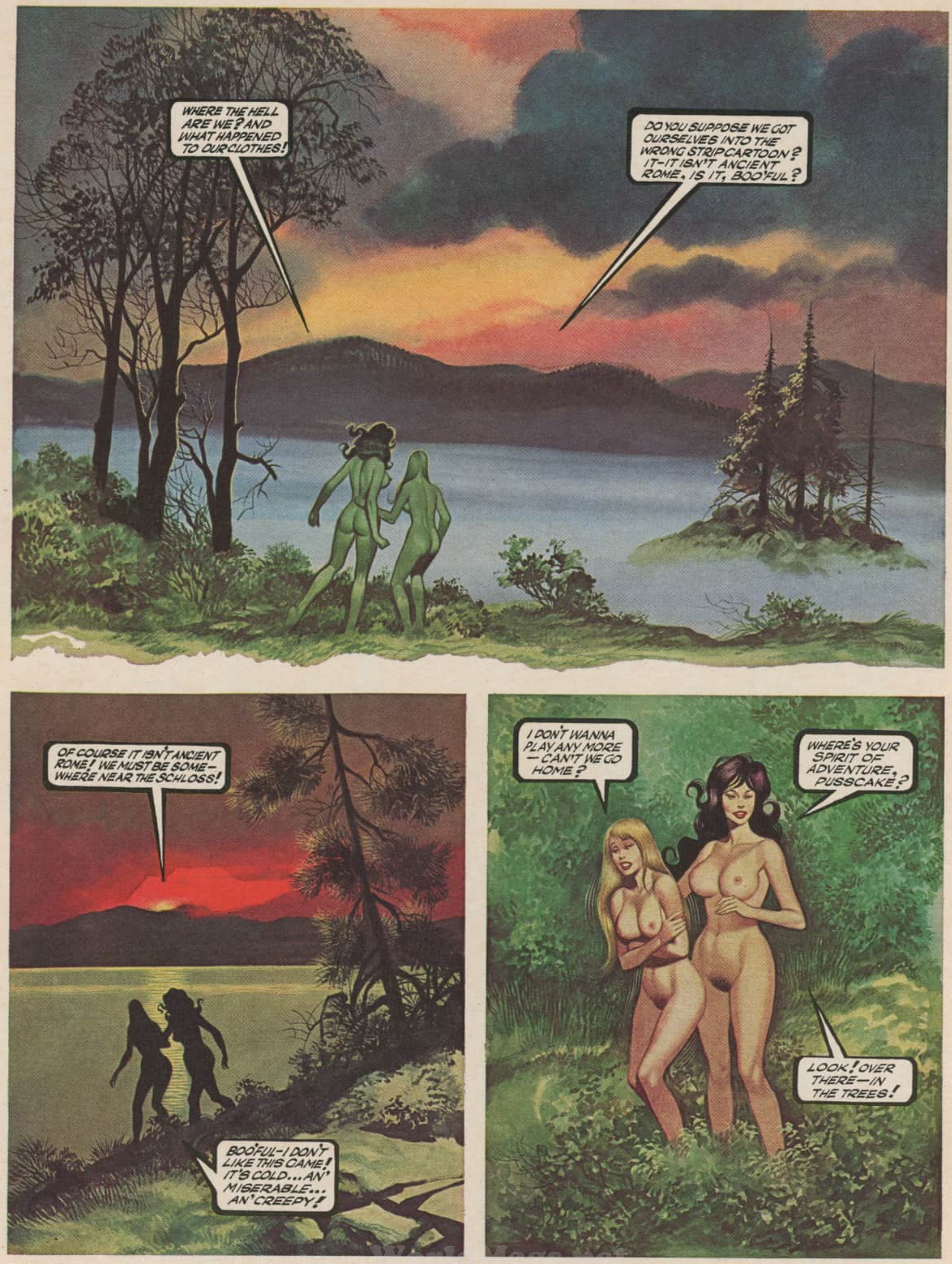
CONTINUED ON PAGE 226

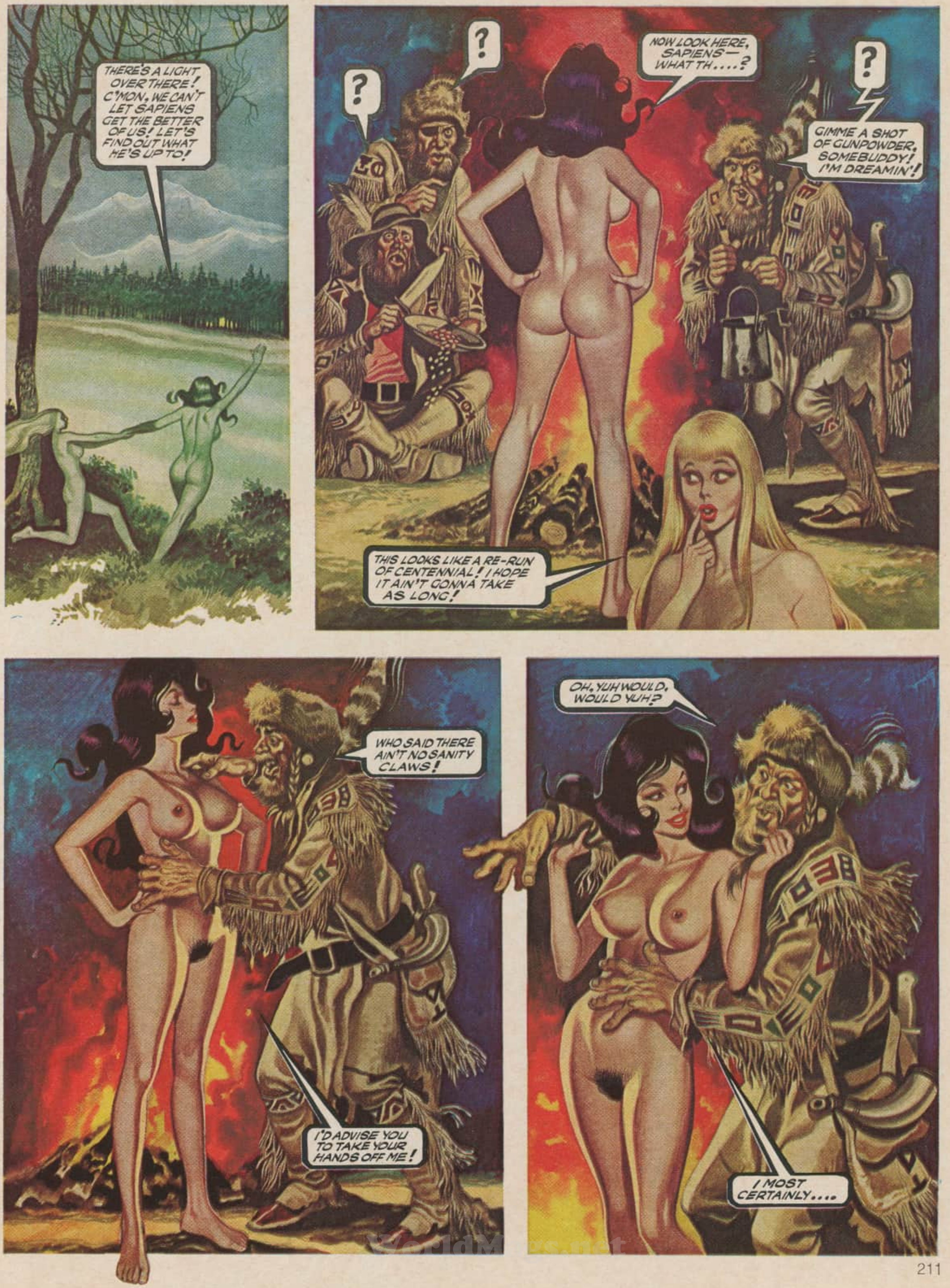

OH WICKED WANDA!
TM
WELL, WAS THIS EMPLOYEE OF MY DEAR OLD DADDY A NUTCASE—OR DID HE REALLY BUILD HIMSELF A TIME MACHINE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE PAGES OF HISTORY?
I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT HE WASN'T A NUT CASE! HE REALLY DID BUILD HIMSELF A TIME MACHINE—AND WHAT IS MORE, I'VE GOT IT WORKING AGAIN!
NEEDS SOME MORE DILL... AN' MEBBE SOME CATCHUP... N' MUSTARD.... AN' SOME THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING!
I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN EAT AFTER ALL THAT STUFF YOU PUT AWAY AT THE PARTY!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WHILE THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS RECOVERS FROM THE PENTHOUSE ANNIVERSARY PARTY, HIGH UP IN THE TOWER OF THE CLOUDS, HOMER SAPIENS HAS BEEN GRAPPLING WITH THE MYSTERIES OF THE TIME MACHINE...............
THERE IT IS! CHOOSE ANY PERIOD IN HISTORY—AND IN LESS THAN A TRICE, THROUGH THE GENIUS OF HOMER SAPIENS........
...YOU CAN TURN BACK THE CLOCK AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IF THEY REALLY WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS!
A TIME MACHINE?
THAT OLD BOX?
IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF MAILORDER BEDROOM FURNITURE!

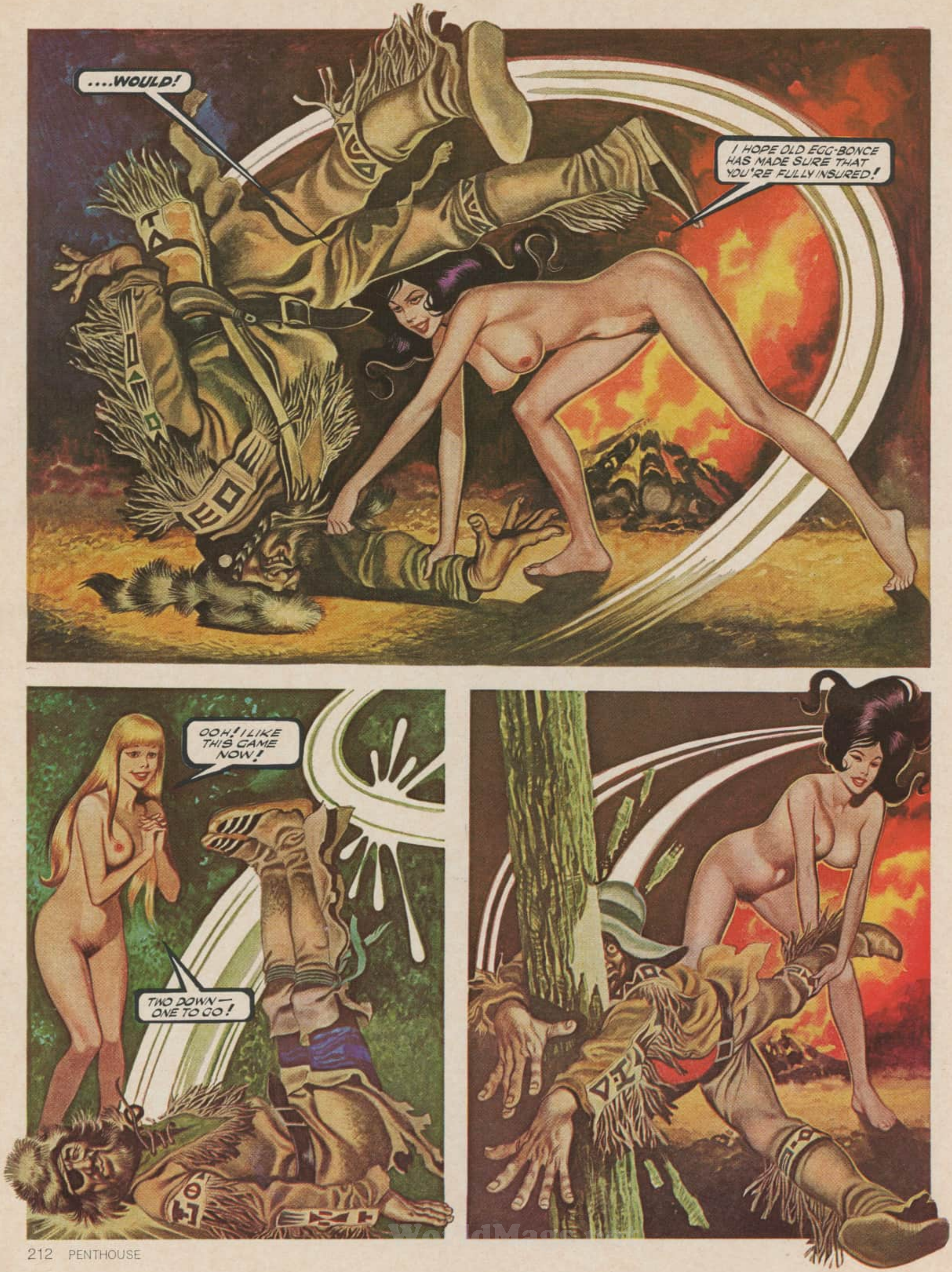

WHAT IS THIS — SOME KIND OF A JOKE?
NO JOKE, MOSTRESS! I WOULDN'T DARE TO TRIFLE WITH YOUR FEELINGS! TRY IT FOR YOURSELF!
SUPPOSE I DID TRAVEL BACK IN TIME? HOW'D I RETURN TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?
A SMALL DEVICE WOULD BE PLACED IN YOUR—UM—PERSON.......
...IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A SITUATION THAT YOU CAN'T HANDLE, YOU WOULD MERELY TRIGGER THE DEVICE, SENDING A NEUTRINO RAY CODE TO ME ACROSS TIME AND SPACE!
AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT?
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT, MOSTRESS!
IF YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES WITH ME, SAPIENS....?!!
DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, MOSTRESS—WHY DON'T YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!
GROTTO
DAMMIT! I WILL! SET EVERYTHING UP FOR TOMORROW. SET YOUR DIALS FOR ANCIENT ROME—MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE NUT WHO BUILT THE THING!
NOW—GET LOST!
KEEP OUT
PRIVATE

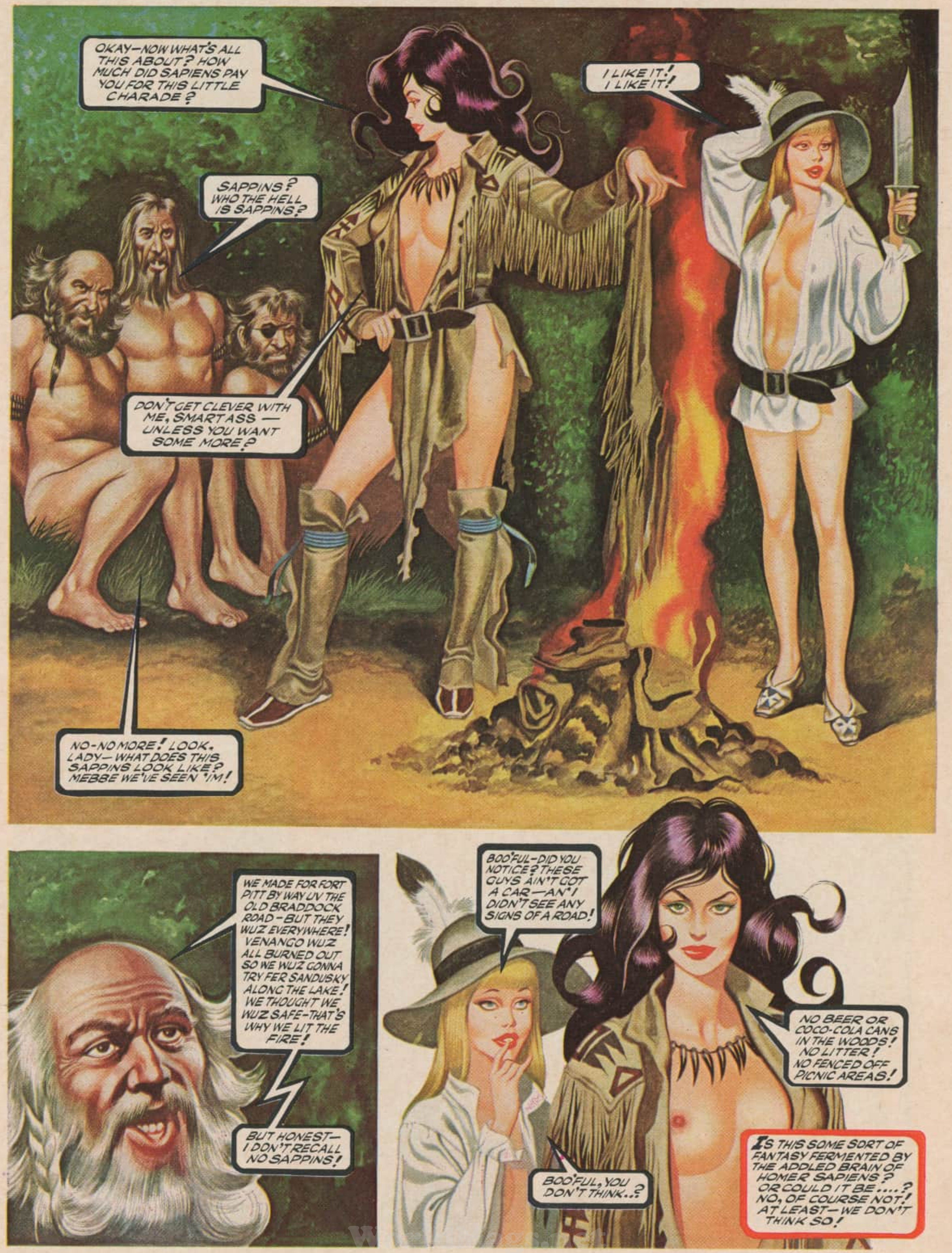

BUT, BOO'FUL, I DON'T WANNA BE A TIME-SPACE TRAVELLER! COULDN'T SAPIENS GO FIRST, ON A KIND OF RECCE?
DON'T BE A LITTLE NINNY, PUSSCAKE! YOU DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT RUBBISH, DO YOU?
I DON'T DOUBT THE OLD PHONY HAS CONCOCTED SOME SORT OF ILLUSION FOR US! BUT TIME TRAVEL? RUBBISH!
OH, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT FOR REAL, BOO'FUL! IF IT'S A GAME—THAT'S SUPER!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS, PUSSCAKE—A NEW GAME FOR US TO PLAY! SOME MORE TRICKS FROM THAT OLD CONJURER—EGG-BONCE!
AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY....................
ALL IS READY, MOSTRESS! IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO STEP INTO THE BOX?
SAPIENS! WHAT'S GOING ON?
HEE-HEE! HEE-HEE!
BON VOYAGE, MOSTRESS!


BOO'FUL! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I DON'T KNOW, PUSSCAKE! I DON'T KNOW!


WHERE THE HELL ARE WE? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR CLOTHES!
DO YOU SUPPOSE WE GOT OURSELVES INTO THE WRONG STRIP CARTOON? IT—IT ISN'T ANCIENT ROME, IS IT, BOO'FUL?
OF COURSE IT ISN'T ANCIENT ROME! WE MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE SCHLOSS!
BOO'FUL—I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME! IT'S COLD... AN' MISERABLE... AN' CREEPY!
I DON'T WANNA PLAY ANY MORE — CAN'T WE GO HOME?
WHERE'S YOUR SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, PUSSCAKE?
LOOK! OVER THERE—IN THE TREES!


THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE! C'MON, WE CAN'T LET SAPIENS GET THE BETTER OF US! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO!
?
?
NOW LOOK HERE, SAPIENS— WHAT TH....?
?
GIMME A SHOT OF GUNPOWDER, SOMEBUDDY! I'M DREAMIN'!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A RE-RUN OF CENTENNIAL! I HOPE IT AIN'T GONNA TAKE AS LONG!
WHO SAID THERE AIN'T NO SANITY CLAWS!
I'D ADVISE YOU TO TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
OH, YUH WOULD, WOULD YUH?
I MOST CERTAINLY....


....WOULD!
I HOPE OLD EGG-BONCE HAS MADE SURE THAT YOU'RE FULLY INSURED!
OOH! I LIKE THIS GAME NOW!
TWO DOWN— ONE TO GO!


OKAY—NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? HOW MUCH DID SAPIENS PAY YOU FOR THIS LITTLE CHARADE?
I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT!
SAPPINS? WHO THE HELL IS SAPPINS?
DON'T GET CLEVER WITH ME, SMARTASS — UNLESS YOU WANT SOME MORE?
NO-NO MORE! LOOK. LADY— WHAT DOES THIS SAPPINS LOOK LIKE? MEBBE WE'VE SEEN 'IM!
WE MADE FOR FORT PITT BY WAY UV THE OLD BRADDOCK ROAD—BUT THEY WUZ EVERYWHERE! VENANGO WUZ ALL BURNED OUT SO WE WUZ GONNA TRY FER SANDUSKY ALONG THE LAKE! WE THOUGHT WE WUZ SAFE-THAT'S WHY WE LIT THE FIRE!
BUT HONEST— I DON'T RECALL NO SAPPINS!
BOO'FUL-DID YOU NOTICE? THESE GUYS AIN'T GOT A CAR—AN' I DIDN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF A ROAD!
NO BEER OR COCO-COLA CANS IN THE WOODS! NO LITTER! NO FENCED OFF PICNIC AREAS!
BOO'FUL, YOU DON'T THINK..?
IS THIS SOME SORT OF FANTASY FERMENTED BY THE ADDLED BRAIN OF HOMER SAPIENS? OR COULD IT BE ....? NO, OF COURSE NOT! AT LEAST— WE DON'T THINK SO!

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HELL WEEK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

brother confronted him, the Keeper of the Uterus. Grinning red-tinted faces leered and loomed down from zigzagging layers of banisters, trickles of warm water assaulted the kid like the piss it was supposed to feel like.

"What's your name!"

"Pledge Sackstein."

A chorus of jeers, cackles, cascades of water.

"No! It's Sperm! Your name is Sperm! Now what's your name?"

"Sperm?"

"Louder!"

"Sperm!"

"And where do you think you *are*, Sperm?"

"The cock?"

Haw-haws, more water. "He's a stupid sperm! This one's queer! He's an asshole sperm!"

"Naw, stupid, you're in the uterus!" pointing up the stairs.

"And do you know where you're headed?"

"The cunt?"

Howls, yowls, buckets of water. The kid grinned in spite of himself, drenched and shivering.

The Keeper slapped his forehead and groaned, "To the *womb*, you twit! Begin your journey!"

The kid took his first tentative steps.

"Stop!" He got yanked back. "You're a *sperm!* Sperms don't walk! Sperms swim!"

"On your knees!" the brothers shouted. The pledge sunk to his knees and started crawling up the stairs. The brothers began chanting. "Swim! swim! swim!" A steady schpritz from the dispensers held between legs. The sheet-lined steps were sopping wet, and each hand and knee motion made a squishing sound. Brothers yelled out, "Nice legs! Nice ass! It's a Sackstein sperm!"

"Swim! swim! swim!" Brothers did Molly Pitcher takes, running up and down the stairs, supplying warm water for the troops. Someone handed us dispensers; I squeezed off a couple of token squirts. I was lost trying to remember if anybody my year refused to crawl up the stairs. Not a one. Not me; that's for sure.

As the kid hit the second landing:

"Halt!" Two brothers jumped out at him dressed in some weird boola-boola getup of sheets, hockey face guards, momo masks. The kid was on his knees before them.

"What kind of sperm *are* you?" one bawls. "A *virgin* sperm?"

"Or a *lying* sperm?" Tweedle Dee chimed in.

That one happened to be a virgin sperm.

"A virgin! Haw! Haw!"

The kid grinned helplessly under a Niagara of ersatz urine. I knew from the past that if the kid had answered "a lying sperm," the yell-outs would have been "What's her

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name? What's *his* name? Was she good? I had her too," etc. I looked up and down at all those bullshit cherry-virgin motherfuckers howling with glee, dumping on that kid, and I understood one thing about why at least *I* stuck around after 1968. I wasn't going to leave that house until I got a chance to lay some of the same bullshit on the next class—that was for sure.

"Before you continue your journey to the womb . . . "

" . . . you have to kiss the sacred cock!"

Tweedle Dee produced a silver-foil-wrapped baton between his legs.

"Kiss the cock! Kiss the cock!" The sperm leaned forward and gave it a loud, wet smack. The other sperms who followed kissed the cock with a variety of smacks, smooches, pecks, and coy passes. A few of the sperms took the "swim" chant literally and made breast stroke motions up the stairs.

A pledge passed my knees on his way to the third landing. I held my water bottle at parade rest, turned my head away, and whistled a tune, an observer from the U.N.

At the top of the stairs, there was the halt to end all halts—some nude dude wearing a Viking helmet with stereo horns, lying casually on his side, propped up on an elbow, coolly regarding the shivering sperm. He introduced himself as the Keeper of the Womb. Resting six inches from his cock and balls on the inner part of his extended thigh sat a maraschino cherry. After some of the same jive semisolemn sexual banter the pledge had to bite the cherry in order to enter the womb. He had to crawl over, bend down, and bite the cherry, no hands. The kid balked; they couldn't make him; the Keeper of the Womb relented and put the cherry on the floor, and the kid scarfed it down like an anteater. Now he could enter the womb, which was the dorm-floor shower room, blue tiles, six shower heads, pubes in the drain. All the previous sperms that had made it through the Uterus were in there to welcome him. There was a quart of scotch and a stack of stroke books to keep them company.

Not to sound like a killjoy, but the whole thing was just a bunch of jive, displaced homosexual S&M ritual acted out by the naïfs on greater naïfs.

"Hey, Price! Price! Let's send up the next kid! Let's do Uterus Keeper!" Cooper grabbed my arm. "C'mon, man. Remember how we used to send them up the stairs with underwear on their heads?"

"Yeah! Remember Davis?" Smothers chimed in. "We sent him up with his shoes on his hands!"

"Yeah, man, these kids got no style. Let's show 'em how we *really* did it!"

"Get real," I sneered. Suddenly, I flashed on myself standing there ankle-deep in water, dressed in a bedsheet, holding my mustard dispenser, giving them a self-righteous riff. No place to cop an attitude. Besides, we really *did* have more style than those kids. We all broke out into the giggles on the stairs, slapped palms, and zoomed down the alternate stairway to beg the Hellmaster. Please, oh, please, Hellmaster, let us be the wardens of the Uterus. We're old pros. Within five minutes the three of us were standing there at attention in the first landing, two golden-boy execs and a novelist. I'm fucking 28! I saw heads looming over us, expectant brothers; some still didn't know who we were. Suddenly, a kid in his underwear shakily entered the stairwell. Stared at us, us at him. He was wild-eyed, knotted, about six-feet-ten. I was scared. He'd kill us.

An endless moment of hesitation. They were all looking down at us. Put your money where your mouth is. Please, God, somebody start talking. Finally, Cooper got it together, "Welcome to the Womb. In order to continue your journey, you have to wear the traditional white helmet. You *are* wearing your traditional helmet . . . only it's on the wrong part of your body." Silence. The kid got it. "Put *on* your white helmet in the proper place." The kid didn't move. His eyes got wilder; muscles tensed. I was praying; *please don't hurt me.* Suddenly, the kid slipped off his shorts and put them on his head. Somehow he managed to make it look stylish like a rakish beret, and up he went. The "swim!" jeers and cheers start again. When he got to the kiss-the-cock boys, one guy bellowed, "What the

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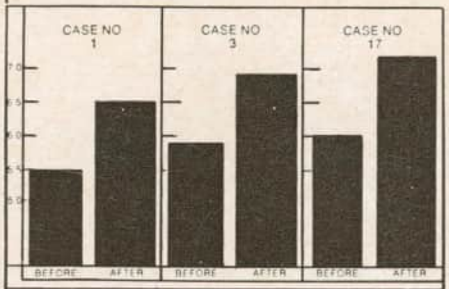

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fuck is that stupid thing on your head?" Hah! Hah! We did it! The good old days! The three of us jumped up and down hugging each other on the landing. Minutes later, after the kid had gone all the way into the Womb, the Hellmaster told us gently and firmly, as if addressing respected senile ex-generals, "Hey, guys, please don't send up anybody else like that. The frat's changed a little since then."

Immediately, I was mortified, humiliated. Asshole! Asshole! Big journalist hotshot! The other guys got defensive and angry at my vibes. I was stunned with embarrassment. No, you don't under*stand*! They *made* me do it! I'm *sen*sitive! My two contemporaries were indignant at the flack. I stood there, listlessly pissing on the chain of pledges crawling past my feet. My boys got right back into it. My sulk was making them squirm. Smothers went into the Womb to talk to the kid we sent up, returned triumphant. The kid was in a good mood. All the sperms were in a good mood. "Hey, Price," he smirked at me as if saying "I told you so." "You look like you're gonna cry; you want a Kleenex?" offering me the hem of his towel.

"No, you douchebag, I don't want a Kleenex." I wanted to get dressed, leave, write an indictment of the stupid emasculating homo momo bullshit and fuck you, est, big business, the fraternity, and the article. I didn't want a Kleenex; I wanted to crawl into a hole and die. I didn't give two shits whether that pledge crawled up those stairs with his underwear on his head or a pledge paddle hanging out his ass. What had me wigged was that somehow, somewhere, I was under the smug illusion that ten years of intellectual sophistication had an automatic corresponding blooming of a deeper and more sensitive heart, and, frankly, I got caught in my bullshit and was embarrassed. As they used to say back in '68, "Bummer, man."

After the last sperm had hit the uterine trail, we went to check the packed Womb. The kids were all laughing, joyous, checking out the stroke books, happy. I was happy, too, my year. On one hand why? No pride? No dignity? Fuck it. You want to belong. Besides, despite all the lessons of powerlessness and degradation, the overriding mood was silliness.

They all got marched downstairs for more mumbo jumbo: splashing water, coffee grounds in their crotches, eggs cracked and smeared over their chests, ugh, gross, big deal. Then it was "Everybody to HoJos! It's over! Yay!" All the pledges charged back upstairs to the womb to shower, and they were singing "Teenager in Love" and bawling out for soap, and the mood was a high. Camaraderie. Rubbing asses. Four pledges under one showerhead. And the three of us left in the night, me still arguing how much I admired how considerate and sensitive this new brotherhood was by telling us what assholes we were, and the other two guys telling me to get stuffed.

As far as the pledges were concerned, that was the end of Hell Week. They were to come back the following night for the formal swearing-in ceremony, and that was it. There's a poem by the poet Ai called "Child Beater," which ends: "O daughter, so far, you've only had a taste of icing / are you ready now for some cake?" Fuck cake; those kids had a whole bakery ready to drop on their heads. Saturday night was tribunal night. In order to explain, I have to backtrack again, this time about two months.

During their four-month pledge period before initiation, the pledges are given a pledge manual that lists all the lore, data, and history of the fraternity. It's a national fraternity, and they are told that at some point before they can become bros they have to pass an exam distributed by the national headquarters to all the chapters. This exam can come at any time of the day or night, *any* day or night, and they are told to be prepared. They are also told that if they flunk the exam, they can't be bros but not to worry, because no pledge ever flunks. About six weeks before initiation the exam arrives (my year it was at midnight). With all the solemnity of a N.Y.S. Regents examination, each pledge is assigned to a room in the house with a brother as a proctor, and at a given signal the red seal on the exam is broken, and the kid is given an impossibly short time to complete an impossibly difficult exam. The kid freaks. The brother freaks. The brother breaks down and helps the pledge with the answers. The kid is sworn to secrecy for both their asses. In some cases the kid is just left to flounder on his own with no help from the brother. For the next two days every pledge is batshit with anxiety. The exams are mailed back to "National," nothing more is heard, and in a week the exam is forgotten.

That was six weeks ago.

Now it was swearing-in night. The "initiation" was over. The brothers all showed up at the house in their best suits. There was a delay. Some had to fly out to pick up a representative from National.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the dining room, all the tables were arranged in a horseshoe. Seated at the crown was the president and "The Brother from National," an older alumnus never before seen by the pledges. He had volunteered for what was to follow. In front of him were the pledge exams in a neat pile. We all took our places at the table, unknotted our ties, blew cigarette smoke in the air. Looked like we'd been there for hours, days.

"Who's coming down first?"

"Cummins."

"He a cheater or a flunker?"

"A flunker."

"Okay, who's for?"

"Me," a few hands.

"Who's against?"

"Me," other hands.

"Dobyns, signal us when they come down the stairs." We all relaxed for a few minutes.

"So how do you like it?" a kid asked me, smiling.

"What, initiation?"

"Yeah, was it the same back when you did it?"

"More or less. You a soph?"

"Yeah."

"Lemme ask you something. All that stuff last night—you know, the stripping of the pledges, the kiss-the-cock-bite-the-cherry bit, the nice ass comments—didn't that all seem, I dunno, *gay*, in some ways?"

He jerked back like I had shoved smelling salts under his nose, chortled with embarrassment.

"Nah, it's all about *sex*, you know, the womb, the uterus. That's *sex*; it's not *gay*." He laughed again. "If you think that's gay, you got a pretty weird imagination."

Suddenly, Dobyns gave a short whistle. Immediately, the room broke out into a cacophony of curses and shouts, people shaking fists across the room at each other. An emerging African nation having a jam session about what kind of constitution it should adopt.

A pledge appeared in the doorway, wobbly, squinty, "What's goin' on?" knit into his forehead. The furor died into absolute silence. He was ushered to the head of the horseshoe by the Hellmaster. The mood was "The Last Mile."

The president stood up, nodded grimly, looking drawn and exhausted.

"Pledge Cummins? This is Brother Stark from National. He has a few questions for you." Brother Stark was stern, sober, thirtyish, scary, immobile, piercing.

"Fuck National!"

"Fuck *Cummins!*"

A brief firefight across the room.

"Will you guys shut up!" says the prez. Cummins's eye caught his pledge exam in front of "Brother Stark." His Adam's apple almost shot into his chin; there was so much red scribbled and scrawled on the exam that it looked like the grader had hemorrhaged. Stark handed it to him with two fingers as if it were a big, dead bug.

"Read the comments," he said deadly soft.

Cummins was made to read out loud the comments of the president of the national fraternity, who had *personally* graded the paper.

"This pledge is a disgrace to both the chapter and the National. If this is your idea of a potential brother, then your whole chapter is an embarrassment to the National," or something like that. The grade is 32. Immediately, the outbursts and the bellowings picked up. The kid looked gutshot.

"Fuck 'im! Kick him out!"

"Fuck National! It was a stupid test!"

"They can't tell us who to take! It's *our* chapter."

"That test was a disgrace!"

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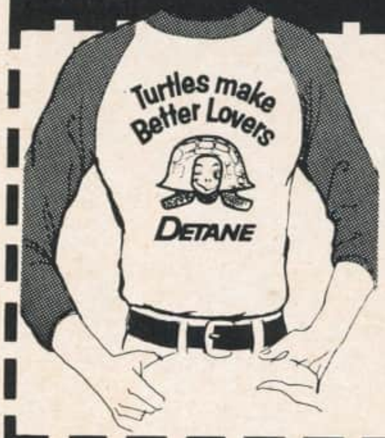

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"Cummins *always* sucked! His attitude was shit from the git go!"

"Where's his pledge paddle? Man, he didn't even care enough to make a pledge paddle!"

"Fuck you, asshole, where's *your* pledge paddle? He's the best pledge we got!"

After about three minutes everybody was shushed:

"Pledge Cummins," the prez said softly, sadly. "Can you give us any reasons why we should allow you into the brotherhood? Can you give Brother *Stark*, who flew all the way in from Phila*del*phia, any reasons why . . . "

"Hey, he don't need to say shit! Fuck that test!"

"Hey, shaddup!" the prez bellowed.

"Let him speak!"

I sat tensed and corded, almost frightened that Cummins saw it through my eyes ten years later and was about to explode, kill, scream in rage. But no. What came out was the same gibbering, quivering horseshit I spouted. "I—I feel I can be a productive brother. I can . . . share . . . grow . . . help my frat mates. I . . . I . . . I . . . "

I can't tell you how many times since my freshman year in 1968, when I stood up there with shit in my underwear and in my mouth, that I had fantasized about shooting a moon, throwing a punch, walking out, but I stood up there just like Cummins, slightly bent over, mouth gaping in shock. I gave the same stunned recitation.

As Cummins spouted his terrified litany, *he* knew it was bullshit. *We* knew it was bullshit. It was the most horribly embarrassingly naked moment of the weekend. I am a bullshit person. We are all bullshit people. But we are full of the shit that gets us accepted, that shit that gets us in, gets us by. Cummins yammered his drool for a few more minutes before he was ushered out so the brothers could "vote" on his case. As soon as he was out the door, the entire brotherhood ran after him, grabbed him, hugged him. It's a fake! It's phony! Surprise! Did he get pissed? Not on your life. He was almost crying with joy. In 1969, when it was my job to usher the pledges into the tribunal room, out of a class of 38, half broke down and cried and two fainted.

The next kid was a cheater. He walked into a room ringing with applause. He got the highest score in the East or something like that and won a trip to Atlanta. Brother Stark flew in from National for *personal* congratulations.

"Yay! Way to go!"

He started walking out of the room like Rocky. Good boy! Another *A!* Just as he was about to leave the room, his proctor blew the whistle and broke down crying, "I helped him cheat."

"What!!"

"What!!!"

"A cheater!!??"

The kid quickly admits. Explosion, disgrace, shame. Once again, "Is there any reason *why* we should let you in after this . . . this . . . [words escape him] . . . Don't talk to *me!* Turn around; face the brotherhood. You owe *them* an explanation."

Once again I was a knot. The kid was going to kill someone. Not a chance. The same recitation, the same litany, the same rush of jubilant brothers embracing him after he leaves the room to tell him it was a fake. By the third kid there was no fear in me, no tension. No one was going to explode. Those kids were "good kids," successful kids. Crack students. Education in America teaches two things: (1) retain data, (2) recognize power and kiss its ass. This was a highly competitive, prestigious school, which meant just by virtue of the fact that they were accepted, they had learned their lessons well.

I could sense among the brothers a strange mixture of sadism and tenderness. I noticed that the more distraught and freaked the pledge got at his tribunal, the more fervently and lovingly they embraced him after it was over. The pledges who were a little more in control, a little more defiant, who at least had glimmers of seeing the whole thing as an assault on their integrity, got cooler congratulations. When I was the Hellmaster, I was absolutely jubilant every time a pledge broke down in tears. I was flooded with a gush, a warmth; those were the ones I hugged. The ones that stood up for themselves, even though they thought the tribunal was real, just about rated a handshake. I felt like they had cheated me.

And now I sensed that same dynamic in play ten years later. The same pseudo-loving. "It hurts me to hurt you like this. Why do you make me do this to you?"

The fourth kid was ushered in, tall, stoop-shouldered, with a frizzed-out talmudic beard and narrow, rectangular glasses. Somebody should have treated him to a barber and a chiropractor and fronted for a pair of contacts instead of putting him through this rigmarole.

The kid was a flunker. Too bad. As he went through his trauma, I felt like a numbed-out emergency-room doctor. After a while it just doesn't get to you.

Suddenly, I felt a hand on my wrist. Cooper nudged me and then rose to his feet.

"Brother Stark? Mr. President? Roy Cooper, class of '71." He pushed his glasses up his nose again. "Now we've been sitting here for *two* hours, discussing Pledge Lasser's . . . ," he grimaced, "per*formance* . . . and frankly I don't want to hear it . . . I don't want to hear excuses . . . I came up here with my alumni friends," gesturing to me and Smothers, "to greet the new brothers . . . This fraternity is an important part of my life . . . I have always prided myself on being associated with this particular chapter . . . its tradition of excellence." He sighed deeply, sucking in air. "I've always looked forward to the night of the ceremony, but after this . . . this . . . or*deal* . . . this *time* wasting . . . "

Move in for the kill, Roy. Tighten it up and zing it in. Don't drag it out. My heart was thumping. Cooper was taking too long. He was getting boring.

". . . This pledge is a disgrace . . . he . . . I . . . get him the hell out of here. I don't wanna hear it." Cooper waved in disgust and sat heavily in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose in depressed and angry exhaustion.

"Get him out!"

"He's a fuckin' embarrassment!"

The kid was hustled from the room, gawking at Cooper. The room broke into cheers for Roy's performance. I licked my dry lips. He wasn't that good. He was okay. Cooper smiled and waved. He wasn't that good. I felt my stomach muscles give each other butterfly kisses. The next kid was brought in. He had gold horseshoes on a crimson tie. Sideburns. My armpits were two baby Niagaras. He was a cheater. Trip to Atlanta down the tubes. Stunned outrage. I counted to ten and rose to my feet, cutting off someone's spiel.

"Brother Stark? Mr. President?" My voice was trembling with stage fright. All the better. "Brother Price, class of '71." Guys were staring at me, unnerved by the quaver in my voice. I gulped down air, scratched my palm. "I have driven four hours tonight to personally congratulate this pledge on his exemplary performance and wish him well . . . I won the trip to Atlanta in 1968; my associates here, Brothers Cooper and Smothers, won it in '69 and '70, respectively . . . Look, I'm a busy man and not a wealthy man . . . My time is money, but I was so impressed with this pledge's test score . . ." clip it, clip it; you're dragging, "I feel like I've been made a goddamn fool of." I started to sit down but had a better idea. "I think we all have." A harsh whisper, jaw pulsing. I stepped behind Cooper, exhaled noisily, and stormed from the tribunal room almost shell-shocked with anxiety, looking to all the world like the epitome of suppressed moral outrage, the overworked prosecutor at Nuremberg or Welch saying to McCarthy at the hearings, "Have you no sense of decency, sir?"

I sat on a couch in the lounge, body totally soaked with sweat. 1978, 1968, 1978, I felt like I had just started smoking again. The sociologist Hellmaster.

Was I good? I was good. I could've done better but I was okay.

Down the hall, seconds later, I heard the raucous laughter of the guys informing the pledge he was now a brother. I hauled myself upright, took a deep breath, and headed toward the cheers. He was probably a good kid, and I felt the urge to congratulate him.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

dered her to lie on the bed, which she did immediately. I then buried my face in her juicy cunt, which was already quivering from the excitement we were watching. She soon came to a roaring climax, which filled my mouth with love juice. Joanie grabbed my cock and proceeded to give me one of the best headjobs I've ever experienced. After I exploded in her mouth, Joanie asked if I would like to try something new. I will try anything once; so I agreed. Joanie went to a closet on the other side of the room and pulled back two folding doors and exposed the largest collection of sexual instruments I'd ever seen.

She came back to the bed and ordered me to lie down, which I did immediately. She took a few Chinese fingers and attached them to my feet. She then lay down and ordered me to fuck her. During our hot, intense coupling, Joanie managed to fasten enough fingers onto every one of our limbs to keep us bound together indefinitely. I asked her what she was doing. She replied that, like a bitch in heat, she wouldn't let me go until she was satisfied. I must have screwed her for what seemed like an eternity before she exhausted and released me. Needless to say, Joanie hadn't changed much. This reunion was one I'll never forget. Matt and I, and, of course, "big Dick," have been invited back next month when we return and I'm fully recuperated.—*Name and address withheld*

Lives for the moment

I am currently serving as a military police sergeant in Korea. Just outside the main gate is the city of Tongduchon, or TDC, which could best be described as a whoremonger's dream come true. TDC has a population of 20,000, 3,000 of whom are registered "business girls." (The number of unregistered street girls is unknown.) On the strip and in the nightclubs, some of the more popular girls are known by trade nicknames: The Swallower, Little Annie Orifice, the Indian, and so on.

The life-style in TDC is fast-paced and pleasure oriented. So, when a GI gets a few hours off in TDC, he lives it to the fullest, for they might very well be his last.

I can truthfully state that during the year that I have been in TDC, I have had numerous sexual fantasies come true. One nightclub that I am always welcomed at with open arms (and other parts) is the Club. There are four ladies there that laughingly call themselves my "Four Wives." But the event that I am going to relate to you happened long before, and it concerns only the girls who later became wives number one and number two.

Miss Park is wife number one. At the time I met her she was a waitress at the club. She is now the hostess madam of the club. I had been in TDC over three months and, being an MP, was fairly well known on the strip. Park and I had "gotten it on" a couple of times before, and I seemed to be slipping into a regular pattern. I would go into the club and sit at the bar, and no matter what Park was doing she would come to me and comfort me in whatever manner I desired. Park has a classic Oriental face: long hair that is as black as a midnight sky, small but shapely breasts, an ass that cries to be fondled, and long legs that are just plain sexy.

This particular night occurred after a division training exercise. All the GI's had been in the field for over five days. It was time for some hell-raising, and the Second Division's "animals" were doing it up right. All the clubs were packed. The street hookers were pulling GI's into alleyways, giving blowjobs at three dollars a shot. It was about 8:00 P.M. when I sat down at the bar in the club. Within four minutes a perfumed arm encircled my neck, and a light kiss was planted in the hair at my temple. Park was wearing her waitress uniform, a short navy-blue jacket over navy-blue hot pants (with just enough ass cheek showing to be exciting), flesh-colored panty hose, and black heels. Her black hair hung loosely down her back over her shoulders.

I hadn't seen her in a few days. So the conversation went as usual, in broken English: "Where you been? Why you no come club? You workie tomorrow?" She said that she had to work at least until 10:30 P.M. and that we could go back to her "hooch" around 11:00. Curfew in Korea is midnight for all personnel. I nodded yes. She was about to leave when Miss Kim approached us. Miss Kim (who is wife number two) has been Miss Park's girl friend for as long as I have known them. "*Yobo sayo, you taxsan ippoda!*" That roughly translates: "Oh, you beautiful person!" As Park left, Kim took her place at the bar. At this time I had never made it with Kim, but the idea had presented itself to me several times. She was in a playful mood and flirted with me for a long while. I returned her attention, and after a couple of drinks together she left the bar, whispering in my ear, "I likie you, maybe too much."

Eleven o'clock came around, and Park returned. Soon we left the club for her hooch. The streets were full of women accosting every unattached GI around. ("*Yobo sayo, who have overnight pass?*") It was a short walk to her hooch, which is above a tailor shop. It is a large single room with a couch, stereo, television set, clothes cabinet, and a large, well-broken-in double bed. I crashed out on the bed and watched some television while Park prepared herself for me. I eased out of my clothes and stretched my six-foot-three-inch frame out on the soft Korean-mink blanket that covered the bed. Park turned off the lights so that the television was the only illumination.. She placed her naked five-foot-eight-inch body directly on top of mine and kissed me deeply.

As usual she had spent the previous minutes washing her pubic region and brushing her teeth. Since her spot bathing is always done with cold water, an extreme amount of foreplay is needed to warm her up. The cold temperature of her skin is nice on a hot night, but this was in February. Brushing her teeth was her last-ditch effort to rid herself of the *kimchi* (highly spiced pickled cabbage and garlic) breath and taste. Kimchi is to the Korean diet what McDonald's hamburgers are to the American diet. A trace of kimchi odor or taste was always present, no matter how long or hard she brushed.

I returned her kiss, recognizing the mixed taste of kimchi and Crest. My hands made their way through her hair and along her back to her ass. I held a cheek in each hand and massaged them with increasing urgency. My kisses moved from her lips down the left side of her neck to the hollow part of her shoulder, behind the collarbone. I released her ass and wrapped both arms around her rib cage in a firm embrace. The nuzzling and licking at her neck tickled her, and she tried to roll off me, but I tightened my embrace. After a few minutes of this, I rolled to my left, placing her on her side. As I moved to kiss her, she rolled on her back.

rolled to my left, placing her on her side. As I moved to kiss her, she rolled on her back.

My hand went down, from breast to stomach to pussy, as I kissed, tongued, and nuzzled each breast. Her outer lips

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were still cool from her cold-water spot bathing. Probing fingers found her inner warmth and wetness. Soon her pussy was steaming with hot fluids. Park's hands had been caressing my balls and dick until it became blood engorged and hard as a diamond.

As I slid into the saddle, her hand guided my prick to her vaginal lips. Slowly, I entered. Thrusting a little deeper each time until the full length of my elongated member was buried deep inside, I maintained a slow and smooth rhythm. With each thrust I felt the tip of my dick contact her cervix. A few minutes later I sensed the increase in her rate of breathing. Her legs, which were wide apart and in the air, slowly came down and locked around mine. Her hands gripped my shoulders as she bucked her pelvis. I rode out her orgasm on top. "Fuck, I go Happy Mountain," she said when she had relaxed. I smiled down at her face. She knew it was her turn to please me. Slowly, keeping our bodies joined, she rolled on top. Sitting astride my prick, she was moving up and down. The sensations of her tight pussy were fantastic.

Suddenly, there came a knock at the hooch door, followed by a female voice speaking rapidly in Korean. Park's attention was diverted from our screwing. She shouted back at the door in Korean. The female outside the door answered back. Park stopped moving on top of me. I placed my hands on her hips and started thrusting up into her. I could tell I wasn't far from orgasm. The door to the hooch slid open, and a slightly drunk Miss Kim entered, wearing a blue nightgown.

Miss Park shouted in Korean, protesting Kim's entry into the room. Kim approached the bed. I knew she could see my king-size dick thrusting in and out of Park's stretched cunt. As that thought excited me beyond belief, I felt my hard, diamond-cutting dick shoot its load deep inside Park and orgasmic sensations washing over my body. I closed my eyes as I felt Park roll off me.

Then I felt a warm, wet washcloth cleaning my prick and balls. When I opened my eyes, I was surprised to see that it was Miss Kim who was cleaning my groin area. Park was on the other side of the bed, looking at Kim with a mixture of anger and puzzlement.

Kim threw the washcloth on the floor, without letting go of my organ. She continued to caress my prick until it returned to its stiff fullness. Park was sitting up in bed, watching Kim. The anger in her face had been replaced by a look of confusion. Kim stood up and removed her nightgown. "I likie you too much," she said before our lips met. Kim's figure is fuller than Park's—great thighs and tits that are more than 36's, which is unusual for Korean females. Kim crawled over me and into bed between me and Park. Park's eyes widened with surprise as I mounted Kim and slid my prick all the way into her pussy with the first thrust. Running her hands over my hairy chest, Kim revolved her hips in a grinding motion. I looked at Park, who was sitting still on the bed, watching us. I stretched an arm out and pulled her closer to me. She protested at first, but when I got her close enough to put a hand around her back and pull her down next to Kim, she stopped resisting. For the next three and one-half hours, we went into every position we could collectively think of, laughing sometimes because some positions didn't work.

When I awoke the next morning, my chest was covered with two heads of jet-black hair. The feel of two sexually talented, naked female bodies pressed next to mine gave me a morning hard-on that exceeded any I had had during adolescence. Kim's tight cunt received it from the rear as Park got dressed. "Last night you cra-gee!" Park shouted at me.

Since that time I have tried to get another threesome going, but Kim just laughs and says no. Park gives me an elbow in the ribs every time I bring up the subject. My time left in Korea is short. By the time you print this letter, I will have left my "Four Wives" at the Club and gone Stateside.—*Name and address withheld* ⚲

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $2.00 for **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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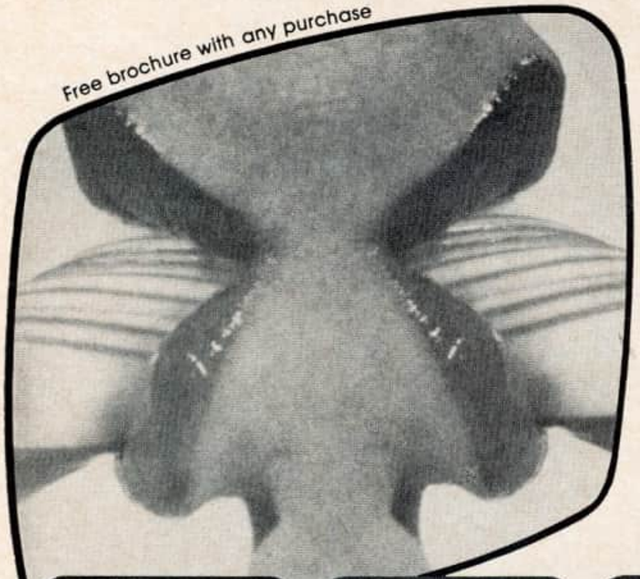
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The Prize and the Peril—Each year all the major newspapers in the country compete for the Pulitzer Prize, journalism's highest honor. The *New York Times* won a Pulitzer for publishing *The Pentagon Papers*. The *Washington Post* won one for breaking Watergate. But this year the *Point Reyes Light*, a Northern California weekly with a circulation of only 2,700, beat out 68 other papers to win the Pulitzer gold medal for public service for its investigative reporting on Synanon—the huge, multi-million-dollar drug-rehabilitation empire. Reporter Gary Hanauer explains how David Mitchell, the *Light*'s editor, owner, and sole full-time reporter, his wife, Cathy, and a tiny group of dedicated and angry people managed to expose the ominous and threatening dictatorship of Synanon. Hanauer's reconstruction of the *Light*'s investigation is a thrilling story in which, for a change, the good guys win. "When government, law enforcement, and big-city newspapers all look the other way," Hanauer writes, "small-town newspapers turn out to be awfully important."

Fantastic Voyage—Stanislaw Lem, the world-renowned Polish master of science fiction, takes us on an extraordinary excursion into outer space. The time is the far future; the place, a luxury-liner spaceship taking Martians to a vacation of gravity and greenery on the planet Earth. When a neighboring ship, the *Albatross*, sends distress signals, Pirx and other interstellar Samaritans do what they can to help. A riveting adventure excerpted from Lem's long-awaited new story collection, *Tales from Pirx the Pilot*.

The Zebra Murders—In late 1973 and early 1974, a fanatical group of Black Muslims committed a series of grisly cult murders in San Francisco, slaughtering random whites in the name of their god Allah, who—they claimed—had directed them to execute "blue-eyed devils." In this exclusive excerpt from the exhaustively researched book *The Zebra Murders* (to be published by Putnam's), investigative reporter Clark Howard provides a shocking and hauntingly vivid look inside the twisted minds of men who convinced themselves that their bloody cause was also a noble one.

Freudian Trips—Yes, Virginia, Freud *did* have a sense of humor, although one would never imagine such a shocking possibility after being exposed to today's breed of psychiatrists. In an extensive excerpt from his forthcoming Paddington Press book *Sigmund Freud*, Ralph Steadman, one of today's most renowned artists, interprets the life of the father of psychoanalysis in ten stunning pages of spectacular illustrations and text.

Three-Way Island—According to humorist Robert S. Wieder, The Three-Mile Island disaster was nothing compared to the sexual havoc wreaked when *Three-Way Island* sprouted a leak, releasing a super aphrodisiac into the atmosphere, giving us an "X-rated Harrisburg," making people so horny they could "ball a suggestion box" or look at someone as homely as a missing link and see a resemblance to Robert Redford or Cheryl Tiegs. "At a nearby school," reports Wieder, happily caught with his pants down in the disaster, "'doctor' replaced kickball as the favorite recess game. . . ." Quite possibly the funniest socio-sexual satire since Dr. Strangelove hitched his libido to a star.

CERTIFIED ILLITERACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 205

means, what his research contributes to anyone's intellectual growth, whether the project is worth the salary that the professor receives from parents and taxpayers, and, finally, whether the time might be better spent in teaching one more class. Of course, only the professor's peers are qualified to appreciate a literary contribution in this rare tongue. They may not be able to decode the message, but they *will* admire the intricate design of the verbal maze. Thus, academic jargon not only protects the scholar from the layman but also protects scholars from each other.

The real point is that most professors write badly on purpose. They hide behind a smoke screen of gobbledygook in order to evade intellectual responsibility—to pretend that they're serving the reader when they're serving only themselves.

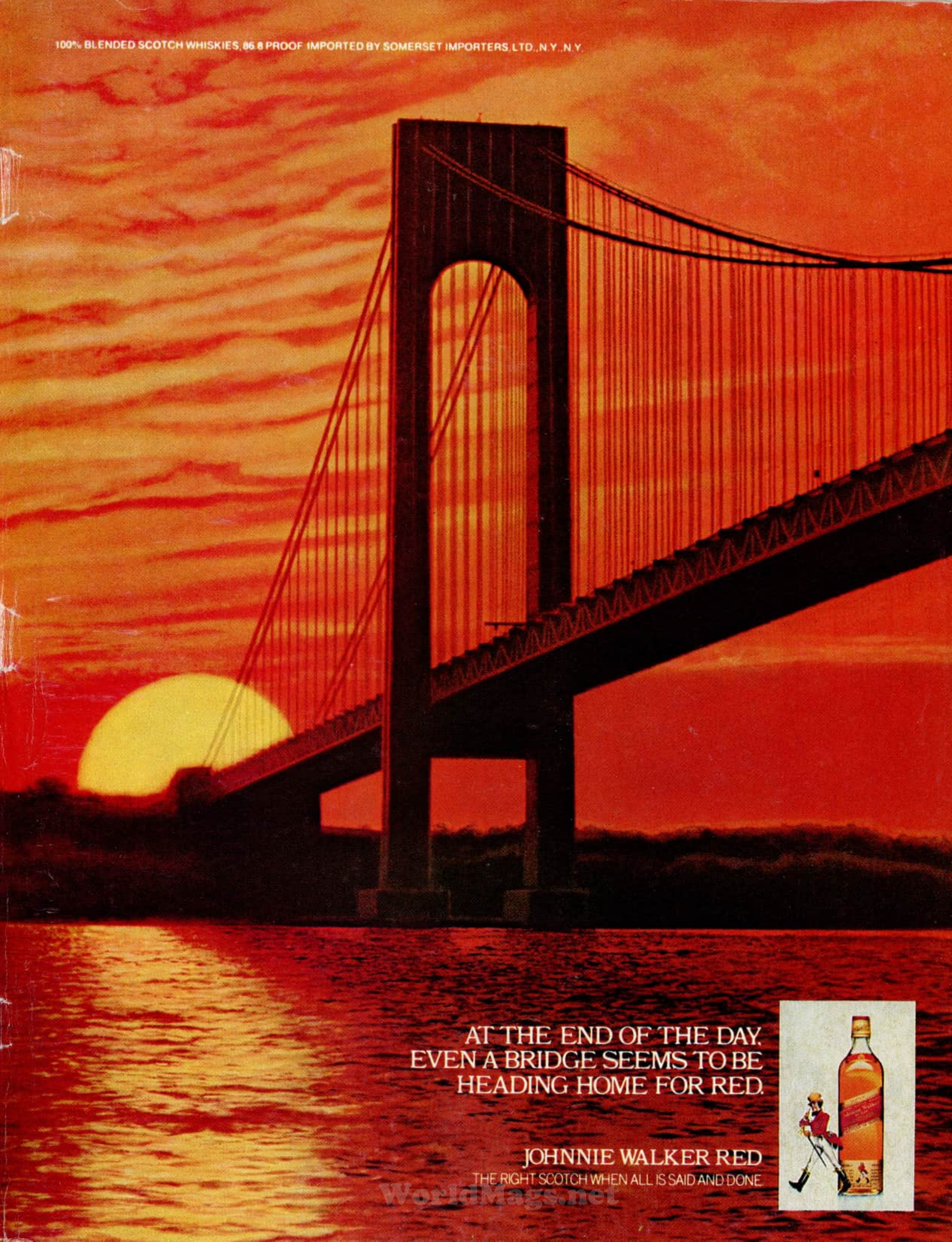
Publishers don't reject scholarly manuscripts merely because a lot of academics can't spell or punctuate—which happens to be true—or because they use big words. We turn down so many books by professors because the writers are fundamentally dishonest, promising something they don't really mean to deliver. Most academic writing serves neither the intellectual community nor the reading public; it merely pleases the university committees that grant promotions, salary increases, and tenure to self-seeking pseudoscholars.

Future professors are methodically trained to write badly in the doctoral programs that prepare young people for careers in college teaching. Their mentors drill them in the techniques of making verbal mountains out of intellectual molehills—demanding that they learn how to inflate a hollow sentence to impress academic elders who care more about form than content.

Yes, there *are* professors who survive the Ph.D. program and who do write beautifully. And they *do* get published. But clear, vivid English rarely earns points with university committees. If you don't write dissertationese, your colleagues put you down as a "popularizer"—a four-letter word in academe.

If all this were merely a perverse game played by a handful of consenting intellectual deviants, the professors would be harming no one but themselves. But millions of students learn to write from professors who may be carrying literary dishonesty like an infectious disease. You need only read corporate memos and Washington communiqués to see how the techniques of intellectual evasion have spread beyond the classroom.

There's a back-to-basics mood on campus. Louder than ever, the professors are proclaiming, "We've got to teach these kids to write!" But first the *professors* must go back to basics. To paraphrase Geoffrey Chaucer, a filthy shepherd can't raise clean sheep.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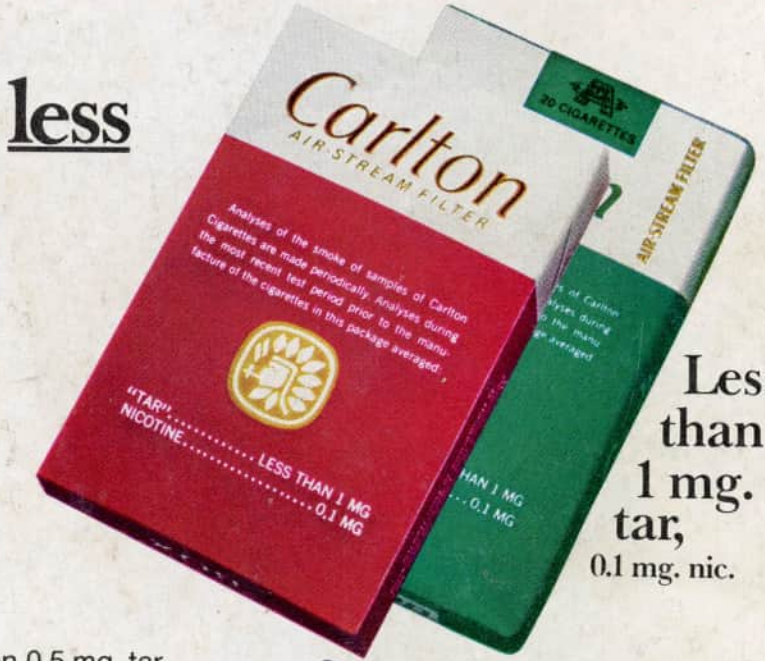

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